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ON THE HEADWATERS OF PEACE RIVER

A NARRATIVE OF A THOUSAND-MILE CANOE TRIP TO A LITTLE-KNOWN RANGE OF THE CANADIAN ROCKIES

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ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR

I. TO FINLAY FORKS AND THE GREAT GLACIER

IT is no longer an easy task to find in North America a primeval wilderness—even a little one—in which to indulge a fondness for wandering in remote regions "beyond the farthest camping-ground and the last tin can." Labrador has been penetrated, the Barren Grounds have repeatedly been traversed, and Alaska has yielded up her geographical secrets to argonauts drawn thither by the lure of gold. For some years, however, my eyes had been turned longingly toward a region that seemed to promise a persevering traveller an opportunity to set his foot where no other white man had been—at least no white man who had left a record of his journey.

Far up in northern British Columbia the mighty Peace River takes its rise, and after gathering to itself the waters of a vast area breaks its way eastward through the barrier of the Rockies toward the Mackenzie and the Arctic sea. The Peace is formed by the junction of two streams, the Parsnip flowing up from the south, and the Finlay flowing down from the north. The main course of each of these streams is fairly well known, though the Finlay is a river that has rarely been ascended. But to the eastward of the Finlay is a great stretch of the Rocky Mountains—the stretch lying south of the Liard River and north of Laurier Pass—that had never been explored; and there existed rumors, started by trappers who had sought pelts along the borderland, that hidden away in the ranges there were "peaks taller than Mount Robson."

I believed that it would be interesting to attempt to enter the unexplored country. It seemed safe to assume that one would be likely to find game there; the trip thither and back was certain to be worth while; and merely to renew my acquaintance with the Canadian Rockies would be a pleasure beyond price.

The proposed trip appeared the more feasible because the recent completion of two railroads had rendered the region I wished to visit more accessible. In a few months I would be able—if all went well—to make a journey which only recently would have occupied the greater part of a year. From Edmonton, my outfitting place, I must travel far to the west, then far to the north, then far to the east, and then far to the south back to the starting-point. Thanks to the new Grand Trunk Pacific, I could do the four hundred miles of the westward swing in less than a day

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and a night, while the just finished railroad to Peace River Crossing would enable me to cover in the same manner more than three hundred miles of the return.

Ultimately I decided to make the venture. I had no hope or expectation of exhaustively exploring the region, or of making any great addition to the fund of geographical knowledge. Experiences were what I was seeking. If I could make the long trip successfully, have a bit of hunting and fishing, and determine somewhat generally the character of the unexplored mountain region, I should feel satisfied.

I set out for the remote Northwest alone.

I. FROM PACIFIC TO ARCTIC WATERS

By a certain summer morning the pleasures and trials of what on trips of this kind I am wont to call "the Middle Passage" were over, and the "expedition" was ready to set out.

The starting-point was a tiny creek in central British Columbia, twelve hundred and thirty-five miles northwest of Winnipeg, forty-six miles east of Prince George. At the latter place a few days before I had, by the expenditure of a hundred dollars, obtained from the provincial authorities a hunting license, and had also engaged a "crew" consisting of one man, namely Joe Lavoie, French Canadian, native of the province of Quebec, resident as a boy of Fall River, Massachusetts, but for many years a prospector, trapper, and riverman in the Fraser River country. Prior to the building of the new transcontinental he had been firewarden in the wild region between Quesnel and Tête Jaune Cache, and had made his long rounds alone in a little canoe. He had spent the previous winter trapping and prospecting at Finlay Forks, had been a short distance up Finlay River, and, as he owned a preemption and a graphaphone at the Forks, we had little difficulty in coming to terms.

The craft that was to carry us was a canvas-covered, sponson, Chestnut canoe, seventeen feet long and weighing ninety pounds. I had meant to take a canoe a foot longer and without sponsons, but this one was the only thing approaching my requirements that was available in Edmonton, so I had made the best of the situation and bought her, though with some misgivings. As we had provisions with us for three months, besides guns, cameras, and other outfit, she sat so low in the water when we both embarked that she had a scant three inches of freeboard and looked not unlike a submarine about to take a plunge. The sponsons, however, made her as steady as a church, and I knew that, even if she should fill, she could hardly sink, while we had a plan for keeping out rough water when the need should come.

Canoe, provisions, and other outfit had followed me from Edmonton on the regular three-times-a-week passenger-trains. The supplies had been delayed two days, and as the region roundabout was wild and unsettled, we had been driven to eating porcupine while awaiting their arrival.

To make an early start with a canoe is much less difficult than with a pack-train, and by seven o'clock all was in readiness. For the fourth or fifth time we looked round our deserted camp-site to make sure that we were leaving nothing except the mosquitoes, and then Joe stepped aboard. It seemed to me that it was a moment that ought to be chronicled in enduring form, so I fired two shots at the outfit with my graflex. Then I took my place in the bow, and our thousand-mile canoe trip began.

To work our way to the mouth of the little creek and out upon the upper Fraser River was the work of no more than twenty strokes of our paddles. Even here the Fraser is a big, broad stream, hundreds of yards wide, with a lively current; and soon we were shooting down the river at what, considering our load, was a rattling speed. It was thirty-five miles to Giscome Portage; we hoped to reach that place early enough to have our outfit hauled over the eight-mile portage that day and to camp on Summit Lake that night.

The region in which we were making our start was itself wild enough for most palates. There was only one family living on the stretch of river between us and the portage, and while paddling up and down the Fraser during our wait for the provisions we had seen many tracks of beaver, moose, and bear. The North Fork, whose mouth we passed about nine o'clock, is mostly represented on the map by dotted lines, and about its headwaters

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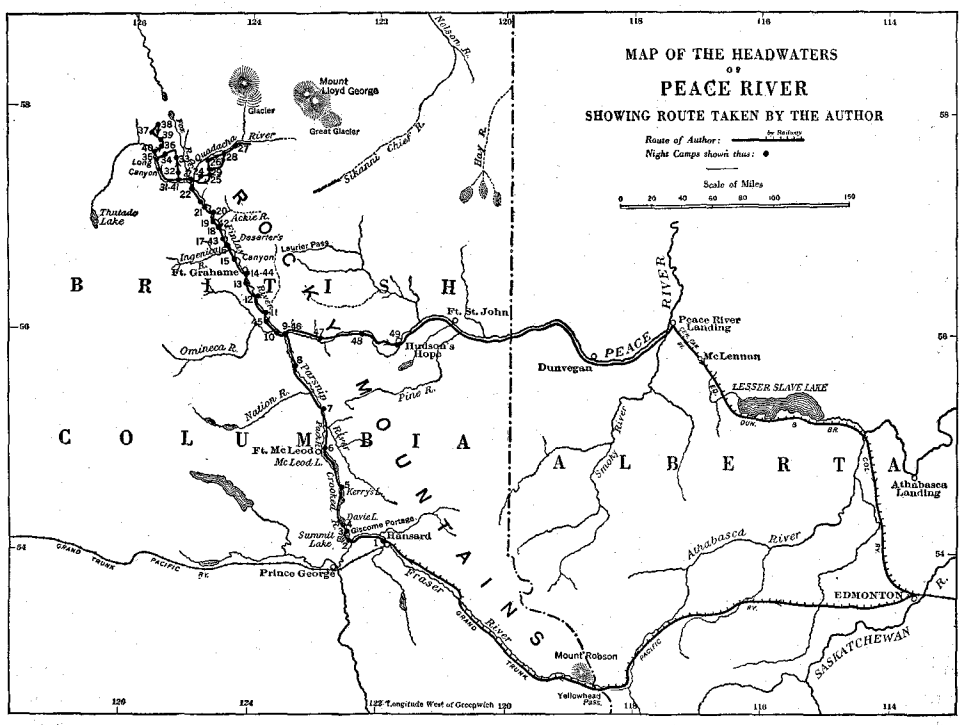
lie some big, unexplored mountains. A little below this stream we saw a moose standing upon the bank.

Few people who have not travelled there realize the immensity of the mighty mountain mass that is called



British Columbia and Alberta, showing the author's route.
The numbers indicate the night camps in order, going and coming.

British Columbia. Twenty Switzerlands could be set down within its limits, and there would still be room for England and several other European countries.

The sun was sinking low as we swung down the trail on the Arctic side of the divide, but we reached Summit Lake while there was still light. This lake is a very irregular body of water, perhaps twelve miles long, surrounded by rolling country timbered mainly with stunted spruce. It lies at an elevation of twenty-four hundred feet above sea-level, and is about two hundred feet higher than the Fraser where we left it. The bottom is of gravel, and many fish—probably Dolly Varden or rainbow trout—were feeding actively in the clear water.

Three log buildings belonging to the men who hauled our outfit over the portage stand here, and are in charge of a hired man. A Swedish pre-emptioner lives not far away. With the exception of half a dozen or so white people about McLeod Lake, this is the last permanent settlement one sees until he reaches Finlay Forks, two hundred miles distant. We were to see neither horses nor white woman again until we reached Hudson's Hope many weeks later. We caught up here with a "free trader" named Ivor Guest and had his company as far as Pack River.

As I lay in my little balloon-silk tent that night and looked out at the North Star—much higher up than at home—I felt keen satisfaction over having reached one of the last outposts and being camped on Arctic waters.

II. GOLDEN DAYS ON CROOKED RIVER

THE outlet of Summit Lake is no more than a small creek, which contracts in places until it is only a few feet wide, while in others it broadens out into long stretches of dead-water more or less over-

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grown with yellow water-lilies. In a few instances these broad places rise to the dignity of lakes. The stream is rightly named Crooked River, for it winds here and there in a seemingly aimless fashion, though one finds that the general direction is north. Along its course one experiences something that is unique in British Columbia, namely, he is out of sight of any real mountains, though even here a view of the Rockies to eastward can be obtained by climbing certain elevations.

We had not gone far before I surrendered entirely to the charm of this little stream. It was so small that one obtained a more intimate acquaintance with it and its banks than is possible upon a real river.

Between Summit Lake and Finlay Forks I saw more eagles—both bald and golden—than I had before seen in all my life, and there were also many ospreys, or fish-hawks, whose diving never ceased to interest us. All three birds live mainly upon fish; up the Finlay, which is comparatively a poor stream for fish, we saw very few of either eagles or fish-hawks. The range of an eagle is, however, immense, and I have no doubt that these birds are partly responsible for the rarity of mountain sheep in the mountains both east and west of the Parsnip, as they work havoc among the lambs.

For four never-to-be-forgotten days we floated down that delectable little river, enjoying unforgetable sport with rainbow and Dolly Varden trout, which simply swarm in these waters. We passed through occasional lakes, the largest of which was McLeod Lake, fourteen miles long, and as night was falling at the end of the fourth day we drew up our canoes on the beach in front of Ivor Guest's cabin on Pack River. Guest's hired man, a big, rangy Swede, and two trappers from Parsnip headwaters were there to welcome us and to ply us with questions about the world outside and in particular about the Great War. These trappers had much the finest dugout canoe we saw on the whole trip.

III. FROM McLEOD LAKE TO FINLAY FORKS

About a mile above Guest's place, on the shore of Lake McLeod just west of the outlet, we had stopped for a bit at the Hudson's Bay trading-post known as Fort McLeod. Incredible as it may seem, this post is the oldest settlement west of the Rocky Mountains north of New Mexico and California, having been established by an agent of the Northwest Trading Company in 1805; yet it still consists of only two or three log buildings, in front of one of which rises the usual flagpole.

A little farther up the shore stands the Indian village. The Indians belong to the Sikanni tribe, and, though they have been in contact with white people for more than a century, they are still in the hunting and fishing stage. Some of them, however, are sufficiently "civilized" to build log cabins and caches. Big game is scarce around the lake, but there is still an abundance in the mountains about the headwaters of the Parsnip River; all except a few old squaws were away in that region hunting "whistlers," a sort of groundhog, valuable for food and also for its skin, out of which warm robes are made.

A few miles below Guest's place we came to the Cross Rapids, a succession of shallow ripples. In order to reach the only safe passage at the lower end, it is necessary to make a traverse in the midst of the rough water, a rather ticklish operation. Thanks to Joe's ready skill, we passed through everything in good style, but a man named Smith, who was following in another canoe, ran aground in making the traverse and was forced to spring out into the river—the water was luckily shallow—and ingloriously "wade" his craft over a portion of the course. Smith was subbing for the regular firewarden who patrols this stretch of river, and we had his company as far as Finlay Forks.

About noon we passed out of the Pack into the Parsnip, a much larger, raw-looking stream, whose greenish-colored water, flowing from the snow and ice in the main chain of the Rockies to southeastward, contrasted strongly with the clearer, somewhat yellowish swamp water of the Pack. The two rivers mingle between banks of gravel, perhaps a dozen feet high, back of which lie flats overgrown with very large cottonwood trees, whose trunks, bare of limbs for many feet up, whitish

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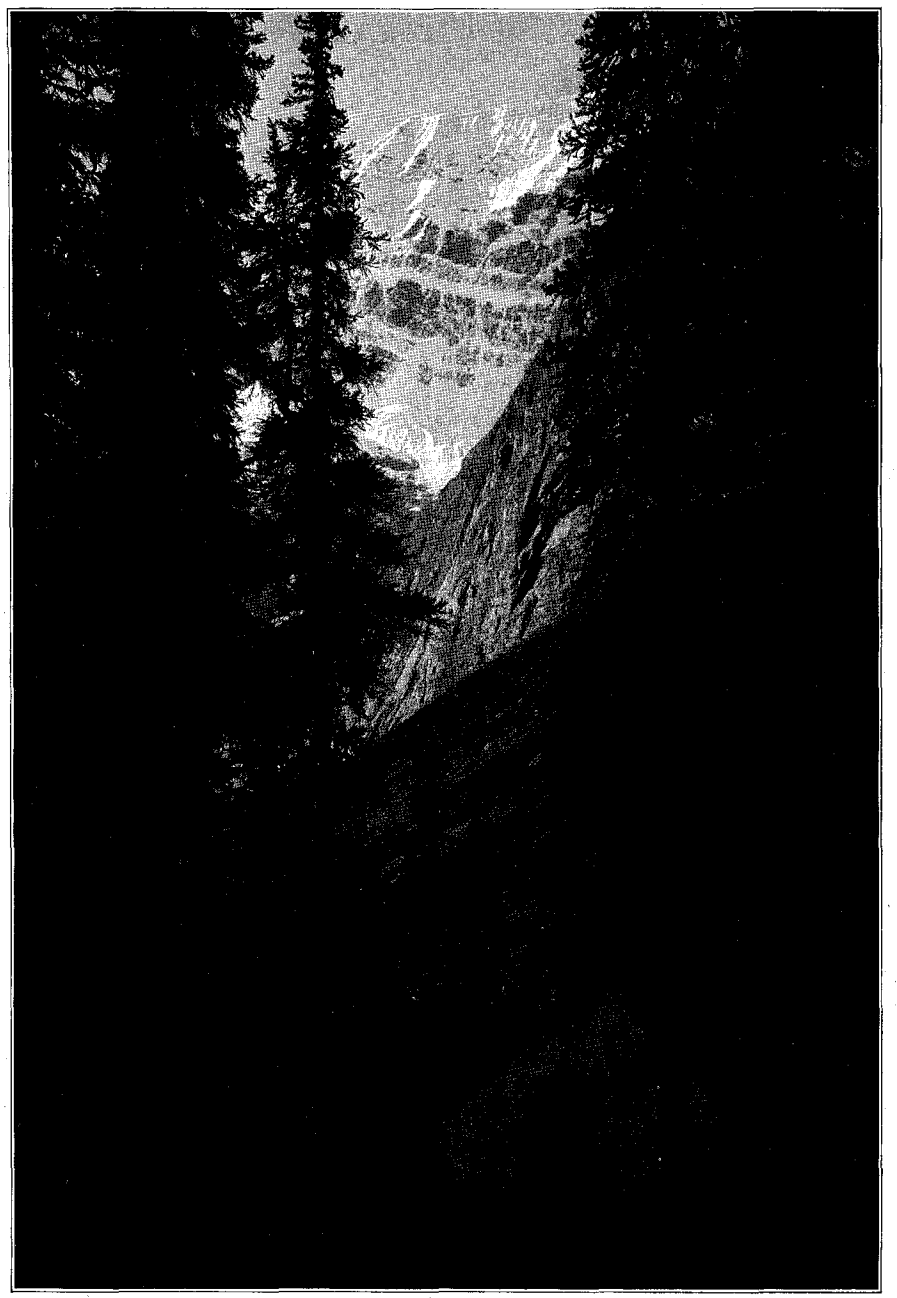

By courtesy of the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway.

A glimpse of Mount Edith Cavell.

bark, and light foliage furnish a novel sight after the monotony of the dark evergreen forests. It is here that the McLeod Indians make most of their canoes.

We were now once more in sight of the western ranges of the Rockies, while other mountains were also visible on our left but far away. After several days of comparatively flat country it gave one

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a feeling of exhilaration to look at these bold and rugged ranges and to speculate as to what game could be found upon their upper slopes.

We lunched next day just below the mouth of Nation River, a stream that called to mind the adventures of Warburton Pike in this district when he was returning from his celebrated trip to the Barren Grounds. His party, which included an Indian and a half-breed from the McLeod Lake country, were making their way on foot up Parsnip River in December and mistook Nation River for the Pack, with the result that they became lost and turned back toward Hudson's Hope, far down Peace River; they did not reach food and safety until weeks later, after suffering privations from cold and hunger that reduced them to little more than skeletons. The experience illustrates the fact that even Indians and half-breeds are by no means infallible in the woods.

Along this stretch of Parsnip River there are many steep cut-banks, some of them hundreds of feet high, and carved into most fantastic forms by the action of wind and water; one sees portrayed the towers and battlements of mediæval fortresses, the likeness being often startlingly exact.

The farther one goes down the Parsnip the higher loom the mountains both to west and east, and finally one catches sight of the peak of Mount Selwyn, "the Mountain of Gold," standing guard over the gateway through which the Peace flows. If there had been time, I should very much have liked to make a side trip into the Rockies south of Selwyn. Very little is known of the immense mountain mass lying between Peace River and Pine Pass, and there are several interesting biological questions upon which light might be thrown by a thorough investigation of this region. How far north, for example, does the real bighorn (*Ovis canadensis*) extend its range in these mountains? Are there caribou to be found there and, if so, of what species are they—the "mountain" or "Osborn's"?

We had not time for such an expedition. Our goal lay far to northward on the headwaters of the Quadacha River. A trip into the mountains east of the Parsnip is of itself a serious enough undertaking to occupy an entire summer, for by every account the country is exceedingly rough and the going frightful. H. Somers-Somerset's expedition, which went through the Pine Pass in 1893 from Dunvegan, were reduced to killing some of their pack-horses for food, and reached McLeod in a state of semi-starvation.

One memorable afternoon, when the wind was kicking up the water so much that we were forced much of the time to keep in sheltered stretches near the shore, we floated down the final reach of the Parsnip, swung in beneath the cliffs of Mount Wolseley, fought our way across the racing current of a great river flowing down from the north, and tied up our canoe under the bank at Peterson's at Finlay Forks.

Our approach had been noted through a small telescope, and a little group had gathered on the bank to welcome us and, I doubt not, to learn our mission, for these dwellers in the wilderness have a large bump of curiosity. Most of them were old friends of Joe's, and I was soon introduced to Mr. Peterson, a grizzled old Dane; to Mr. Staggy, a short, fat German, wearing a broad hat and a broader smile; to "Shorty" Webber, a still shorter and stockier German; and to a couple of Canadian prospectors, who had been operating a "grizzly" on some of the Parsnip bars and had washed out a big bag of "dust."

While Joe was renewing his acquaintance with his old friends, I took a more careful survey of my surroundings, and, as the Forks may, in course of time, make some noise in the world, I shall describe the place more in detail. Here it is that the Peace River is formed by the junction of the Finlay and Parsnip. To the west there extends a considerable forested plain, beyond which rise the Omineca, or Wolverine, Mountains. On the east and southeast mountains tower right over the junction, nor are they very far distant to the north. A mile or two down Peace River lie the Finlay Rapids, and their roar can be distinctly heard.

It is the fond belief of the inhabitants of the Forks that theirs will some day be a great city, and they keep their eyes strained southward for the coming of a

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railroad. The place undoubtedly enjoys some strategic advantages, and it will probably not be a great many years before a railway will run through the Forks on the way down the Peace to the plains beyond the mountains, while another will ascend the Finlay valley as the best overland route to Alaska. It was the hope of such roads that brought in most of the present population, all of whom have come in during the last two or three years.

The start from Hansard.

It seemed to me that it was a moment that ought to be chronicled in enduring form.—Page 648.

At present the Forks has three centres: the government house, a cabin on an island a little distance up the Parsnip; Staggy's store on the bluff on the east side of the junction; and Peterson's store on the timbered flat opposite. As yet neither Peterson nor Staggy have advertised for clerks to help them with press of customers, nor would it take a very strong team to pull their combined stocks, but then almost all great mercantile houses have their small beginnings! When I visited the place, there were probably a score of men about the Forks—including the members of a survey outfit. The strain of waiting had already proved too great for some of the inhabitants, and they had either sought other settlements or had gone to the war. The winter before the Forks could boast of the society of two ladies, wives of pre-emptioners, but now it boasts no more.

It must not be understood that I ascertained all these facts standing on the bank above where we had tied our canoe. The fact is that after a survey of what lay about me—and particularly of the Finlay—I entered Peterson's "store," and found Joe busily examining his beloved graphophone to ascertain whether it was in playing order. The examination proved satisfactory, and soon we had the pleasure of listening to the strains of "Molly MacIntyre" and many another "classic"!

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IV. BUCKING THE FINLAY

WITH our arrival at Finlay Forks our "joy ride" was over; our real work had begun. Hitherto our whole course, except for the portage at Giscome, had been down-stream, and our nearest approach to hard labor had been in paddling across lakes, and even there we had usually been favored with a fair wind, which helped to waft us on our way. We had now reached a part of our journey where every mile of advance could only be won at the cost of exhausting physical effort; no more lazy drifting down with the current, dipping our paddles only when we felt inclined. As I stood on the bank in front of Peterson's shack the afternoon of our arrival at the Forks and noted how the current came pouring fiercely down from the north, I realized that we must nerve ourselves for conflict—not merely for a skirmish, or even for a pitched battle, but for a campaign.

The start on Summit Lake.

The Finlay River, which should really be called the Peace, was, even at that low stage of water, over three hundred yards wide, and very swift and deep. The Parsnip, down which we had come, is a big river, but it lacks the volume of the Finlay, which, to make a comparison, is larger than the Wabash of the States. The Finlay drains an immense area of rugged mountains, and rises some three hundred miles by river northwestward of the Forks in Thutade Lake. It was first ascended by a certain John Finlay in the interests of the Northwest Fur Company in 1824. His journal of the trip was for years kept at Cumberland House, but finally was lost; however, J. B. Tyrrell about twenty years ago took notes from the Journal, and I have a copy of these notes. Since Finlay's day the stream has been ascended by a number of persons, notably in 1893 by a Canadian geological survey outfit, headed by R. G. McConnell. The discovery of paying gold gravel bars on some of the western tributaries has resulted in all these streams being prospected, but the wash at the mouths of the eastern tributaries—heading in the Rockies—does not show promising "color," consequently these have never been ascended by white men—at least by white men who have left any account of it. The largest of these tributaries, the Quadacha, or Whitewater, was

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now the goal of our endeavors. For years more or less trapping has been done along the Finlay, but the only permanent settlement above the Forks is the tiny Hudson's Bay post, known as Fort Grahame, of which more hereafter.

Let no party set out with the mad

Ivor Guest's trading-post on Pack River.

thought that they can *paddle* up the Finlay, for they might about as well attempt to fly to the moon. Most of the work must be done by poling, and as I was not an adept at this work, and furthermore, as my weight brought the bow of our little craft very low in the water, Joe decided that, during a good part of the time, I would better walk on shore, while he shoved the boat up. To keep out rough water we continued our custom, begun when we reached Pack River, of tacking a strip of canvas over the load, leaving just room enough at bow and stern for us to sit down. I was nothing loath to walk, as it gave me an opportunity to study the shores at closer range, and it was certain that much of the way would be over level beaches. On the quieter stretches, of course, we paddled, and I also helped to make the frequent crossings which were rendered necessary by lack of pole bottom along log jams or steep banks, whereas shallow water could almost always be found on the opposite, or gravel-beach, side. On the average we probably made such a traverse to every mile, and it invariably required strenuous work to buck our way across the swift current without losing part of what had been gained.

On the third day I was lucky enough to decapitate three ruffed grouse sitting in bushes along the edge of a slide, and the same day we met a party of prospectors coming down the river—the last white men we were to see for many a long day. These prospectors had a number of sheep and goat horns and several caribou hides, and they were kind enough to give us part of a leg of caribou, which went very well both fried and in a "mulligan."

We were now far enough up the Finlay to feel that we were becoming acquainted with the river, and before proceeding farther with my narrative I shall pause to give a more detailed description of it. For a hundred and sixty miles the river occupies a great intermontane valley, a valley that is one of the most important

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topographical features of British Columbia, for it extends from the American boundary far up toward the Liard River, separates the Rockies from the Selkirks, and is occupied in various places by a number of river systems, including the Kootanie, Columbia, Canoe, Fraser, Bad River, Parsnip, Finlay, and Tochieca or Fox. The Fox is a tributary of the Finlay flowing down from the north, and just above its mouth the Finlay proper enters the great valley from the west. The width of this remarkable valley is from two to fifteen miles, and it is inclosed almost everywhere by high mountain ranges. It is a very old valley geologically, and none of the streams that occupy it are doing much rock-cutting at the present time. Throughout the hundred and sixty miles that the Finlay follows it the floor of the valley consists, except for one short stretch at Deserter's Canyon, of deposits of sand, gravel, and soil carried thither either by the river and its tributaries or by glaciers of an earlier period. To these deposits the river is constantly adding material carried down by its feeders heading in the mountains. The course of the river, except for a few stretches, notably above the mouth of the Ospica and above Paul's Branch, is crooked to the last degree.

In some places the river occupies a deep channel, and here one passes high banks, some of them rising hundreds of feet. Along such places vast slides involving sometimes as much as a hundred acres are common; above Deserter's Canyon we saw one such slide which the spring before had evidently blocked the entire river. Where the banks are lower the stream is constantly changing its course, for the sandy soil is exceedingly susceptible to erosion and requires hardly more than a touch of water to set it crumbling and dissolving.

In a rather wide experience with rivers I have never seen one so profusely furnished with log jams as is the Finlay, and neither do I know another which is in the same class with it in regard to sand and gravel bars. Generally speaking, the whole floor of the immense valley is a vast gravel bed, and the stream, in its constant shifting, forms bars of perfectly enormous extent. The pebbles and boulders on many of these bars are of every conceivable color, they have been given a high polish by the action of water, and it is a real pleasure merely to walk over them.

Unless they lie where they are swept clean every year by high water the bars do not long remain barren. The seeds of the balsam poplar are profusely scattered there by the agencies of nature and a dense thicket soon arises. Spruce, too, find a foothold, and in a few score years there is a fine forest where the river has once been. Meanwhile the river has been careering about, forming a profusion of new channels, but there comes a time when it once more shifts back toward its old location and begins tearing into and undermining the new forest. In hundreds of places we saw in banks that were being washed down the half-rotten log jams of generations before, marking the spot where the river had once run.

Thus the history of the Finlay and its valley is an endless story of change, of ceaseless destruction, construction, and again destruction.

V. THE LAST OUTPOST

When we camped at the end of the fourth day, we believed that we must be nearing Fort Grahame, but the morning and part of the next afternoon came and went and we were still fighting our way up through a perfect labyrinth of sloughs and channels, but no fort was yet in sight.

About two o'clock Joe was poling the canoe along a great gravel bar and I was making a short cut toward the head of it, when I noticed a log jam ahead and decided to walk out to the river and see if my help was needed in passing the obstacle. When I reached the top of a ridge of sand that had formed below the jam I noticed that Joe had stopped the canoe, and when he saw me he motioned wildly for me to hurry to him and pointed up the river. I looked in the direction indicated and saw an animal, which I recognized at once as a bear, striking out from the pile of logs toward the opposite bank. In a moment I was in the canoe, and we were after him.

Aware of the fact that if a bear is shot in deep water it is likely to sink quickly,

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Cut-banks on Parsnip River.

I waited until the beast almost reached the shore, then fired two shots at his back just where it disappeared in the water, for I did not wish to ruin the head. The canoe was bucking like a bronco, and it was like shooting at the edge of a saucer at fifty yards, but the first shot seemed to strike the spot where I aimed, throwing up a great splash and penetrating, I then had no doubt, the animal's body. The second bullet went a trifle too high. The bear kept on, but when he reached the

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bank he seemed so weak that I fully thought he was done for. However, after slipping back once he gathered strength and was making his way up the bank at a great rate when I deemed it expedient to fire again. At this shot he lost all holds and fell back with a resounding splash into the river.

We seized him before he had time to drift away and presently had him on the beach on the opposite side of the river. At first Joe declared it was a young grizzly, but a closer examination of its claws and fur finally convinced us that it was merely a brown bear and not a very large one at that.

Taking the skin and the hind quarters of the bear, we once more embarked and were surprised, on rounding the next bend, to come in sight of Fort Grahame! We had killed the bear in the front yard, so to speak, of the fort!

This last outpost on Finlay River stands in a small clearing on the east bank, with towering mountains rising beyond. Although dignified with the name of "fort," it consists merely of a small log store, log storehouse, and a couple of still smaller cabins, while scattered here and there stand two or three rough cabins, built by more enterprising Indians, and there are usually some Indian tents pitched in the neighborhood.

Half a dozen Indians were gathered on the bank as we approached. They had heard our shots and were none too well pleased when they saw the bearskin and the meat. However, we told them where they could find the rest of the animal, and some of them set off in a canoe to get it. For once I had the pleasure of killing meat for the aborigines!

We were cordially welcomed to the post by the man in charge, William Fox, and to him we gave one of the hind quarters. Except for one short interval, Fox has been stationed at Grahame since 1893. He came originally from Manitoba and is of mixed Chipewyan and Irish blood. He himself married a daughter of Chief Pierre of the Grahame Indians, but she is now dead and the children are in the outside world being educated.

These Indians are of the Sikanni tribe, and in color, cast of countenance, and lack of beards are decidedly Asiatic in appearance—even more so than are the red men farther east. If one of them were dressed in Japanese costume and turned loose on the streets of Tokio, only his behavior would betray the disguise.

VI. DESERTER'S CANYON

At noon of the fourth day after leaving Fort Grahame we camped just above where a little mountain stream came tumbling over a bed of boulders into the main river. We had experienced some strenuous times in the interval, paddling, poling, tracking, and even wading the canoe up against the current but, thanks to Joe's skill, we had managed to avoid all dangers. Just ahead the mountains closed in upon the river and to the right a pinnacled peak rose more than a mile over the valley. On the bank above us were traces of many old Indian camps, and, as there was a gap in the mountain wall to eastward, I concluded that hunting-parties often make this place their starting-point for trips into the mountains about the southern headwaters of the Ackié, thereby avoiding the hard carry around Deserter's Canyon, which we rightly concluded was only a little distance above us.

As we had been very busy and had had plenty of fresh caribou and bear meat, to say nothing of grouse, we had not attempted to fish since leaving the Forks, but a more ideal spot for the sport than was afforded by the mouth of the little stream could not be found in a dozen kingdoms and I was unable to resist temptation. While Joe built a fire to cook lunch I hastily set up my rod, selected a "black gnat," and cast into the white water. Instantly there was a swirl, a flash of a finny form, but we both scored a miss. A second cast proved successful, and after a merry fight I hauled out my first "Arctic trout." Before lunch was ready I had caught seven others.

As the accompanying portrait (p. 667) shows, these are shapely fish, with silvery scales and an extraordinarily long back fin. In reality they are not trout at all but grayling. However, they are splendid biters, are taken most readily with flies, are de-

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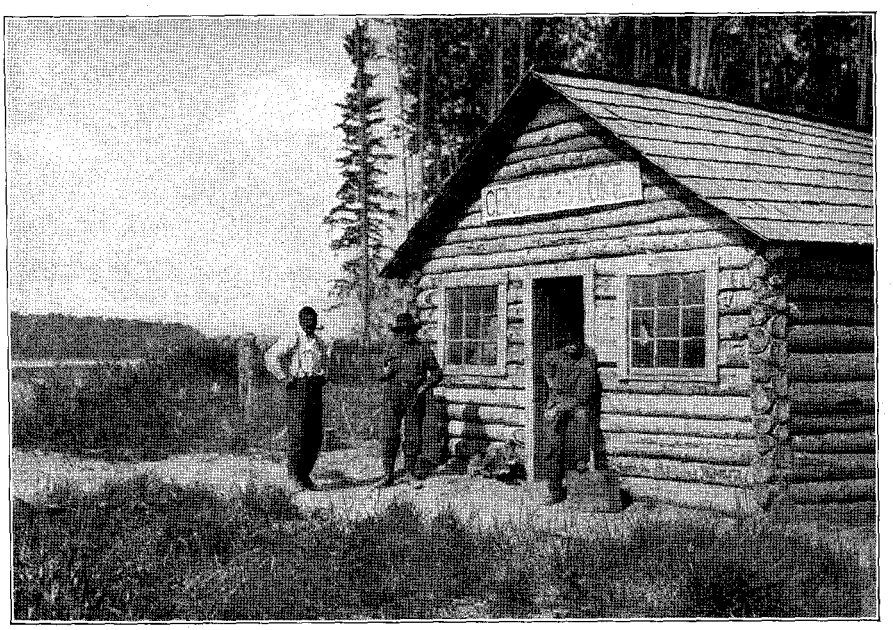
termined fighters, and, to my mind, their white, firm flesh is delicious beyond compare.

When we paddled onward after this delightful experience we entered a stretch of river hemmed in on both sides by high walls, and in about an hour passed through a narrow gateway with steep cliffs of rough conglomerate on either side.

A beach on the left side at the foot of the canyon afforded a convenient landing-place. There we beached the canoe, and during the rest of that day and half of the next we worked hard carrying our stuff around the obstacle. The portage track is rather more than half a mile long and rises probably three hundred feet above the river.



Peterson's place at Finlay Forks.

The river then widened out into a considerable basin, beyond which there was a still narrower passage through which the river poured at racing speed. We had reached the constriction known as Deserter's Canyon.

The place owes its name to the fact that here two of Finlay's canoemen deserted rather than face the hardships and dangers that lay beyond. The canyon's walls are of hard conglomerate and sandstone, through which the stream has cut a gorge about a hundred feet wide.

The canyon forms a complete barrier against navigation up-stream, but it has been run by skilled men in big canoes on the downward trip, though the passage is hazardous owing to great projecting boulders and jagged ledges, dangerous swells, and eddies.

VII. OVERLAND TO THE FORKS OF THE QUADACHA

From Fox and an Indian named Aleck at Grahame I had heard such fascinating accounts of hot springs, "cliffs of ice," and "shining eyes" at the head of the Ackié that when, at noon of the day after leaving Deserter's Canyon, we reached the mouth of this stream I was strongly tempted to strike into the mountains at that point. In the end, however, I persisted in my previous determination to reach the Quadacha, and at nightfall of the fifth day from the canyon we camped in an open spruce woods in sight of the mouth of that stream. It was the thirteenth day since leaving Finlay Forks, and the twenty-fourth from Prince George. It also happened to be my birthday.

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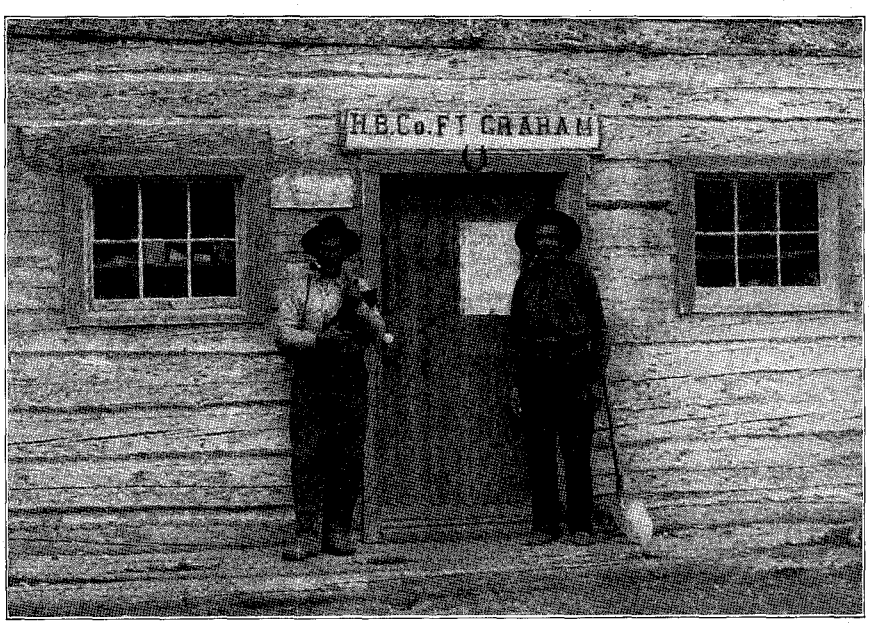
Our arrival at this place was a great relief to me. The strain of working one's way day after day up a swift river in the wilderness is very wearing. It was not so much the danger that troubled me—though the danger had been considerable—as the possibility of losing our supplies and being forced to turn back with the purposes of the trip unaccomplished.

For several miles we had been aware that we must be approaching the Quadacha, for on the eastern side of the Finlay the water was white in color, while on the western side it grew clearer and clearer. When we reached the mouth of the Quadacha next morning we readily understood this phenomenon. Above the Quadacha the Finlay is as clear as any river I ever saw, but below, after the two streams commingle, one can see into it only a few inches. As for the Quadacha itself, take a gallon of water and empty into it a quart of milk, and you will have a liquid closely resembling the flood that the Quadacha pours into the Finlay. The relative volume of the two streams at that season of the year was about as two is to one.

I had heard two theories propounded to account for the color of the Quadacha. McConnell inferred from the water itself, and seemingly from information derived from the Indians, that the color is due to sediment derived from a glacier, and he states in a letter to me that he actually saw a glacier, or believed he saw one, from the top of Prairie Mountain far to westward. Subsequently we, too, climbed Prairie Mountain and saw this glacier, but we already knew that it had little, if anything, to do with making the Quadacha white. From a trapper Joe had heard the year before at the Forks that the color was caused by the stream washing against "white cut-banks." The moment I saw the water I dismissed this last theory as improbable, but Joe, with the backwoodsman's usual prejudice against "scientific fellows," declared that undoubtedly the trapper was right.

After a short reconnoissance up the Quadacha the racing current, the numerous "sweepers" and log jams, and the very opaqueness of the water itself led us to conclude that it would be rash to attempt to ascend the stream in the canoe, so we decided to cache most of our stuff and set out overland with pack-sacks. Accordingly we worked the canoe up the



Lavoie and Fox at Fort Grahame.

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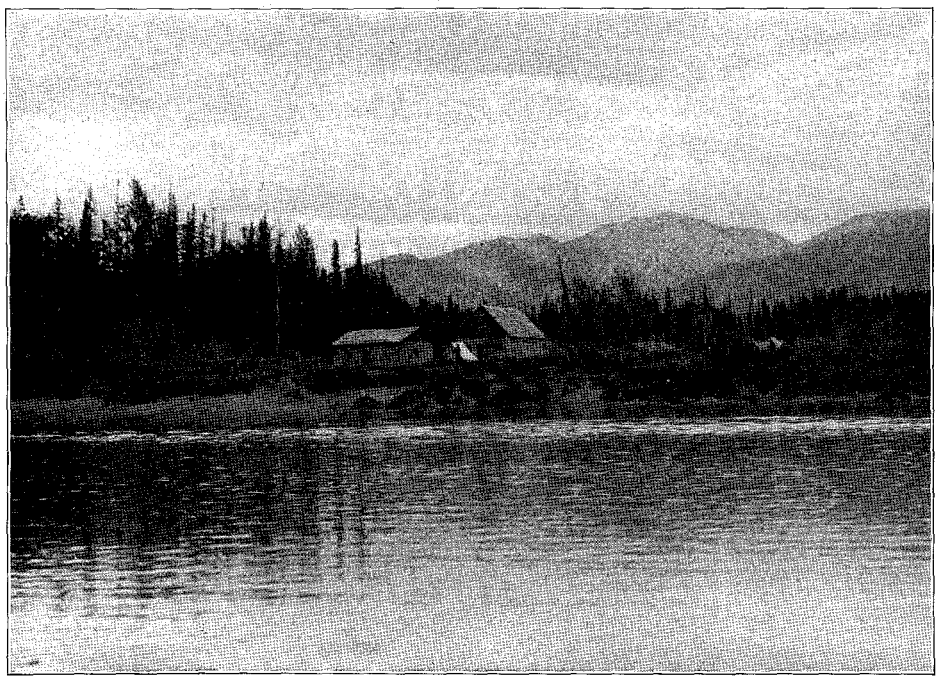

Fort Grahame from across the Finlay.

Quadacha to an island a few hundred yards above the mouth and deposited our stuff there. We took special pains about the whole matter, for not only were bears, wolverines, and pack-rats to be feared, but there existed a possibility that human beings might discover our belongings and molest them. To return worn out and destitute of food to find the canoe gone and the cache rifled was not a prospect to look forward to, in that remote region, with equanimity.

As we would be forced to carry our whole outfit for the trip upon our backs we tried to make it as light as possible. We took my balloon-silk tent, weighing about four and a half pounds, a light blanket apiece, my camera, my own .401 rifle, Joe's .30–30 (he was obsessed with the idea that we might get into a mix-up with a grizzly), and food for about ten days. We also carried along an extra supply of salt and tea in the hope that we would be able to kill meat enough to enable us to make a longer stay. As I had done no packing for several years and was aware that I would find it very wearing, I took a load of about fifty pounds, besides my rifle, while Joe had perhaps ten pounds more.

As it was clear that the Quadacha followed the great intermontane valley for several miles before turning eastward into the mountains, I had decided that we would not attempt to follow its course, but would climb the range lying immediately to the east of us. This range rose about three thousand feet above the Finlay, and its summits projected slightly above timber line. From the top we would, I supposed, obtain a good view of the country we wished to penetrate and could then lay out our course as seemed best.

At eight o'clock next morning we left the cache, and by two in the afternoon had worked our way up through successive belts of spruce, jackpine, and fragrant balsam to the summit of the range. The view that burst upon our vision was not equal to several we were later to obtain, but it was well worth our labor in attaining it—distressing as that labor had proved to be. Behind and far beneath us, a mere blue thread, lay the Finlay, visible, in spite of the haze from bush fires, for a

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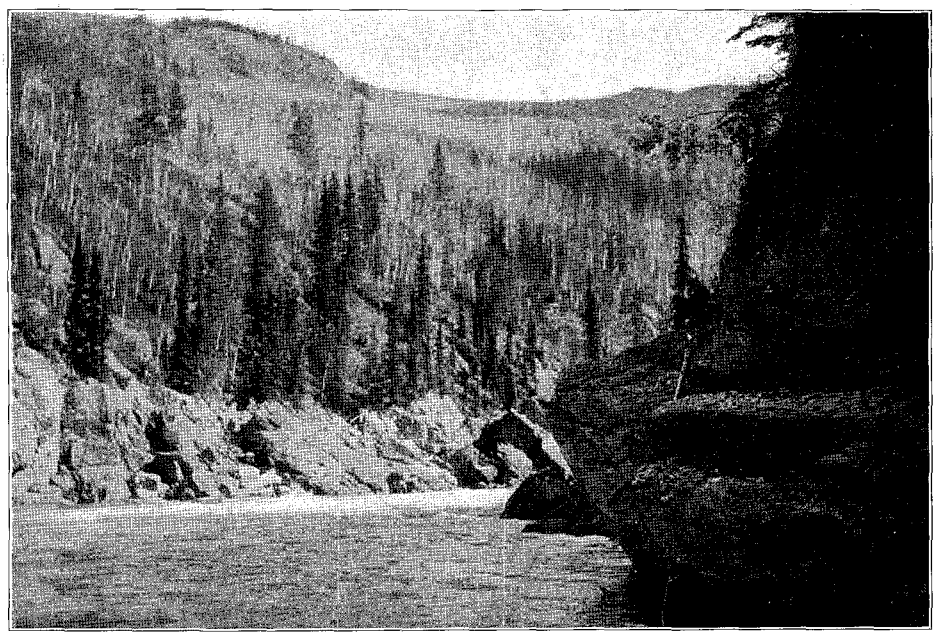
great distance down-stream and to beyond the point where it issued through a narrow gap in a rugged range of mountains to westward. A little below the gap it was joined by another stream, which we knew must be the Fox, and this stream flowed down the great intermontane valley the Finlay had ceased to occupy. The course of the Quadacha itself lay visible on the eastern side of this valley for several miles, or until it turned to the eastward toward the heart of the Rockies.



The entrance to Deserter's Canyon.

To the eastward a distinct disappointment greeted us. We had hoped in that direction to find a plateau, or at least a ridge, connecting us with the mountains beyond, but we perceived instead a deep valley, into which we would be forced to descend. The ranges, in fact, ran parallel to the main course of the Finlay, and it was clear that to win our way eastward would be a matter of much perpendicular as well as horizontal work.

After following the range for a considerable distance northward we had to descend a thousand feet or more into a basin on the Finlay side to obtain water, and there, in a grove of balsam, we camped. It was freezing cold that night, and, as we had only a light blanket each, we were forced then and henceforth to keep a fire going in front of our shelter-tent.

Ten o'clock next morning saw us once more on the summit of the range and farther northward. To the northeast we could see for many miles the winding course of the Quadacha, while to eastward, across a deep valley, rose a much higher range, exceedingly steep, with burned timber on the lower slopes and with sterile, rocky summits utterly bare of vegetation. In the valley beneath gleamed a tiny lake.

Although the distance to the lake seemed short, it could hardly have been less than two miles. The lake seemed well-nigh an ideal place for moose to water at, and through our glasses we saw one of these animals wading about near shore.

The mountainside and the valley were literally ploughed up with moose tracks and trails. In the soft, marshy valley the trails crisscrossed each other hither and yon and in places were worn fully a foot deep and a couple of feet wide. There were tracks of big moose and little moose,

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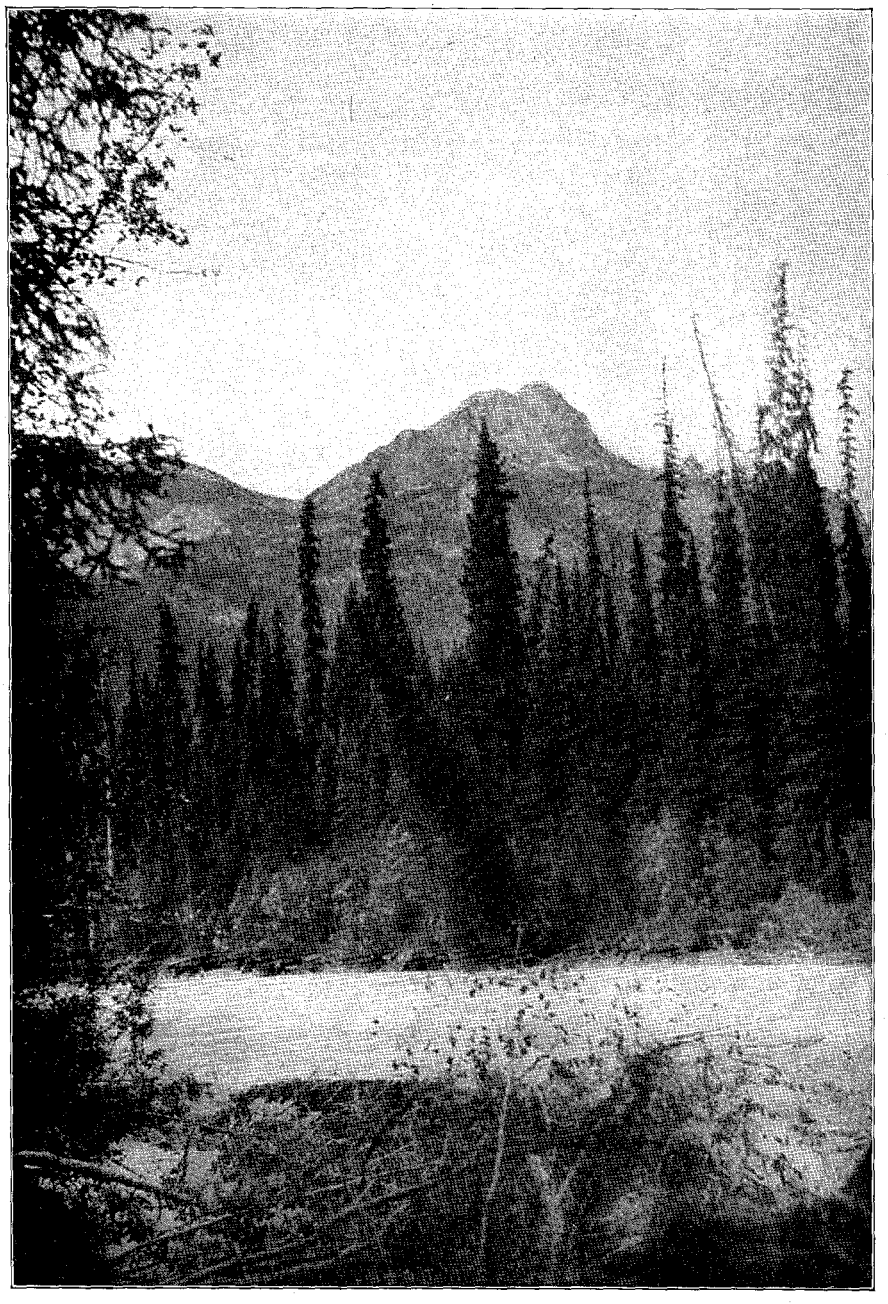

Limestone peak overlooking Quadacha Forks.

of moose with broad feet and of moose with long, narrow feet; in particular, I remember a splay-footed track in which the cleft was fully two inches wide. Never in the States have I seen a field of any size so torn up by the feet of domestic cattle as was this alpine valley by moose.

After lunch I walked up the valley to a beaver pond and on the way back saw

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a cow moose that had been wading in a creek that flowed down the valley, but, of course, did not fire at her. If I had had the same opportunity a few days later, I fear she would not have got off so easily—British Columbia game laws to the contrary notwithstanding. That evening and the next morning I watched beside the lake, but, somewhat to my surprise, saw nothing.

We tied up a few cupfuls of flour and rice in the sleeves of a clean undershirt, put a piece of canvas around the whole, fastened this unique cache up in a spruce-tree, and set out once more. Into the details of the wanderings of the next few days I shall not enter here. It is sufficient to say that the days were full of grinding labor, of toiling through down timber and over steep ridges, of picking our way through the forests and thickets along the Quadacha, down into the valley of which we had been forced by the character of the going among the mountains. It rained every day, and every day we were wetted to the skin. The farther we proceeded the more disagreeable the country became, and, except for two or three grouse, our hopes of killing game were entirely disappointed. I was determined at least to reach a certain forks which the Indians had told McConnell existed, and so we pressed on in spite of Joe's discontent and almost open rebellion.

On the afternoon of the fifth day from the canoe we at last, weary and bedraggled, stood at the forks. As their existence bore out the authenticity of the information given by the Indians to McConnell, I was considerably surprised by one feature which attracted my attention the moment we reached the spot. On McConnell's map accompanying his report there is a glacier set down on the headwaters of the north fork, and I had assumed that it would be north fork that would be white. Instead, the north fork showed clear water while the east fork was even whiter than is the main Quadacha at its mouth. As between the two streams rose a high mountain ridge that appeared to be continuous for a long distance eastward, here was an enigma the solution of which I did not attempt to guess further than to conclude that either McConnell had located the glacier in the wrong place or else that there were two glaciers.

At that season of the year the two streams were so nearly equal in volume that it was impossible to say which was the larger; but, since the east fork is the white fork, I conclude that the name Whitewater, or Quadacha, should continue to attach to it. As the north fork has no name I should like to call it Warneford River after the gallant young Canadian who, in 1915, managed single-handed to bring down the German Zeppelin at Ghent. The feat won for him the Victoria Cross, but only a few weeks later he lost his life through an accident. Thus he drank his "crowded hour of glorious life" and passed on, but the names of such men as he should not be forgotten.

For a considerable distance the course of Warneford River is somewhat west of north by the compass, but, as the variation of the compass in that region amounts to thirty-three degrees, the true course is somewhat east of north. The two streams meet at almost right angles, hence the course of the Quadacha above the forks is a bit south of east.

After leaving our names and the date of our visit on the blazed side of a spruce we turned our backs on Quadacha Forks. So far as we knew no white men had ever visited the place before us. Nor did we feel just then as if we would encourage any one to visit it again.

I was reluctantly forced to the melancholy conclusion that I should never be able to answer the question: "What makes the Quadacha white?"

VIII. WE FIND THE ANSWER

Before turning back from the forks of the Quadacha I determined that I should ascend some peak that would give me a bird's-eye view of the whole country. The most convenient and best-fitted height for this purpose was the tall, barren mountain that lay to the eastward of the lake in which we had seen the moose. This mountain, which I shall henceforth call Observation Peak, was not only centrally located, but it was one of the tallest in the region, and I felt confident that, granted a clear day, I should be able from

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Looking eastward from Observation Peak. Glacier in distance.

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its summit to discover any striking features of that section of the Rockies.

I shall not describe here the adventures or trials we had in reaching the mountain, nor our weariness in climbing it, nor how three separate times we thought we were nearing the summit only to discover that we had been approaching a bench beyond which rose another cliff of mingled quartz and slate. I shall only say that about three o'clock on the afternoon of the second day after turning back from the forks we did at last gain the real summit. And in every direction, north, south, east, west, there unfolded a magnificent panorama of mountains, nameless ranges, hundreds of nameless peaks, any of them taller than the highest in the entire Appalachian system.

On the summit of Observation Peak.
Note limestone upheaval in the background.

We had reached a point of vantage whence we could overlook the whole of the unexplored region of the Rockies from Laurier Pass on the south to the Liard region on the north. No great secret could be concealed from us.

What did we see?

A glance showed us that there was no heaven-kissing peak "taller than Mount Robson."

But there were several magnificent mountains higher than any along the Finlay. Much the finest of all these lay far to the northeastward. It was a vast affair with three great summits, two of them peaks, the third and tallest an immense square block.

This mountain was big enough to have aroused our enthusiasm, and yet we gave comparatively scant heed to it.

For down the south slope of it, filling a great valley miles and miles wide, there flowed a perfectly immense, glistening glacier.

"That is what makes the Quadacha white," Joe conceded.

There could be no doubt about it. For a long time I had realized that it would require a good-sized rock-mill to grind up enough silt to color such a big stream as the Quadacha, but here was a mill big enough for the job.

We were at least forty miles from it, for we were now fully twenty miles west of the forks, and from the forks to the glacier must be at least twenty more. We were eighty as one must travel in that region. Yet there that great white mass loomed up far and away the most notable phenomenon in that whole magnificent panorama. It is the biggest thing in the

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whole Finlay country. I venture to predict that when the glacier has been more closely examined it will be found to be one of the biggest, if not the very biggest, in the whole Rocky Mountain system.

From our post on Observation Peak the great glacier lay ten degrees east of north by compass, or approximately forty-three degrees east of the true north.

It is, I repeat for emphasis, a great river of ice, flowing down not only from the big mountain but, it seemed, from the mountain across the valley and from far up the valley. We were too far distant to make out much in detail, but through our glasses the wall of ice appeared of great height. About all we could be absolutely sure of was that the glacier is an immense affair covering many square miles of territory.

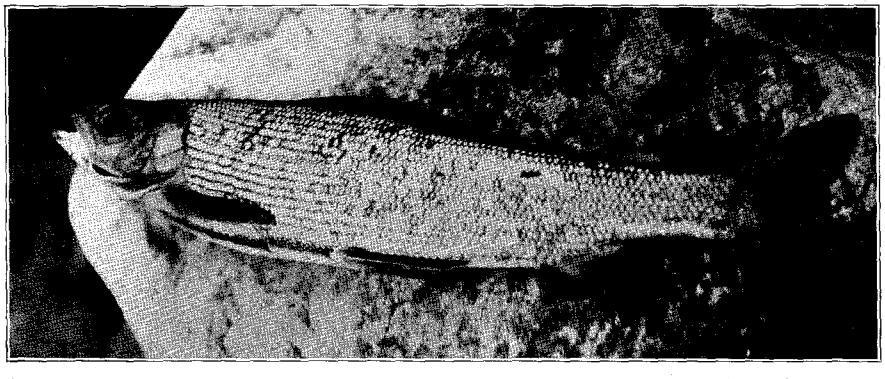
On the north fork, or Warneford River, we saw another glacier, evidently the one set down on McConnell's map. Later we saw it again from Prairie Mountain. Even this glacier would be noteworthy in the Rockies of the United States, but it seemed a pygmy compared with the big one.

About thirty degrees south of the true east, seemingly at the extreme eastern edge of the system, there projected a fine snow peak which I venture to guess is the "Great Snow Mountain" seen by Mr. Frederick K. Vreeland from the Laurier Pass country in 1912. The mountains on the eastern side of the system bore a great deal more snow than those on the western side, though they are, with a few exceptions, seemingly no taller. The reason, of course, is that they are not so much affected by warm winds from the Pacific. These winds prolong the summer season in the Finlay country beyond that at the same elevation in western Alberta even as far south as the headwaters of the Saskatchewan.

We were also able from Observation Peak to obtain a splendid view of the peculiar range of white limestone that forces its way upward in the region of Quadacha forks. Both northwest and southeast it runs as far as we were able to see, being easily recognizable in both directions by its pronounced color and by the unusually jagged character of its peaks.

I was extremely anxious to obtain pictures of the panorama and particularly of the great glacier. But the hour was somewhat late, and the sky partly overcast, and in my anxiety to allow for these factors I foolishly ran to the other extreme and overexposed. When the films were developed on my return home even the mountains showed rather indistinctly, while the glacier was hardly discernible on the prints at all. Any one who has experienced the difficulty of securing good photographs of snow peaks will readily understand the reason of my failure. If any one is inclined to feel sceptical about the glacier on this account, I merely paraphrase the words of a well-known personage concerning a certain "River of Doubt" and say that "the glacier is still there."

I hope that some specialist in glaciers will be sufficiently interested by what we



An Arctic trout.

These are shapely fish, with a long back fin.—Page 658.

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saw to undertake an expedition to examine the phenomenon more closely and in a scientific manner. I believe that he would be amply repaid. Even Joe, who had betrayed not the slightest interest hitherto in hunting glaciers and thought the whole trip up the Quadacha mere foolishness, waxed so enthusiastic over what he saw that he declared:

"I would give a month's wages to reach it!"

Such an expedition should be considerably larger than our own little outfit. It should contain three or, better still, four men, of whom at least two should be expert canoemen, while all should be active and able to carry a reasonable load. There should be two canoes, so that one of them could be risked in an attempt to ascend the Quadacha. If this attempt should fail, or be deemed not feasible, then a cache should be established at the forks, and fresh loads brought thither. From there a dash could be made to the glacier. It would be better also to make the trip earlier than we did, so as to avoid cold weather and its discomforts.

As for me, if the trip were not so expensive I would certainly again make the long river journey just for a chance to reach that magnificent river of ice and ascertain its dimensions, for the desire to do so has grown upon me since my return. But I fear it can never be. Some other man will stand first beneath that mighty wall of ice; some other man's feet will first cross that mighty snow-field.

One right I claim—the right to name the mountain that rises beside the glacier. In doing so I wish to honor the ablest Briton of his times, one of the ablest of all times, the William Pitt of the mighty world conflict, a man equally able to solve momentous problems in times of peace and in times of war. I wish it to be called Mount Lloyd George.

(To be concluded.)

HYMN OF MAN, 1917

By John Hall Wheelock

O now to Thee who art our God
  We lift our voices crying,
"For the long path that must be trod
  Give us a faith undying."
    The years and ages roll,
    Still steadfast stands the soul;
    Strong love and flawless faith
    Triumphant over death
      Not anything shall conquer.

Give us the victory, O Lord,
  Not beggarlike we cower—
Man's will is his own holy sword,
  Within us is the power:
    The sad and sacred doom
    That bears us to the tomb
    Makes humble not our lives,
    More undefeated strives
      The God within us Godward.

No less than what we will we can,
  The ages shall fulfil it—
Man is the highest hope of Man
  If he but only will it:
    Though prophecy be dumb,
    Yet shall Thy kingdom come
    And not in heaven above,
    On earth the reign of love
      'Twixt man and man shall bring it.

The centuries and the cycles groan
  Before Thy vast desire,
And all the starry heavens sown
  With elemental fire:
    Lo, Thou art everywhere,
    In earth and sea and air,
    The spirit and the clod—
    In Man, too, dwells the God,
      And who shall crush or kill it!

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THE POPE OF THE BIG SANDY

A HAPPY VALLEY STORY

BY JOHN FOX, JR.

ILLUSTRATION BY F. C. YOHN

HE entered a log cabin in the Kentucky hills. An old woman with a pair of scissors cut the tie that bound him to his mother and put him in swaddling-clothes of homespun. Now, in silk pajamas, with three doctors and two nurses to make his going easy, he was on his way out of a suite of rooms ten stories above the splendor of Fifth Avenue.

It was early morning. A taxi swung into the paved circle in front of the hotel below and a little man in slouch hat and black frock coat, and with his trousers in his boots, stepped gingerly out. He took off the hat with one hand, dropped his saddle-pockets from the other, and mopped his forehead with a bandanna handkerchief.

"My God, brother," he said to the grinning driver, "I tol' ye to hurry, but I didn't 'low you'd *fly!* How much d' I owe ye an' how do I git in hyeh?"

A giant in a gold-braided uniform had picked up the saddle-pockets when the little man turned.

"Well, now, that's clever of ye," he said, thrusting out his hand, "I reckon you air the proprietor—how's the Pope?"

"Sure, I dunno, sor—this way, sor." The astonished giant pointed to the swinging door and turned for light to the taxi man who, doubled with laughter over his wheel, tapped his forehead. At the desk the little man pushed his hat back and put both elbows down.

"Whar's the Pope?"

"The Pope!" From behind, the giant was making frantic signs, but the clerk's brow cleared. "Oh, yes—front!"

The little man gasped and swayed as the elevator shot upward, but a moment later the little judge of Happy Valley and the Pope of the Big Sandy were hand in hand.

"How're yo' folks, judge?"

"Stirrin'—how're you, Jim?"

"Ain't stirrin' at all."

"Shucks, you'll be up an' aroun' in no time."

"I ain't goin' to git up again."

"Don't you git stubborn now, Jim."

A nurse brought in some medicine and the Pope took it with a wry face. The judge reached for his saddle-pockets and pulled out a bottle of white liquor with a stopper of corn-shucks.

"This'll take the bad taste out o' yo' mouth."

"The docs won't let me—but lemme smell it." The judge had whipped out a twist of long green and again the Pope shook his head:

"Can't drink—can't chaw!"

"Oh, Lord!" The judge bit off a mouthful and a moment later walked to the window and, with his first and second fingers forked over his lips, ejected an amber stream.

"Good Lord, judge—don't do that. You'll splatter a million people." He called for a spittoon and the judge grunted disgustedly.

"I'd hate to live in a place whar a feller can't spit out o' his own window."

"Don't you like it?"

"Hit looks like circus day—I got the headache already."

A telegram was brought in.

"Been seein' a lot about you in the papers," said the judge, and the Pope waved wearily to a pile of dailies. There were columns about him in those papers—about his meteoric rise: how he started a poor boy in the mountains, studied by candle-light, taught school in the hills: how a vision of their future came to him even that early and how he clung to that vision all his life, turning, twisting for option money on coal lands, making a little sale now and then, but

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always options and more options and sales and more sales, until now the poor mountain boy was a king among the coal barons of the land.

"Judge," said the Pope, "the votin's started down home."

"How's it goin'?"

"Easy."

"Been spendin' any money?"

"Not a cent."

"Ole Bill Maddox is."

"Why, judge, I'm the daddy an' grandaddy o' that town. I built streets and sidewalks for it out o' my own pocket. I put up two churches for 'em. I built the water-works, the bank, an' God knows what all. Ole Bill Maddox can't turn a wheel against *me*." The little judge was marvelling: here was a man who had refused all his life to run for office, who could have been congressman, senator, governor; and who had succumbed at last.

"Jim, what in blue hell do you want that office fer?"

"To make folks realize their duties as citizens," said the Pope patiently; "to maintain streets and sidewalks and water-works and sewers an' become an independent community, instead o' layin' back on other folks!"

"How about all them churches you been buildin' all over them mountains—air they self-sustainin'?"

"Well, they do need a little help now and then." The judge grunted.

Through the morning many cards were brought the Pope, but the doctors allowed no business. To amuse himself the Pope sent the judge into the sitting-room to listen to the million-dollar project of one sleek young man, and the judge reported:

"Nothin' doin'—he's got a bad eye."

"Right," said the Pope. At twelve o'clock the judge looked at his watch:

"Dinner-time." And the Pope ordered his old mountain friend cabbage, bacon, and greens.

"Judge, I got to sleep now. I've got a car down below. After dinner you can take a ride or you can take a walk."

"You can't git me into a automobile an' I'm afeard to walk. I'd git run over. I'll jus' hang aroun'."

Another telegram was brought in.

"Runnin' easy an' winnin' in a walk," said the Pope. "It's a cinch. You can open anything else that comes while I'm asleep."

The judge himself had not slept well on the train; so he took off his boots, put his yarn-stockinged feet in one chair and sitting up in another took a nap. An hour later the Pope called for him. The last telegram reported that he was so far ahead that none others would be sent until the committee started to count ballots.

"I've made you an executor in my will, judge," he said, "an' I want you to see that some things are done yourself." The judge nodded.

"I want you to have a new church built in Happy Valley. I want you to give St. Hilda and that settlement school five thousand a year. An'"—he paused—"you know ole Bill Maddox cut me out an' married Sallie Ann Spurlock—how many children they got now, judge?"

"Ten—oldest, sixteen."

"Well, I want you to see that every gol-durned one of 'em gits the chance to go to school."

Now, old Bill Maddox was running against the Pope, and was fighting him hard, and the judge hated old Bill Maddox; so he said nothing. The Pope too was silent a long while.

"Judge, I got all my money out o' the mountain folks. I robbed 'em right and left."

"You ain't never robbed nobody in Happy Valley," said the judge a little grimly, and the Pope chuckled.

"No, you wouldn't let me. I got all my money from 'em an' do you know what I'm goin' to do?"

"Git some more, I reckon."

The Pope chuckled again: "I'm a-goin' to give it back to 'em. Churches, schools, libraries, hospitals, good roads—any durned thing in the world that will do 'em any good. It's all in my will. An', judge," he added with a little embarrassment, "I've sort o' fixed it so that when you want to help out a widder or a orphan in Happy Valley you can do it without always diggin' down into yo' own jeans."

"Shucks, don't you worry about me or the folks in Happy Valley—you done enough fer them lettin' 'em alone; an' that durned ole Bill Maddox, he's a fight-

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Drawn by F. C. Yohn.

"I'm a-goin' to give it back to 'em. Churches, schools, libraries, hospitals, good roads—any durned thing . . . that will do 'em any good."—Page 670.

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in' you right now afore yo' face an' behind yo' back. He's the meanest——"

"Makes no difference. His children ain't to blame an' thar's Sallie Ann." The Pope yawned and his brow wrinkled with pain. "I better take a little more sleep, judge." A doctor came in and felt the Pope's pulse and the judge left the room, worried by the physician's face and his whispered direction to the nurse to summon another doctor.

An hour later the Pope called him back, and his voice was weak:

"Bring in every telegram, judge."

"You mustn't bother," interposed the doctor firmly, and the Pope's mouth set and the old dominant gleam came into his eyes.

"Bring in every telegram," he repeated. Outside, in the hallway, the judge waylaid the doctor.

"Ain't he goin' to pull through?"

"One chance in a thousand," was the curt answer.

About three o'clock the judge got a telegram that made him swear fearfully, and thereafter they came fast. The Pope would use no money. The judge wired the Pope's manager warily offering a thousand of his own. The answer came —"too late." At five o'clock they were running neck and neck. Ten minutes before the polls closed old Bill Maddox rounded up twenty more votes and victory was his. And all the while the judge was making reports to the Pope:

"Runnin' easy."

"It's a cinch."

"Ole Bill fighting tooth and toe-nail but you got him, Jim."

"Countin' the votes now."

"Air ye shore, Jim, you want to leave all that money fer ole Bill's brats—he's a hound."

"Ole Bill comin' up a little, Jim."

And then came that last telegram, reporting defeat, and with it crushed in his hand the judge made his last report:

"All over. You've got 'em, Jim. Hooray! Can't you hear 'em yell?" The Pope's white mouth smiled and his eyelids flickered, but his eyes stayed closed.

"Jim, I wouldn't give *all* that money to old Bill's brats—just some fer Sally Ann."

"All of it for old Bill's—for Sally Ann's children, the mountain folks, an' the old home town." The Pope opened his eyes and he spoke:

"All of you—nurses an' docs—git out o' here, please." And knowing that the end was nigh they quietly withdrew.

"Judge, you ain't no actor—you're a ham!"

"Whut you mean, Jim?" asked the judge, for in truth he did not understand —not just then. The roar of the city rose from below, but the sunset came through the window as through all windows of the world. The Pope's hand reached for the judge's hand. His lips moved and the judge bent low:

"Beat!" whispered the Pope; "beat, by God! Beat—for—councilman—in—my—own home town." And because he knew his fellow man, the good and the bad, the Pope passed with a smile.

MEMORY

By Charles W. Kennedy

I SWORE that all the beauty of thine eyes
Should be a dream forgotten; nevermore
Thy presence near, thy hand upon the door
To shake me with remembered agonies.

And so I dreamed that all old things were slain—
Then some still night of stars, a breath of Spring,
A fallen rose leaf, bluebirds on the wing—
And all the dead past kindles into pain.

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THE SILENT VOICE

BY EDWARD MOTT WOOLLEY

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

A CERTAIN large manufacturing house owns a trade-name which has been in common use so long that it virtually belongs to the English language. Although a coined word, few people know it as such. It has never been advertised, and in the minds of the people this trade-name now covers an unwarranted variety of products, some of which are in disrepute. The value of the name is hopelessly lost.

Here you find a tragedy, because the patents covering this product have expired and powerful competitors are putting out the same thing under a different trade-name. This new name, however, is being advertised widely to identify it as the property of the invading competitors, and a rich market is being appropriated.

The dilemma of the first concern might have been foreseen years ago and prevented by advertising, which is the life-insurance of modern business.

A few years ago certain manufacturing circles were disturbed by rumors that a large company was soon to put on the market a new type of machine. This corporation, however, refused for a considerable time to confirm or deny the reports, and in the meantime a strong competitor executed a brilliant coup by putting a machine of its own on the market, with extensive advertising. Before the first concern woke up the other had pretty well captured the market.

These two instances exemplify the tremendous force of advertising, which has grown to be such a mighty influence in our national life. In this article I am attempting to appraise advertising in its entirety, and to show it as the chief force in American business development. It has done more than anything else to raise the business man from a secondary station to the highest, has immeasurably improved quality in the products of manufacture, and lifted the whole fabric of business out of primitive forms. It has been responsible for the formulating of business principles, the collecting and analysis of statistics and their application to manufacturing and marketing problems, the introduction of advanced methods and equipment, and the elimination of waste. The ethics of business have been raised to a new plane; the public has become the beneficiary of service along lines undreamed of a few years ago; the universities have received the impulse to lay foundations for a new branch of education. Advertising has stabilized business by making it independent of restricted markets. It has kept the retail price of numberless products from soaring.

One of the common indictments brought against advertising is that it increases the

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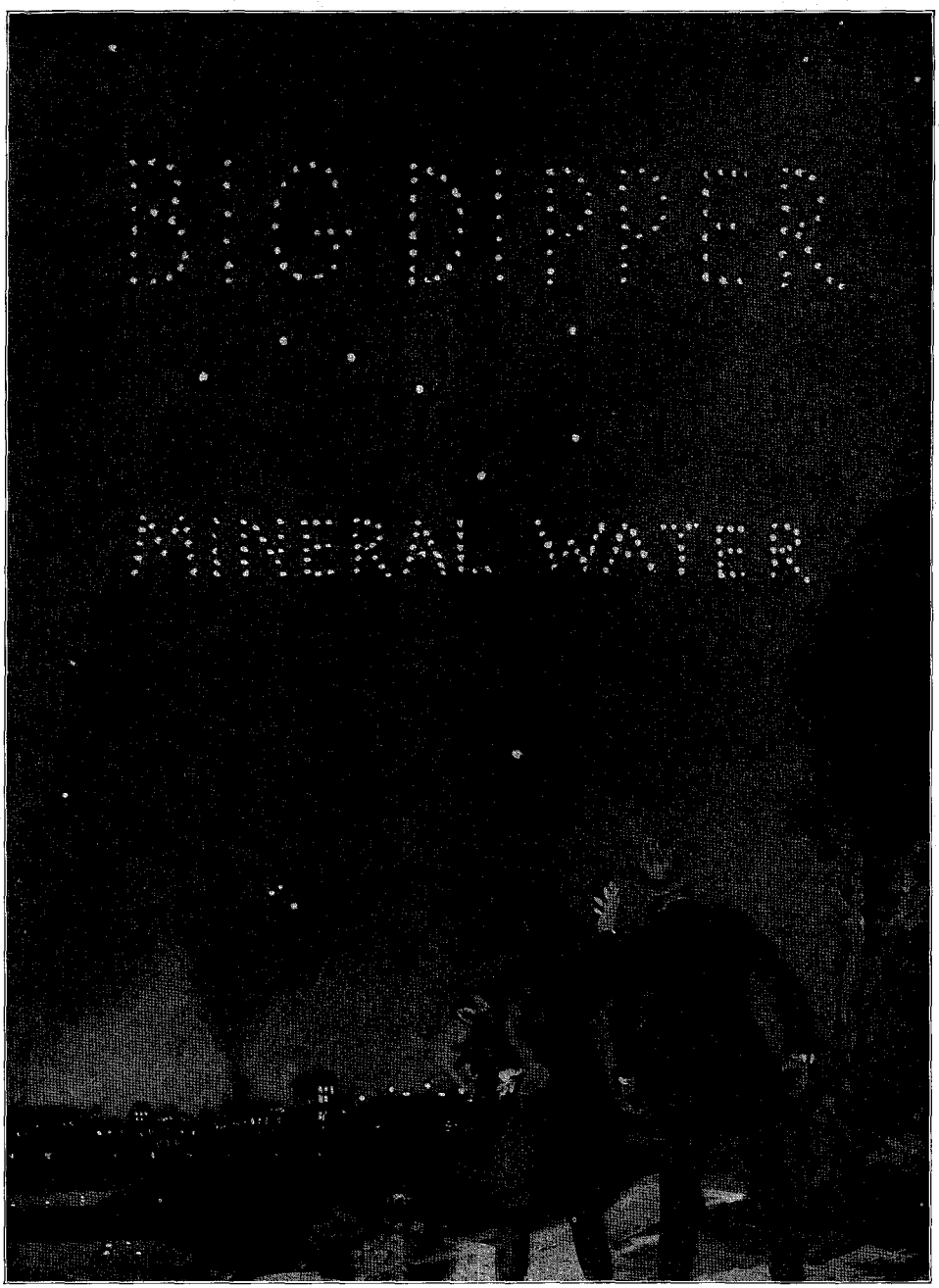

Drawn by James Montgomery Flagg.

Hitch your wagon to a star.

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cost of living. Voluminous arguments pro and con have been adduced, but in reality the proposition seems simple. The real test is this: "Are the people generally more prosperous now than they were in the age before advertising began? Do we have more money in our pockets, bigger deposits in the banks, higher salaries, better homes, more pleasures, broader education?"

Let us admit that in spots advertising may increase the general tendency to spend money. But would we go back to the days of salt pork, when we heated our homes with open fireplaces, had no running water, and used tallow candles? Would we revert to the sanded floor, primitive household appliances, the ox-cart, and "Pilgrim's Progress" as our chief companion on winter's evenings? And would we be better off financially if we did revert to these things?

It would not be difficult to catalogue perhaps a thousand factors in our daily lives that could be traced to advertising, but which we now take for granted. The phonograph, the self-playing piano, and the piano itself so far as the great mass of people is concerned, have been made possible by advertising. The automobile, typewriter, calculating-machine, pneumatic cleaner, sewing-machine, and a multifarious array of things would have to be included in such a catalogue.

We must look at the matter from a broad view-point when we reckon the effect of advertising on the cost of living. If advertising contributes to the extravagance of the people in individual instances, we must also admit that advertising has made it possible for these people to possess the money they spend.

But now turn from generalities, and, as a sort of prologue to this drama of advertising, let us sit for a few minutes and watch the romance of the industry as it flashes by on our mental screen. Of course, we find here only the high lights, but they typify the bigness of the story.

George Eastman, in 1878, was a bank clerk, with a hobby for photography. Out of his dissatisfaction with the wet plate came the kodak and one of the greatest romances of business. Now the company invests at least $1,000,000 a year in advertising.

Or take William Wrigley, Jr., who was a travelling salesman. Now he is said to spend $2,000,000 a year or more on publicity. In the many Wrigley campaigns we find items that run into stupendous proportions. The ordinary best-seller in fiction has a circulation of perhaps 100,000, while the Wrigley "Mother Goose Book" went to 7,500,000 people and the "Spear Men" to 3,500,000.

The American Chicle Company this year has an advertising appropriation of one and one-half million dollars.

Not so many years ago Eldridge R. Johnson was a machinist at Camden, N. J. Afterward he bought the little shop where he had worked on a crude talking-machine, and this developed into the great Victor Company—whose advertising runs well over $2,000,000 a year.

A century ago there was a little soap-factory in New York owned by a Morgan family. For more than a lifetime this business attained no particular prominence, but one day the family physician suggested the combination of two Latin words as a trade-name. Sapolio became almost a national institution, with three or four hundred thousand dollars a year to talk for it; and the picturesque adventures of this company add some of the brightest color to the romance of advertising. Thus we have "Spotless Town," and the cruise of the *Sapolio*, a 14-foot sailing-vessel in which Captain William A. Anderson crossed the Atlantic. He was received by the King of Spain and Sapolio was on everybody's tongue.

In 1879 Jacob Ritty, a merchant in Dayton, O., invented the cash register. John H. Patterson then had a small country store and was having trouble keeping his accounts. When he heard of the cash register he telegraphed for two and afterward bought the business. Once Frederick F. Peabody was a school-teacher in Minnesota, but rural life did not please him and he went to Chicago. At the very beginning advertising entered his career, for he looked in the classified pages of the Chicago papers and found a job at seven dollars a week. Among other things he sold collars; and to-day he is president of the greatest collar concern in the world.

Mr. Peabody's story, incidentally, re-

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minds us of the power and romanticism of the classified advertising page. Here this strange force comes close to the people. It reaches down and picks men bodily out of their old lives, oftentimes setting them down among opportunities unthought of. Like the mysterious wireless, it talks into nothingness on a myriad of subjects and out of the silence come the answering voices.

A young chemist went to work in a canning-plant in New Jersey at a trifling wage. The business was having a hard struggle, and the young man, now its president, conceived a new product. To market this output would have been impossible except for advertising, and Campbell's Soups have made another picturesque chapter in this great publicity story. In 1874 John S. Huyler began to make candy in his father's bakeshop in New York. He had a wagon on which was mounted a gong and travelled about the streets selling molasses candy. In 1876 the first Huyler store was opened, but now there are at least sixty stores, in twenty-five cities. I do not need to tell you that advertising has been dynamic here. A member of the firm told me that the total advertising expenditure was ten or twelve million dollars.

In Burlington, Vt., a small wholesale house bought the stock of a defunct little drug-store, and discovered, among its shop-worn goods, some crude liquid dyes. Out of this incident ultimately grew the Diamond Dye business, which has been spending perhaps $200,000 a year for advertising. Down in the southern part of New Jersey was a dentist named Welch, who opposed wine at communion. He produced a substitute and prevailed on the congregation to adopt it. Thus came Welch's Grape Juice, but for many years it was not advertised and the business remained provincial. In 1895 it found the magic wand—and then the romance!

Two young men from a Michigan farm went to New York, the first to arrive having a capital of ten dollars; and after vicissitudes they began in a small way to manufacture rubber printing outfits and hardware specialties. One day, standing in a retail store, one of them saw on the wall a small clock and this was his inspiration for a cheap watch; for the man was Robert H. Ingersoll. His first advertisement occupied one inch of space, but now his company sells more than 5,000,000 watches a year, and the tale rivals "Jack and His Beanstalk." Fifty million watches in all have been sold. In Chicago a concern called itself the "Royal Tailors," and dealt with the trade. For many years it went along without knowing it had anything to advertise in a big way. Then one day it saw a huge market, and that puissant vehicle, national advertising, took it aboard and made it a giant industry.

An example of peculiar significance is the advertising of the Hotpoint Electric Heating Company, which is going after the electric-range business. Electric cooking is a development mostly some years in the future, but this company hopes to establish itself as a logical one toward which the business will turn when the time comes. Another striking case is the American Radiator Company. It was about the time of the panic, in 1907, that this company awoke to the tremendous possibilities of advertising as business insurance. In 1908, when times were very dull, it experimented with big space and good copy, and it showed a heavy increase in business over 1907. Since then it has gone extensively into this business insurance. Other instances are big cement, electrical, and machinery manufacturers that are advertising to students in the technical courses of universities, on the theory that in future years they will be the buyers. A tooth-brush manufacturer advertises to dental students and to school children.

A far-reaching policy of business insurance is the plan of the Hercules Powder Company, to make a future market for hunting-powder by fostering the breeding of game-birds. Its campaign was planned to reach 10,000,000 people. And the Du Ponts, even in the midst of vast war orders, advertise to increase the pastime of trap-shooting.

Another instance is that of the brewers. Five or six years ago the Anheuser-Busch people in St. Louis foresaw the sweep of prohibition. One thing they did was to put out a temperance drink, which they advertised in a hundred cities, using newspapers, posters, and other mediums. In

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the Northwest a number of breweries have been advertising loganberry juice, and brewers in the East are doing things of this sort.

Another concern discovered that for years it had overlooked a big advertising opportunity, which it finally found in "canned heat." Up in Vermont lived one Deacon Estey, but through the steady pace of recurring publicity his individual story has been lost in the broader annals of the Estey organs and pianos. Once there was a man named Moore in the photographic business. To facilitate hanging films on the wall he invented a pin with a wooden head. This idea, with the aid of advertising, developed the Moore Push Pin; and this little story is a bright spot in the whole big romance.

Humphrey O'Sullivan worked as a printer in Massachusetts, and to relieve his feet stood on an old rubber mat. The other printers commonly appropriated this, so he cut some pieces from it and tacked them on to his heels. Thus began a spectacular chapter, in which nearly $2,000,000 have gone into advertising. Previous to 1875 William J. Carleton was a New York street-car conductor, having previously been a cabin-boy on Admiral Farragut's flag-ship. One morning he tacked up an advertising sign for a business man who rode on his car, and in this way, according to a tradition that may not be literally true, commenced the business of street-car advertising; and Carleton ultimately made considerable money. Louis E. Waterman, erstwhile school-teacher, got the idea of the fountain pen. By personal canvass he sold some hundreds of pens before he began to advertise, but shortly afterward he was able to negotiate a loan of $5,000 with which to enlarge his business. The present advertising appropriation is about $150,000 a year.

A. C. Gilbert conceived an idea for toys that would appeal to the building instinct of boys. People told him he was crazy to think of selling one such contrivance at the price of five dollars, but I believe his sales of these particular sets now run into the scores of thousands. The manufacture of billiard-tables had been steadily declining, when the Brunswick-Balke-Collender Company began unique advertising, to change the game from a somewhat disreputable pastime into a gentleman's diversion. Extraordinary results have been achieved in making billiards a game of the home.

S. C. Dobbs worked in an Atlanta drug-store. He is the dynamo of the Coca-Cola business, which came up from small beginnings, and on which has been spent, for advertising and promotion, some $10,000,000. In Newark, N. J., a struggling druggist named Mennen rented a decrepit horse and wagon, hired a couple of singers, and went forth on the streets himself to sell his specialties. But he discovered that advertising was an easier way to dispose of his goods, and Mennen's talcum powder and other products were spread over the world.

The origin of floating soap is rather obscure, but a tradition has it that a batch of material was beaten too long and was supposed to be ruined, until the discovery was made that it had turned white and floated. It is a fact, however, that the immense value of the words "It Floats" was discovered through advertising.

Advertising is a theatre, and on its stage many casts have played. There is a continuous performance; and if this playhouse were to close, much of the resplendent in advertising would be gone. We can realize what a void would be left when we look back over these players.

Take, for instance, the "1847 Girl." The original of this famous young lady was a stenographer in Philadelphia. Since the day she was picked by the advertising men as a type, her picture has been reproduced millions of times. Another young lady of more recent fame is "Phœbe Snow," about whose origin I have found some dispute. An excellent authority says she was first called "Mary Snow"—by Wendell P. Colton, advertising manager of the Lackawanna Railroad; but a real Mary Snow demanded damages. Then, according to this version, Ernest Elmo Calkins, advertising man, suggested "Phœbe."

Among the human-like characters of advertising are many precocious stars. For example: Goldie and Dust, the Little Fairy, the Grape Juice Children, the Campbell Kids—who are now in the doll world as well—the Kleanwell Tooth Brush

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Imps, the Necco Cut-outs, the Moxie Boy and Moxie Girl, Coca-Cola Children, Dutch Cleanser Girl, Dutch Boy Painter, Hotpoint Elfies, Babbitt's Boy Cleanser, Valspar Sailors, Willie Squeegee, E. Normous Mileage, Lotta Miles, Josh Slinger, Mr. and Mrs. Carter Inx, and the chef Rastus.

Then there are the trade-names and slogans that have come to occupy a place almost as human. Perhaps we would miss "Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria," "B. V. D.," and "Good morning, have you used Pears' Soap?" This latter famous slogan has proved invaluable from an advertising standpoint. It was invented by T. J. Barratt, who became the greatest advertiser of Europe. A cartoonist for London *Punch* presented to Mr. Barratt the poster of the ragged tramp, whose memory lingers in the brain of every person who ever saw him. "I used your soap two years ago," he says, "since when I've used no other." Before Mr. Barratt came into the business this company had spent only a few thousand dollars on advertising in the seventy-five years of its existence, and was still a small concern. Since 1865 $18,000,000 have been invested in advertising Pears' soap, and the romance of the house of Pears is one of the biggest.

While I am on the subject of pictures and slogans I ought to go more deeply into this matter of advertising art. Yet the bigness of the subject warns me off. At least let me cite the painting "Bubbles," by Sir John Millais, which was purchased by Pears for $11,000. For the picture "He Won't Be Happy Till He Gets It" the Pears paid $2,200. Artists every day are getting from $250 to $1,000 for advertising illustrations. For instance, many of the Cream of Wheat pictures have been made by artists of renown. Their paintings are usually irrelevant, yet they often stand with little or no accompanying text. The appeal is through the broad interest of the people in the characters portrayed. A certain group of characters has become associated in the public mind with this product along with a particular kind of treatment; and these paintings, with only a slight connecting link, serve to maintain the prestige of the goods. This instance helps us to measure the importance of the picture in advertising, for in most other cases the text and the pictures are in a joint partnership.

Any estimate of the money that goes into advertising in the United States and Canada, in normal times, is little more than a guess. From different sources I get widely divergent opinions. One authority estimates the total, including all forms of printed advertising, at $650,000,000 a year. In this he includes newspaper advertising as $375,000,000, of which he says $75,000,000 comes from the national advertisers.

Magazine advertising, omitting mail-order magazines, is estimated from $45,000,000 to $60,000,000. Various estimates give other items as follows: circulars, booklets, and form-letters, $100,000,000; farm and mail-order advertising, $75,000,000; department stores, $65,000,000; novelty, $25,000,000; bill-posting, $25,000,000; electric and painted signs, $25,000,000; street-cars, $10,000,000; house organs, $7,000,000; theatre programmes and miscellaneous, $10,000,000; trade and technical periodicals, $45,000,000. There are 25,000 publications, with an aggregate circulation of 165,000,000. So now you have the voice and the audience.

In the biggest item, displayed newspaper advertising, there seems to be the least tangible romance; yet this is the motive power of the American merchant. If there is less glamour from the viewpoint of the outsider, the inner stories, I fancy, would be equally wonderful.

Indeed, you can go to almost any city or town and pick up advertising stories that show interesting cash results, however much they may lack of the big swing and melodrama; and here and there you get the melodrama too. In Cincinnati lived Cora Dow, who was left, when a young girl, with her father's little drug-store. Drug-stores are commonly reputed to be impossible in the larger scheme of advertising, yet when Miss Dow died, quite recently, she was known as the builder of a famous chain of drug-stores valued close to a million dollars. Not all done by advertising, we must concede; but we may well doubt that it could have been done without. This little wo-

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man began her advertising career early and kept at it persistently.

Printers' Ink, the leading authority in this line, publishes a table showing the advertising statistics of eight New York department stores during the first six months of 1916. Summarizing the facts, this publication says: "Even in department stores doing an annual business of more than $1,000,000 and less than $10,000,000, more than three per cent of the gross sales is required for advertising. The lowest percentage of gross sales invested in advertising in this group of stores is three and one-half per cent, and the highest is over six per cent, the average being over four and a half. The smaller the business the greater proportion of gross sales required for advertising."

When the small-city and rural merchants really begin to realize the power of good advertising we may look for radical revisions of statistics that now show astonishingly low percentages in small communities.

Another form of advertising is still unappreciated by a large majority of smaller merchants—the show window. But on Fifth Avenue, in New York, one specialty-shop values six windows at $40,000 a year. The Filene Store, in Boston, charges its departments an aggregate rental of more than $100,000 a year for show windows, while New York stores reckon their windows still higher. The Lord & Taylor figure has been given as $150,000. Of course, the actual value of a window may be different from its theoretical rental. Ideas, skill, and merchandise make the value.

The very names of many advertisers have become synonymous with things we use or see about us every day, until the image of the product rises automatically in our minds at the words; and often if we pause to analyze we can trace, along with the advertising, big and little developments that go to make our lives so vastly different from those of our grandfathers. Without quotation marks, let me suggest just a few. Can any one deny that these advertisers have made American progress and wealth? Truly, they have taken our money, but have they not in the sum total given back to America more wealth than they have taken?

Yale stands for keys primarily, with most of us; but if you trace back the Yale & Towne products you will find an evolution of customs as well as of keys and hardware. Globe-Wernicke, at first thought, means only a particular kind of furniture; but this resolves itself on dissection into a changing of many methods and customs. More recent among advertisers we find Delco, which may be taken to typify not merely something to sell, but an unfoldment of science of great import in this electrical age.

Pyrene brings up its image in our minds, but that image may well set us thinking about the progress of fire-fighting. Timken is something advertised for us to buy, but along with its fellows it stands for the new ways of making metal serve us. Sherwin-Williams instantly flashes on the wall a reflection of paint put up in cans, but when we look into modern paint-making we find it a deep study in chemistry and the art of preservation of numerous things. Such progress is impossible to-day without advertising, which supplies the financial power. Advertising is the greatest force in conservation.

Take the electrical advertising, a topic so far-reaching of itself that it has touched our daily lives in hundreds of ways and changed our mode of life. As a single instance, consider "Mazda."

The electrical industry involves an investment of $3,000,000,000, and those in it believe in publicity. "America's Electrical Week" in 1916, under the energetic management of The Society for Electrical Development, witnessed the investment of a tremendous sum in various forms of advertising. Of this, $800,000 went into newspaper space. National advertising of electrical appliances is always vast in its proportions. In its booklet on "Electrical Week" the Society says that advertising is the most powerful salesman known. As an instance of co-operation in an industry for publicity, the electrical groups stand out in bold relief.

What metamorphoses must we conjure up at the sound of "Burroughs"! Or of "Underwood," "Remington," or "Oliver"! The word "Westinghouse" is so common to-day that we say it glibly, sel-

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dom reflecting that it stands for progress. Nor do we connect in our minds the bearing that the advertising of the Johns-Manville Company may have had on our every-day use of that wonderful product asbestos. Of course, I cite these concerns merely as contributors, among the hosts of others, to progress.

Something of the same idea pervades the advertising represented by such familiar terms as Pillsbury's, Walk-Over, Waltham, Tiffany, Heinz, Rubberset, Old Hampshire, Le Page, Williams, Swift, Libby, McNeill & Libby, National Biscuit, Big Ben, Multigraph, Addressograph, and other members of this great company of players on the national advertising stage. Advertising men are in the habit of reckoning the importance of an advertiser by the amount of his appropriation for space; but a more satisfactory way of gauging advertising, so far as the people at large are concerned, would be to measure its influence on our lives.

There is a phase of modern advertising, however, that has a still bigger aspect. It is just beginning to develop, but there are indications that it will play a part of great importance in the publicity world. This kind of advertising arises out of the growing need of the big corporation for a voice. Many big enterprises have come out boldly and expressed this need, and others are groping more or less blindly toward the inevitable. I believe the day has come when an advertising voice is an absolute necessity for large and small undertakings alike, but especially for the big ones. The little fellow often has a mere trifle at stake, and his passing affects only his immediate group; but the big concern, with its invested millions and its thousands of people involved, must break the traditional silence. This is an era when the dissemination of information and doctrine by the corporation must be part of the scheme of business.

Witness, for example, the Bethlehem Steel Company, which was so late in finding its voice. In its recent newspaper campaign to save its seven-million-dollar armor-plate plant we find the following statement: "The mistake of this company has been that it kept quiet. We have allowed irresponsible assertions to be made for so long without denial that many people honestly believe them to be proven facts. We shall not make the mistake of silence any longer. Henceforth we will pursue a policy of publicity. Misinformation will not be permitted to go uncorrected." In its belated campaign this company used a large number of newspapers.

Is there any other influence that establishes good-will as advertising does, or destroys bad-will? There are many concerns turning out good products, about which erroneous opinions have been allowed to gather force. There are other concerns that stand accused continually of evil practices who still refuse to advertise and so tacitly admit the charges. What can be said of such concerns, with their lives being eaten out by mouth-to-mouth bad-will, that will not avail themselves of this force? Witness again the good-will campaign of Armour & Company, in which this house seeks, not to dispense food products, but to sell the whole great business, so to speak, to the people. The Armour business has long been the butt of all sorts of charges, but Armour has been merely a great advertiser of merchandise. Now this company has found its voice in still bigger uses.

It is interesting also to quote from an address of George W. Perkins, in which he told how the New York Life Insurance Company adopted a system of complete publicity, so that many details formerly regarded as private property were printed in full in the newspapers.

"For some time the other companies fought it," he said, "and we in the New York Life were regarded as madmen; but almost immediately the change in the company's practice brought its reward in a largely increased new business, and the business of the New York Life grew so rapidly, that other companies, one by one, were forced to follow, in whole or in part, the New York Life's example of complete publicity. The adoption of this policy was not only beneficial in securing new business, but it showed results at once in the financial management and every other branch of the company's affairs. . . . Publicity would accomplish what the Sherman Law does not, viz., abolish false prospectuses, over-capitalization,

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and stock-watering. Full and complete publicity would practically do away with these and kindred bad practices and crimes which are constantly recurring and for which the public has no redress at present."

The United States Steel Company, through its public reports to stockholders, has shown its growing recognition of the value of publicity, and some day we shall surely see it among the real advertisers. Not only will it advertise to increase the use of steel but will tell its bigger story to the people.

Roughly estimated, the Standard Oil Companies put three million dollars a year into advertising their products, and perhaps may be considered the biggest advertisers; but these corporations have so far missed the benefits they will surely find at no distant time in talking confidentially to the public of their work, problems, and aims. So have the great corporations that produce or handle leather, matches, alcohol, fertilizers, sugar, coal, ice, and tobacco. The American Tobacco Company's advertising expenditure now is estimated at two million a year. In time most of the great corporations will come into the bigger advertising—the business insurance—either voluntarily or through the pressure of competitors' goodwill publicity. Some of them, indeed, have already begun to talk, but for the most part in a whisper—the Colorado Fuel and Iron Company, for instance.

I doubt if it will be long before the legitimate interests of Wall Street will arouse themselves from their long silence and tell the people, through this logical vehicle of communication, that they will no longer be classed with the underworld of finance. A couple of years ago Frank A. Vanderlip, president of the National City Bank in New York, voiced this need of bank publicity when he said: "We have stood defenseless in the eyes of the public too long. . . . We have permitted a picture of business practices and methods to be held up to the voters, and many honestly believe that success in business is obtained by roguery. Our task is to inform the public of the truth. . . ."

For many years the banks of this country saw no opportunity in advertising, and even now it is only here and there that we find examples of aggressive bank publicity. In the midst of the greatest opportunity the United States has ever seen for building up bank deposits, there has been comparatively little effort to capitalize the prosperity of the last year or two. Nevertheless, a thrift campaign has been inaugurated by the American Bankers' Association, intended to teach the public the value of saving. No doubt a vast aggregate of money is lying hidden in stockings, mattresses, clothes' linings, and in the ground. But this is a mere bagatelle beside the money that is spent wastefully but which might go into the banks. There are, however, striking instances of a certain kind of bank advertising, such as the publicity of the Bankers Trust Company and Guaranty Trust Company, both of New York. The latter bank, for instance, has hit the fundamental that genuine service is, of itself, a good form of advertising. Following out this idea, the Guaranty Trust Company has issued scores of booklets, some of them really books, that interpret contemporaneous business legislation and similar subjects. This literature has been in great demand.

A remarkable example of the bigger advertising is that of the American Telephone & Telegraph Company, which every year invests hundreds of thousands of dollars in a lofty form of publicity, far above the mere selling of phone service. This company has a great message for the people. And I ought to mention here the Western Union Telegraph Company, for this too came under the influence of Theodore N. Vail.

Something like a decade ago the Western Union, although a far-reaching corporation, was stagnant. Then came Mr. Vail, with his masterful imagination, and found all sorts of new products to sell, to which he gave a true dramatic touch. In rapid succession were evolved the night letter, day letter, week-end letter, week-end cable, and other forms of service. Twenty thousand Western Union offices out of its 25,000 had not paid expenses, but advertising played a part in rejuvenating this moribund Western Union and the public was taught to use the telegram for social and domestic affairs as well as for business.

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The Borden Company recently sought refuge in big-space advertising, to put its case squarely up to the people; and there can be no doubt that public hostility was softened. The Interborough Company, operating the New York subways, has found something of a voice in offsetting the ill feeling of the people who are jammed into its cars. Public-utility corporations here and there are beginning to talk. Surely we are at the dawn of the bigger advertising.

In the publicity of the rubber companies we find strong tendencies toward the larger message; and in the advertisements of rubber and many other national commodities we also read the development of our new civilization. It is only some seventy-five years ago that the first rubber factory was established, and advertising has done strange things to the old rubberless world. One advertisement of the United States Rubber Company asks the question: "What would a rubberless world be like to-day?" To prevent a reversion to such mediævalism, expansive rubber plantations have been established, one in Sumatra being larger than Manhattan Island. So the advertising story reaches to the South Seas. Estimates of the Goodyear advertising place it around a million and a half a year, and that of the Goodrich Company somewhere in the same category.

The railroads furnish some interesting examples, for many of them are awakening to the value of advertising in gaining the good-will of the people. In former years the main idea of railroad advertising was to sell transportation, and of this kind of publicity we have numerous splendid examples. Years ago the New York Central began to advertise its Empire State Express, and made it the best-known train in the country. Since then this line has done other conspicuous train advertising. A Chicago newspaper offered a prize for the best answer to the question, "What is the most famous train in the world?" and out of 25,000 replies 23,700 people wrote: "The Twentieth Century Limited." The Lehigh Valley has long featured its Black Diamond Express, and we all know the Lake Shore Limited, Wolverine, Oriental Limited, Olympian, and so on.

But now the railroads are finding some of the big things in publicity. Last year, when the great strike was threatened, they jumped into a campaign of newspaper advertising, employing 17,000 publications. It was the first time the railroads generally had engaged in a joint advertising effort to put their cause up to the people. In 1916 the New York Central began a campaign to change the attitude of the public. The Southern Railway has used 100 newspapers in a good-will campaign, and the Union Pacific is doing similar advertising.

In Illinois a co-operative campaign has recently been conducted to discover the causes for the antipathy of the public. "What do you think of the railroads?" is the caption on one of these advertisements. The Pennsylvania Railroad began a measure of this sort some years ago, when it first resolved to make public the details of accidents, and it has extended this publicity. In Kansas thirteen railroads have advertised in 600 newspapers, telling the conditions now confronting the carriers.

Quite recently we have an example of the growth of the advertising idea in railroad circles in the campaign of the Pullman Company, which during all these years seems to have overlooked possibilities.

In the street-railway field there is a big unworked opportunity for advertising, though in some instances street-car companies have climbed aboard the advertising wagon. I find a report showing that the Central Electric Railway Association last year began an investigation of advertising as a means of increasing its passenger traffic. The jitney has aroused the street-car fraternity to the possibilities of paid advertising. Already street-car companies in Detroit and Chicago have become advertisers for traffic; and doubtless others.

Perhaps a reflection of the newer railroad publicity may be seen in the work of the Detroit Board of Commerce, which, instead of fighting the railroads, undertook to work with them and started advertising to further the unloading of freight-cars. Within twelve days the congestion in Toledo was one of empty cars instead of loaded ones. In Detroit alone

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the number of cars unloaded in one day was two hundred in excess of the best previous day's record.

Most people have no conception of the problems of the railroads and know little about the arguments from the railroad's standpoint. They are actuated chiefly by the conceptions they get from contact with trainmen and by reports of wrecks and claim-suits. In reality the public has a deep interest in this good-will factor the railroads are trying to develop. The Pennsylvania Railroad, for example, has 94,000 stockholders; the Santa Fe, 43,000; Baltimore & Ohio, 38,000; Union Pacific, 30,000; New Haven, 26,000; New York Central, 25,000; Great Northern, 24,000.

A recent tabulation of the advertising of thirteen large railroad systems shows that their aggregate expenditure was more than $4,000,000 a year; but when we consider the vast capitalization involved this seems a small total. Railroad advertising is in its infancy, and the good-will publicity now being conducted is mostly of the eleventh-hour variety. Railroad managers are just beginning to realize that they have long neglected to put their purposes before Congress and the people in that most logical of all publicity, paid advertising.

The total capital stock of the railroads in 1915 was $8,635,000,000, of which $6,000,000,000 was in the hands of the general public. And then the vast bond-holdings of the people! Yet in spite of the manifest interest of the public in public utilities, common carriers, and other large enterprises, the people themselves constitute the class that advertises the least. It would scarcely be an exaggeration to say that the public has never advertised. In all or most of the disputes between capital and labor the people have been silent. But in the future the people will advertise, in groups or by communities, and the combined voice is bound to be an important factor in economic questions.

There is, of course, much advertising by the public for the purpose of selling more tangible commodities. Santa Clara County, Cal., recently tried the experiment of having a county advertising manager, and used space in leading magazines and farm journals. Ten thousand replies came in. What the ultimate results will be cannot be estimated now, though the possibilities in municipal, county, and state advertising are as wide as our boundaries. Most exploitation of this sort has been done by real-estate concerns, some of them of doubtful reputation.

In the records of advertising I find a report of $100,000 raised by Cincinnati to exploit that city.

During the last ten years the biggest recruit in the national advertising field has been the automobile, and the Willys-Overland was credited last year with a publicity investment around two millions. The total expenditure in print, in 1916, for the advertising of passenger automobiles has been estimated around $25,000,000 and for motor-trucks $2,500,000. The advertisements of passenger cars undoubtedly were a big factor in the gross business of more than a billion dollars. For trucks the gross is estimated at a quarter of this figure. It is not difficult to imagine how this automobile advertising has expanded the market and put further into the future that intangible thing known as the saturation-point. Benjamin Franklin's prospective mother-in-law was opposed to him on the ground that he was engaged in a badly overcrowded business, there being some half-dozen periodicals in the country. But saturation-points expand with advertising.

The advertising of products co-operatively has made rapid strides. One of the best examples is the California Fruit Growers' Exchange, which began in 1907 with an expenditure of $6,900 and has an appropriation this year of $400,000. Through this advertising the consumption of California citrus fruits has increased in the last seven years six and a half times as rapidly as the population of the United States. About 330 newspapers are now being used.

Following this example, a group of men formed the Northwestern Fruit Exchange, which through advertising has become the largest shipper of boxed apples in the world. In 1914 the apple crop of this country exceeded 259,000,000 bushels, a gain of 114,000,000 bushels over 1913. Yet this was of little benefit to the growers, because they had no adequate out-

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let. A million bushels of fruit were fed to live stock, and it is estimated that in 1913 and 1914 only forty per cent of the entire crop ever reached the consumer. The answer to the situation lay in co-operative advertising, which must be the answer in other similar dilemmas. The apple-growers of the United States, in 1915, are said to have lost $8,000,000 through the cutting off of export outlets for the big crops. If co-operative advertising had been undertaken a few years earlier, home markets could have been developed.

The California raisin-growers are also following the lead of the other fruit-producers in the marketing of crops, and the situation as to prunes is similar. The total production of this latter fruit for three years was 549,000,000 pounds, of which only a little more than half was consumed in the United States. Germany was the largest foreign customer, but when the war came this foreign market was closed. The situation is summed up in a circular sent out by a San José bank: "We have an enormous American consuming power, and in former years this took the bulk of our products, but we neglected this when Europe overbid us in prices and our domestic demand has become dormant. American trade follows American advertising. Breakfast foods have become a popular demand because they have been advertised largely. We can build up a similar demand for our dried prunes and apricots by systematic advertising."

Another instance of co-operative work is that of the California Walnut Growers' Association. The comparatively small amount of national advertising done by this body has increased consumption to a considerable extent.

In the Niagara Peninsula in Ontario there was a great surplus of plums, peaches, and cherries, due to the war, and it looked as if the farmers would be heavy losers. A comparatively small outlay in intelligent publicity resulted in the disposal, at fair prices, of practically the entire output.

In 1916 the Seabrook Farm, at Bridgeton, N. J., captured a New York market with over 500,000 quarts of strawberries by giving them a trade-name and advertising.

One of the spectacular developments of publicity is the big electrical displays. Those who rail against the poster and electric sign might well consider what New York would be like without its "Great White Way," which is only advertising in fire. What would any of our cities be like minus the flashing sign? These electric signs play an important part in our night life and have become a brilliant factor in advertising itself. William Wrigley pays $54,000 a year for an electric sign at Times Square, in New York, and $18,000 for another New York sign, this latter seen nightly by 200,000 people. In 4,000 cities and towns there are bill-posting plants.

Aside from the main channels, advertising is the comforter of many people in queer ways. In order to move a stagnant lot of loganberries, the Willamette Valley Prune Association undertook to promote the eating of loganberry pie, using space in twenty-two newspapers, including Chicago, New York, Philadelphia, Minneapolis, Detroit, and St. Louis. In Chicago 200 restaurants began using this pie. There were 175,000 pounds of evaporated loganberries in New York and Chicago on consignment, and the jobbers and brokers had reported no demand. This campaign compelled the market.

Bemis Brothers Bag Company, desiring to increase its output, undertook an extensive campaign for white flour—not for flour-bags, which manifestly would have been absurd. This company realized the value of advertising in presenting the other side of the use of white flour, that oft-attacked staple that has gone largely undefended. This campaign was addressed to a circulation of nearly 8,000,000 people. In "ready-cut houses," so largely advertised, one company is said to be doing a business of $1,500,000 a year and, according to report, plans are made to market thousands of ready-cut houses in Belgium when the war is over. Incidentally, the ready-cut advertising has stimulated the regular lumber-dealers to do creative work and to advertise.

A Baltimore garment-factory found an unusual use for advertising when it began telling labor about its ideal factory conditions, comfortable surroundings, and the high average of the workers' earnings.

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The Long Island Railroad cut down its grade-crossing accidents heavily by advertising. Before the campaign ten or twelve persons a year were killed at its crossings; but in 1915 and 1916 an average of four. The Liberty Bell Bird Club of Philadelphia gained 300,000 members through advertising its "Help Save the Birds." A Missouri association increased the number of cremations thirty-five per cent in three months through paid space.

Politics in late years have come rather extensively into the paid advertising field. It is even asserted that President Wilson owes his last election to the newspaper campaign of the Democratic National Committee. The Republicans seemed to hesitate over the value of this voice.

A comparatively recent convert to advertising is the church. The Messiah Lutheran Church of Philadelphia used newspaper space, window cards, and billposting. When the advertising began the membership was 215, but rose to 606. The Sunday School had only 175, but grew to 510. At Cedar Rapids, Ia., the First Christian Church doubled its Sunday-school attendance in two years. The Warren Memorial Presbyterian Church of Louisville, in a four weeks' newspaper campaign, increased its Sunday-night attendance from 100 to 800. It is estimated that there are 50,000,000 people in the United States without church affiliation, so the possibilities of analytical church advertising are large.

A market still bigger is said to be that of life-insurance, for it is estimated that less than ten per cent of the insurable life hazard in the United States is covered as compared with eighty per cent of the fire risk.

Or take the cause of education. Not many years ago Northwestern University, at Evanston, Ill., brought down criticism by engaging in a paid advertising campaign in the newspapers. But the ethics of this are now recognized. The time is coming when every university will advertise, as part of its business necessity.

In New York the clothing manufacturers had been encroaching steadily on the retail district, so that Fifth Avenue, from Fourteenth to Twenty-third Streets, and the streets adjacent had virtually surrendered. It looked as if this army of clothing workers would extend northward and absorb even the high-class retail district. But that mighty power, advertising, was invoked. The "Save New York" movement, with space in the newspapers, brought an agreement by which the clothing manufacturers consented to remove to sections of the city better adapted to their line. Yet property values between Fourteenth and Twenty-third Streets had decreased from $28,000,000 to $17,500,000.

There is one important phase of advertising that borders closely on fiction, and millions of dollars are regularly invested by hard-headed business men in this kind of publicity. It is the story-advertisement, of which there have been notable examples, one in particular that of an automobile company. These stories took the reader to ride in a fast, powerful car, and the dramatic action was so great that the sales are said to have jumped. From an article by Newton A. Fuessle, in *Printers' Ink*, I quote a vivid example of the story in advertising; and if it stood by itself this might be taken as a scene from a popular novel:

> "Something ruddy tinged the gloom outside my door when I awoke. I smelt smoke.
>
> "I made a panicky jump for Baby in her crib, grabbed Bobs from her bed, and called frantically to Jimmy.
>
> "I sprang to the head of the stairs with the two children and took one wild look at the red pack of flames that had already cut off our escape."

The advertising-copy writer often finds the conditions confronting him quite similar to those of the literary worker. He must clothe his point in human action that will grip the attention. Thus:

> "And then night fell. Adrift in open boats, the crew of the steamer *Kanawha*—abandoned 95 miles southeast of Cape Hatteras—had given up practically all hope. But by a twist of fate one of the crew on leaving the sinking steamer had taken in his pocket an Ever-Ready Flashlight."

There can be no doubt that some of the best advertising of to-day is written in story form, and the future of the advertising story promises to be more and more important. Just as the imaginative ad-

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vertising characters in the illustrations tend to humanize the product, so the characters in the written advertising story get hold of the buyer through the emotions. In almost every business there can be found advertising material of the most valuable sort that might be turned into this kind of publicity.

I realize that I have appraised advertising in a very incomplete fashion, leaving untouched many rich lodes. I have failed to treat numerous important developments, such as the campaign of the Associated Advertising Clubs of the World against fraudulent advertising. I have neglected numberless famous advertisers. There is a word in the English language, exiguity, that is marked "rare" in the dictionaries, but it expresses my feeling exactly as to this article. Even though it be replete in fact and incident, its scantiness cannot be denied when you hold it up against the whole wonderful subject of advertising. Let us hope that sometime the archives of this intensive era will reflect in an adequate way this phase of American activity.

MILLICENT: MAKER OF HISTORY

By Katharine Holland Brown

Author of "On a Brief Text from Isaiah," etc.

ILLUSTRATION BY FANNY MUNSELL

HISTORY repeats itself, so say the wise folk. True. Sometimes history not only repeats itself, but improves on itself. For example:

High on a dusty shelf, in a certain dusty college library, you will find an ancient little cowhide book: "Bradford's Journall of Plymouth Colony." Brief, unvarnished records of fearless Puritan men and women stand for all time upon those crumbling leaves. Consider one terse narrative:

"On Monday, June the 3, 1638, a Band of Redskins surpris'd the farm of John Parkins, on Naumkeag River. Millicent, wife of John, a woman of much comeliness, was placing bread in her Dutch oven, & saw a Savage creeping towards the Stockade, & rang the great Bell for Alarum. John Parkins & his two bound boys ran lustily from the field & reached the Stockade alive but wounded by arrows. Millicent held off the Indeans with Blunderbuss whilst the three dragged them inside the Stockade. The Indeans strove mightily to reach the Stockade, but Millicent fir'd with such good aim that not one Red Devil liv'd to pass it. John & his boys, though weak from bloodletting, took turns loading & firing.

"At night, the Attack rode away, leaving 12 dead & 3 wounded. These wounded men, being hurt sorely, fill'd the air with their laments. At midnight, Millicent grew fearfull lest their crys attract passing Savages. She crept out through the Stockade, & finding the wounded by their crys, clubb'd them to death with her Musket. She then crept back to the cabin, where she pass'd the time in dutifull attendance upon her Spouse. The 3d day came a troop from Plymouth Town, led by Cap'n Davenport, who convey'd them all to Ipswich, where their wounds were dressed. John & Millicent return'd to their farm, where they liv'd together 60 yrs. & were fruitfull & prospered, being bless'd of XI children, to wit:—"

So much for the first Millicent Parkins, woman of much comeliness, and her grim, heroic doings. Cross now a bridge of nigh three centuries, and look upon the eighth Millicent of 1916.

Millicent the eighth is no Plymouth maid. Swift Rapids, Michigan, is quite good enough for her. But stand her beside the dim miniature of the first Millicent and the eager exquisite youth of the two faces will make your breath come rather quick. Fred Barlow, who lives

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next door, and who used to carry Milly's school-books and ride her on his velocipede, said once that Milly looked like a snow-apple. Remember what a snow-apple is like? Rose-red, snow-white, crisp and sweet and cool. That's the eighth Millicent.

Milly's mother died when she was a baby. She and Mr. Parkins present the armed neutrality, at once droll and pitiful, that you so often see between a bewildered elderly father and a two-fisted female child. When Milly was sixteen Mr. Parkins, with a last despairing clutch at his Victorian ideals, sent her to Mount Holyoke. Then, mortally homesick for his darling hoyden, he set out to travel. In northern Mexico he bought a silver mine. Two months later came the fall of Diaz. But Mr. Parkins continued to work his mine, although under difficulties. His lonely hacienda, far back in the mountains, was less lonely than Swift Rapids with Milly away.

Milly flourished at Mount Holyoke. She came home at twenty, a triumphant A.B., only to demand another year, "to study sociology." Mr. Parkins, rather hard hit, agreed, and went back to Mexico. One year more and Milly came home to stay, spirited, merry, far lovelier than any sociological shark has need to be.

The day she returned, Milly set to work. She started a hunt club, which put half the gilded youth of Swift Rapids into splints; she organized an Allies' relief, and thereby split the town into two sulphurously rival camps. A trifle disconcerted thereat, she put aside society for the time being, opened a neighborhood house near Mr. Parkins's stove foundry, and marshalled the community into gayly emulative clubs. A tennis league, cooking classes for the girls, two baseball nines of fryin' size boys. The neighborhood, largely Irish, responded with zeal. The clans grew challenging, soon belligerent. The baseball nines stirred partisanship to flame. The last day of the Swift Rapids series, one grieves to chronicle that nine large, indignant fathers waded on the diamond to confer with the umpire. They were met by the nine strutting parents of the victors. Ten minutes later Milly herself thought it wise to send in a riot call. Several tennis players, seeing a long-coveted opportunity, had mixed in.

"Though it didn't amount to much, dad. And as the ambulance surgeon said, not even the worst banged-up ones seemed to regret it. I'm sorry they broke the house windows, though. Perhaps I'd best close it till feeling dies down."

Mr. Parkins drew a long, thankful breath. Milly went cheerily on.

"Yes. I'll shut up shop. And go back to New York. And study working methods."

Mr. Parkins drew another long breath. His heart dropped, lead.

"Millicent! Are you determined on this career? I had hoped——"

"You'd hoped I'd settle down? And marry Freddy Barlow?"

Mr. Parkins gulped, a guilty gulp.

"Not but what he's asked me to," limpid and serene. "Every year since I was nine. But he's too demanding a disposition, father. If he were around all the time I might neglect my one real work."

Mr. Parkins gave a deep, inward groan. On Freddy Barlow, six feet high, three feet wide, sterling straight through, Mr. Parkins had long looked as on the one sustaining certainty in a reeling world. If Freddy were to fail him——

"I'll go to New York next week, dad."

"Very well. I'll run down to Durango."

"Durango!" Milly blazed, ecstatic. "Oh, I'm going, too. I'm going, too! My sociology can wait. Now that Carranza is managing so nicely, we can travel in absolute safety——"

"Absolute fiddlesticks!" Mr. Parkins's jaw set, flint. "Go to your sociology class, but not a step toward Mexico. Mind that!"

Milly's eyes widened. Rebellion from her slave was something new. Curiously, she did not insist. Instead, she set off for New York. And Mr. Parkins went to Durango.

Now, Mr. Parkins knew his Mexico. From the start, he had made terms with his laborers on a basis of honor and of kindliness. His men had repaid him, and with interest. Generous rations, decent shacks, fair wages were promptly translated into increased output, cleanly living, honest service. For, contrary to popular belief, the average Mexican is neither a

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fiend nor a moon-eyed cherub; instead, a human being, and, when treated as such, a surprisingly square human being.

Hence it was with no particular dread that Mr. Parkins took the steamer for Tampico. But from Tampico to Coronilla, his village, the trip were better not described. Cattle-car, horseback, rickety wagon; lastly, sixty miles of mountain trail aboard a surly mule. When at last he rode into Coronilla the village lay in ruins. The mines were long deserted. The fields were empty. But the thirty-eight people who remained gave him a welcome that warmed his heart.

Mr. Parkins went to work. He fed and cheered his miserable folk. He set them to ploughing and building. Soon his laborers began to drift back "from the army." In three months the village was thriving. His people looked on him as he went by with reverence as well as love on their dark faces. But Mr. Parkins was not content. His tired father-heart was sick within him. He could deal wisely with these, his child-people. But had he dealt wisely with his own child, his very breath of life?

Night after night he lay and pondered miserably. Had he been just to Milly in giving her such limitless freedom? Or, by withholding guidance, had he but left her to batter her young ship against the reefs of chance?

For that question is the eternal penalty of fatherhood. And each gray vigil brought bitterer heartache and self-blame.

The weeks fled on. He had reached Coronilla in May. It was September now, and the fields were shoulder-high and the women sang at their weaving. On a calm sunset, through the gates rode a slim, small figure on a limping mule. And as Mr. Parkins stood up, dazed, the figure tumbled off and rushed to him and fell on him with kisses that blinded and hugs that made his neck creak on its hinges.

"I wanted to see you so dreadfully, daddy! Oh, nothing particular. I—I just wanted you. Nonsense; it was an easy trip. My arm? Oh, I cut it. On broken glass. A brakeman did that, hauling me through a car-window. Our train was dynamited fifty miles out of Tampico. But some Carranzista officers had confiscated an auto-truck and they invited me to ride with them as far as Santa Lucia. And two peons brought me forty miles more on a hand-car. Then I got on a troop-train up to San Juan. There I bought this mule and came up the mountains alone. Yes, I slept out on the trail two nights, but it wasn't cold at all. Now, why don't you say you're glad to see me?"

Mr. Parkins found nothing to say. All these weeks he had starved for Milly. Now she had come to him, unscathed, through a thousand hideous dangers. He was dumb in a thankfulness past words.

Four days later another guest rode through the gates, a gaunt, sun-scorched young man. At sight of him Mr. Parkins's sedate heart began to prance. Paternal mischief lit in his eye. But Milly's cheek burnt angry crimson.

"Freddy Barlow! What possessed you to tag, pray?"

"I tagged because the soul was scared out of me." Fred Barlow rolled off his mule and clutched the patio wall. He was so tired that he swayed on his feet; but, being Fred Barlow, he was as self-contained as a large young plaster cast of himself. "The minute I heard you'd started for Mexico I hit the trail. I've been just two jumps behind all the way. Didn't it enter your beauteous ivory head that we're on the ragged edge of war still? And that anything—*anything*—might happen to you?"

Milly's cheek deepened.

"H'm. Since you're here, you can make yourself useful. I've been wanting to explore the ruins at Tolta. You can ride as body-guard."

"Explore Tolta!" Mr. Parkins sprang up. "My child, it's twenty miles up the mountains. And nothing there but rocks and scorpions. And bandit camps at every cross-trail. I'll not hear to it!"

"Oh, yes, you will, dad. Haven't you always felt safe about me if just Fred Barlow was along?"

Mr. Parkins, routed by the words of his own mouth, could only blink. But deep in his heart woke a queer, eager hope.

Propinquity — dangers shared — the lonely ride—who knows?

Three days later Milly and Fred rode off for a day's exploring. Mr. Parkins

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waved them away; but keen worry harassed him all the long day. He was glad when sunset came. Another hour, and home through the afterglow would ride two gallant young figures, and Milly, planted on his knee, would pour out the day's story, and Fred would stand near, his grave eyes bent on Milly's sparkling face. And, later still, when Milly slipped into his room, a slim white ghost, to perch on his bed and kiss him good night, she might have still more to tell.

The last gleam faded. Mr. Parkins fidgeted. Surely they would come soon.

The sky was velvet black now; the stars pricked out, far flames. Mr. Parkins paced from patio to gate, from gate to patio. This was not kind of Milly. She might know he would be anxious.

At gray dawn Mr. Parkins was still pacing the turf. To him then came one Alvarado, foreman of the mine. Behind him trailed the twenty-odd men that made up Coronilla's pitiful working forces.

"Señor, the señorita has not returned," said Alvarado very quietly. "Doubtless she and the young señor have lost their way. We, your servants, ride now in search of her."

"Much obliged, Alvarado," said Mr. Parkins. His lips were bloodless, his dry voice cracked. "I'll ride with you."

Before sunrise the cavalcade galloped away.

Through those long, hot, straining hours Mr. Parkins clung with a grip of steel to the belief that this search was absurdly needless. Milly and young Barlow had been delayed and had spent the night at some friendly rancho. They had come home by another trail. At this moment they sat safely in his own patio, watching amusedly for his return. He built on that hope; he lived on it that cruel day through. And at dusk he entered his own gates and saw awaiting him only his scared, tearful house servants. And nothing more.

Mr. Parkins had hoped too hard. His taut self-control snapped. He crumpled into his chair. He sat there trembling.

Again to his boss came Alvarado. Alvarado was a short, squat half-breed with a pockmarked face and a villainous cross-eye. Alvarado's natural charms were not enhanced by the fact that he had ridden fourteen hours in blistering heat, searching for his master's daughter as a man searches for fine gold. Which was all in the day's work for Alvarado. Had not the señor fed his blind father and healed his boy of a fever?

"Señor," said Alvarado, "we men will take fresh horses and ride in a great circle the night through. We will hunt the hills past the deserted mines."

Parkins lifted his ashen face.

"No, Alvarado. You men are dog-tired. More, you'd never find them by night. To-morrow we'll try again."

"But to-morrow is another day."

"No."

"Señor, I have spoken." Alvarado stood humbly before his lord; but his voice rang finality. "To-day—perhaps the señorita has yet water in her canteen. By to-night she will have drank it all. We must find her before the sun grows high."

Mr. Parkins stared. Suddenly he wilted back in his chair. Alvarado tramped away.

Mr. Parkins sat very still. From the courtyard came the stamp of tired mules, the smell of frying meat. Presently there rang a clatter of departing hoofs.

After a while Conchita, the cook, came, bringing his bacon and beans and coffee. She rapped twice; then she pushed the door ajar and waddled in. What she saw sent her waddling out again, with her rebozo screwed to her eyes.

She scuttled across the garden, then away down the empty road to the house of the padre. At the door she stopped and burrowed into her generous girdle. Only six centavos, the last coppers of her wages. However, six centavos would buy a blessed candle, with a little coaxing. And it was for the señorita, the laughing señorita who was as the blood of the señor's heart.

Gripping the precious six centavos in a pudgy palm, she knocked. Ten minutes later she set a tall white candle before Our Lady's tiny shrine and lighted it with careful hands. A long hour she knelt there, her fat arms raised straight up like a wooden doll, her black braids trailing on the stone floor.

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Up in his room Mr. Parkins sat alone. The room was black dark now. A cooler air blew down from the mountains. A few inquisitive stars peered in.

The wind grew stronger. It sighed and wailed like a creature that searches and searches but cannot find. Against the window the grape-vine tapped like groping fingers. Mr. Parkins did not stir.

Somewhere past midnight the wind fell. A waning moon climbed the sky. An hour more, and the air that blew through the room grew cold as wind from off a glacier. The wind before the dawn was coming, the stark cold wind that blows of death.

After a while the darkness seemed to thin slowly. The moon grew white as bone. Up from the east filtered a gray light, stark and cold. Then, and not till then, did Mr. Parkins get up from his chair and stand looking out at the huddled huts, the wall of mountains, the gray and awful sky. But his drawn lips muttered still, as they had muttered the night through:

"My headstrong little daughter! My little, little girl! God, what's the use? *What's the use?*"

The sun rose swiftly, a molten golden flare. Away down the trail something moved slowly. Mechanically, Mr. Parkins stared at that far vague phantom.

Suddenly he staggered against the window. He cried aloud, a harsh and rasping cry. He dashed out of the room, tore down the patio stairs, jerked a sleepy mule from the feed-trough, galloped away.

One-half hour later Mr. Parkins, white to his lips but indomitably calm, sat in his own room once more. On his lap sat a shockingly dirty young woman in a tattered-and-torn riding-habit. An equally grimy young man, further adorned with a black eye and a swollen nose, sat in the window-seat. Another young man, triced from chin to knee in tidy bandages, sprawled dead asleep on Mr. Parkins's cot. Down in the patio sat Alvarado and his men, heroes all, surrounded by a flustration of womenfolk, all feeding them at once.

"Dad, dear, I'm sorry you were anxious. But listen. We left here day before yesterday morning, you know, and we put in a gorgeous day exploring. We started back at four, by what I thought would be a short cut, through a canyon. It was shorter—maybe. But we butted straight into an outlaw camp."

"Oh! That was it!"

"Yes. That was it. And it was most unpleasant. They saw us first and had us covered before either of us could draw our guns. They marched us into camp and took away our revolvers, and handed me over to their women—a half dozen of 'em crowded around a camp-kettle—and hog-tied poor Fred and stuck him up against a boulder. At night they gave us each some water and a gourdful of stew —woof!" Milly's lovely dirty face twitched. "Then one woman offered to share her blanket with me. I accepted, for manners. But by two o'clock I decided I'd rather crawl outside and sit up. I did. Presently a shadow came down the arroyo and stooped down and whispered: 'Come along. Let's beat it.'

"It was Fred, of course. I didn't ask any questions. I rose up and beat it. Fifty yards down the trail stood a man holding our horses. As we mounted he gave us our guns, then faded back into the night.

"We coaxed our horses through the sandy arroyo till we were out of earshot, then galloped for dear life. At daybreak we stopped at a water-hole. There Fred explained our escape. That amiable brigand used to work for you, daddy. He was a mine laborer three years ago. He recognized the brand on our horses and questioned Fred. When Fred told him I was your daughter he just said, 'Bueño,' and went away. But at two o'clock he shook Fred awake, cut his lariat, then brought the horses and guns. How under the moon he got those automatics away from the chief! Fred thinks he must have stuck a knife into him. Whatever he did do, I'm sure we're much obliged to him.

"We filled our canteens and started on. Not a mile farther and we saw a troop of cavalry dead ahead. We were caught between two fires. Cavalry ahead; brigands behind.

"'This means, take to the hills,' said Fred. We hid the horses up a gully and crawled in between heaps of boulders, very snaky. I slept all morning while

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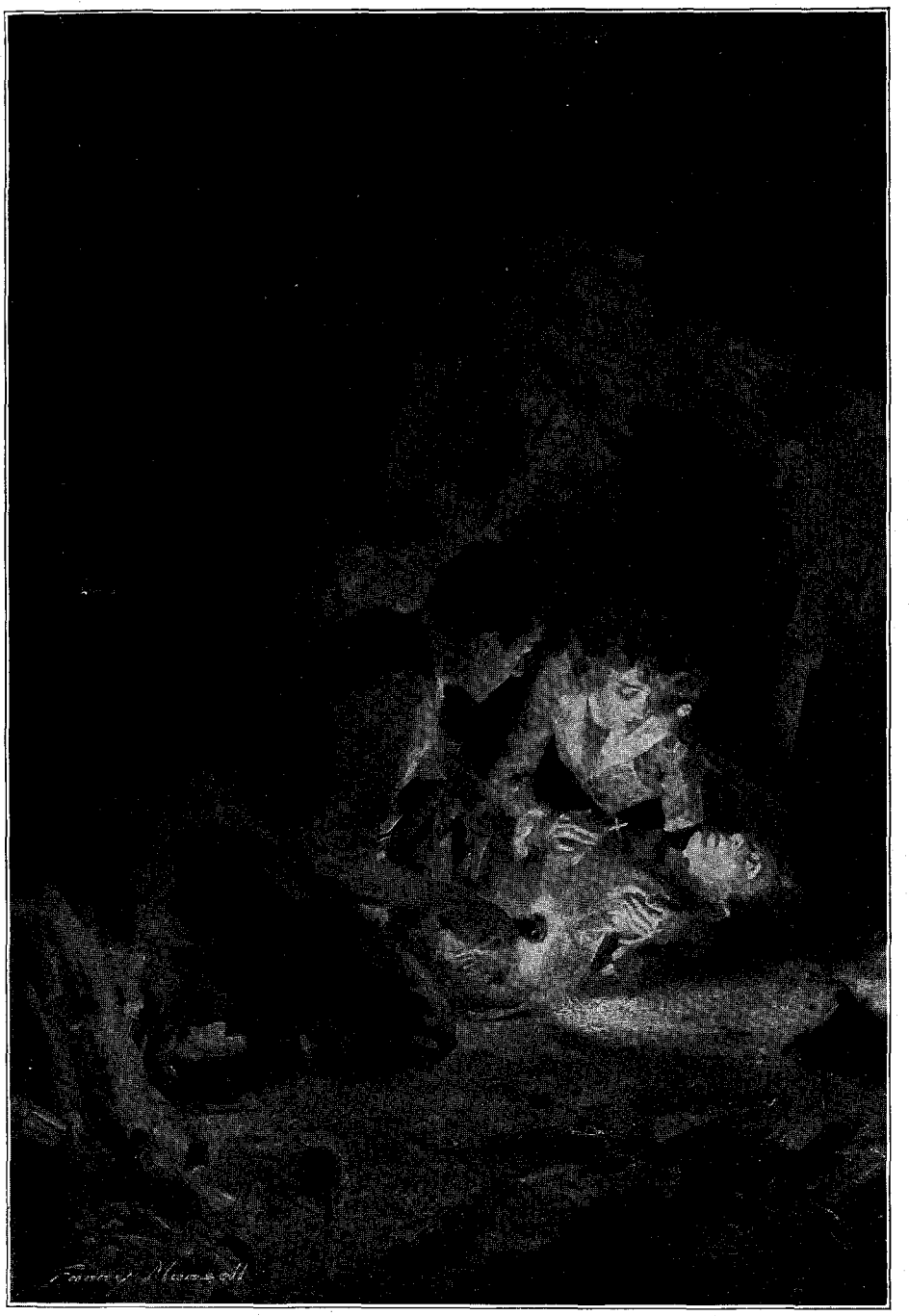

Drawn by Fanny Munsell.

I took his poor little scrawny hand and shut the crucifix in.—Page 692.

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Fred watched. Then I let him sleep while I watched. It wasn't any fun at all. We were hungry and thirsty and mad, and that cavalry simply would not move on. At dusk Fred said: 'Let's risk a dash for it.' Dash we did. But, swinging around a hill, didn't we ride straight into a battle!"

"A battle?"

"Well, a skirmish. A right lively skirmish. Bullets went whining over our heads, and of all the yelling you ever heard! We scuttled up the nearest draw lickety-cut. We were fairly trapped this time. And it got blacker and blacker. Hardly any starlight, even.

"Suddenly the shooting and yelling died down. Not ten yards away fled a rush of dark figures; then silence. Soon we heard a voice moaning. Then another voice began to yell like sixty."

"Wounded bandits?"

"Yes. But the longer we listened to the yelling one the less he listened like a bandit. Instead of calling in Spanish, he kept howling over and over: 'Oh, golly! Oh, my laig! Say, for Pete's sake, can't some of youse hike down and roll this horse offen me? Say, it weighs a ton. Say, hurry! For God's sake, *hurry!*"

"Finally I couldn't stand it. I told Fred it might be a trap, but I'd rather be trapped than sit still and know that that poor moaning creature was breathing his last, and the cross, noisy one was being squashed to profane pulp. Fred said: 'No, you don't go down there. Not on your life.' That's the way—" She halted, gave Fred a small, remorseful grin.

"Shoot, Milly," urged Fred nobly.

"Well, that's the way he got that black eye. I lost my patience and gave him a swift punch, and it landed on his cheek-bone and made it bleed as well as swelled his eye shut. Somehow, that broke me all up. I began to bawl, and Fred said: 'Never mind, black the other eye if you like.' And he was such a duck about it that I bawled worse than ever, and told him— Oh, no matter what I told him. And after that we wasted a lot of time." Her clear cheek glowed with the softest fire, the pure, transparent flush of a snow-apple; her gray eyes fell. "Then I said: 'Come along, we'll go now and find our bandits.' And Fred said all right, if I'd promise to shoot myself in case it proved an ambush and they killed him, and I promised. So off we scrambled.

"We tried to pussy-foot, but in that solid dark we stubbed our toes on everything in reach. We sounded like two scared elephants. But I guess we sounded pretty good to that blasphemous young man under his horse. Gracious, when he realized we'd come to help him! I didn't know there were so many joyful swear words in the dictionary.

"We hauled his dead horse off him and yanked him off the pile of shale he was lying on and laid him on a grassy place. Between yowls he kept hurling orders at Fred. 'Git that girl out of here! Leave me alone and scoot with her. That dog-gone crowd will come riding back, sure's you're born. Clear out. Never mind me!' But Fred told him to calm down. Then we blundered off to find the other man. We had to hunt a good bit, for the moaning had stopped. When we did find him, we—there was nothing we could do."

Her racing voice faltered then.

"He'd had no chance from the start, poor little fellow. Yes, I suppose he was an outlaw. But he couldn't have been more than sixteen, a little, slim, half-grown boy no bigger than my cousin Joel at Concord. He was awfully thin, too. Under his torn shirt his poor little ribs stuck up, starved. He didn't stir when Fred turned the pocket-flash on his face, but his lips moved. Then I saw the crucifix tied round his neck: a brass one on a red cotton string. I took his poor little scrawny hand and shut the crucifix in. His lips moved again and his hand sort of gripped on the crucifix. Then he was gone, just as if you'd blown out a candle.

"I laid my handkerchief over his face, and we piled brush around him, then went back to our first find. He thought we'd hit the trail by this time, and his remarks fairly scalded us. Inside, he was weepy-grateful, just the same. He was cold and pretty limp, so I sat and held as much of him on my lap as I could, and Fred took off his boots and rubbed his feet. Between shivers he explained that he wasn't a bandit at all. He's a pin-feathered Texas ranger who'd been sur-

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prised and gobbled on a raid, and he'd broken away, only to have his horse shot under him. His name is John C. Armbruster, and he was born in Peoria, Illinois, and he'll be twenty his next birthday. Wouldn't Fred and I feel sweet if we'd left him under his horse to die?

"After untold ages it was dawn. John C. kept begging us to go and leave him, and we knew we ought to strike for home, but we couldn't desert that poor lamb. Finally I climbed a little hill for a look-see. The luckiest thing I ever did. There, not half a mile away, galloped Alvarado and his men. I waved and shouted. Did Alvarado respond? He only hit the high places. We hoisted John C. on behind Alvarado and headed for home. And that's all."

She stopped, her eyes on her father's face. But Mr. Parkins did not dare to speak. Had he tried to express himself it must have been in tears, the tears of a joy almost as terrible as grief. For this, his child, was dead, yet was alive again. This, his heart's darling, was lost, and yet was found.

"I hope, daughter," he said at length, in his curt, precise voice, "that you have thought to thank Frederick for his care of you."

"Oh, I've squared myself with Fred, all right." She put out a grimy little hand and patted Fred's arm. "I've told him I'm going to marry him as soon as we get back to Swift Rapids."

"You're going to marry Fred——"

Over Mr. Parkins's tired face came a sudden light: the light of an amazement, a contentment past all words.

"But—your sociology——"

"Oh, I shan't abandon that. But the fact is, father, a good deal of that sociology stunt was bluff, you know." Milly lifted tranquil eyes. She spoke out with the shameless candor of her young shameless generation. "I've really meant to marry Fred right along. Only I wanted to be certain sure that I was in love with Fred himself. Not just in love with love. There's a difference." Her cheek brightened to scarlet, but she spoke evenly on. "So I took up that special work to see if it wouldn't shove Fred into the background. And—it didn't. Then I went to New York to get a better perspective. But he filled the whole place. Then I came down to Mexico. I thought, from this distance, I could put him where he belonged. But he keeps right on being the whole thing. So I might as well marry him. No, you don't understand, dad. I didn't expect you would."

Mr. Parkins did not ask to understand. His eyes clung to his girl, then turned to the face of the boy; the boy that he had loved and relied upon ever since he was a wee chap in starchy kilts, sturdily trundling Milly on his velocipede. Into Mr. Parkins's face came a flame of pride, a pride that exalted. For such a pride, heaven be praised, is sometimes the portion of fatherhood.

Quaintly enough, that pride was in no-wise for himself. Quite unaware that he had honored the stock from which he sprang by keeping faith with those who trusted him, by dealing nobly with his humble people, Mr. Parkins saw only his own child's nobility. His daughter, braver than her brave ancestress. Mr. Parkins's eyes shone.

"I have always been proud of that story they tell of your great-grandmother, the first Millicent," he said a little huskily. "But I'll admit I'm prouder yet of you, you reckless young hussy. Because—you didn't risk your life crawling out to club your enemies. You risked it venturing out to save them instead. History repeats itself, they say. Sometimes, my dear, history improves on itself."

His lean little arms shut round her with a sudden gripping clutch. Milly looked up at him. It is not in Milly's brusk young generation to speak its heart. But all her heart flamed out in the brusk, half-laughing words:

"Well, Daddy Parkins! All I can say is, history will have to get busy if she wants to improve upon a gentleman like you!"

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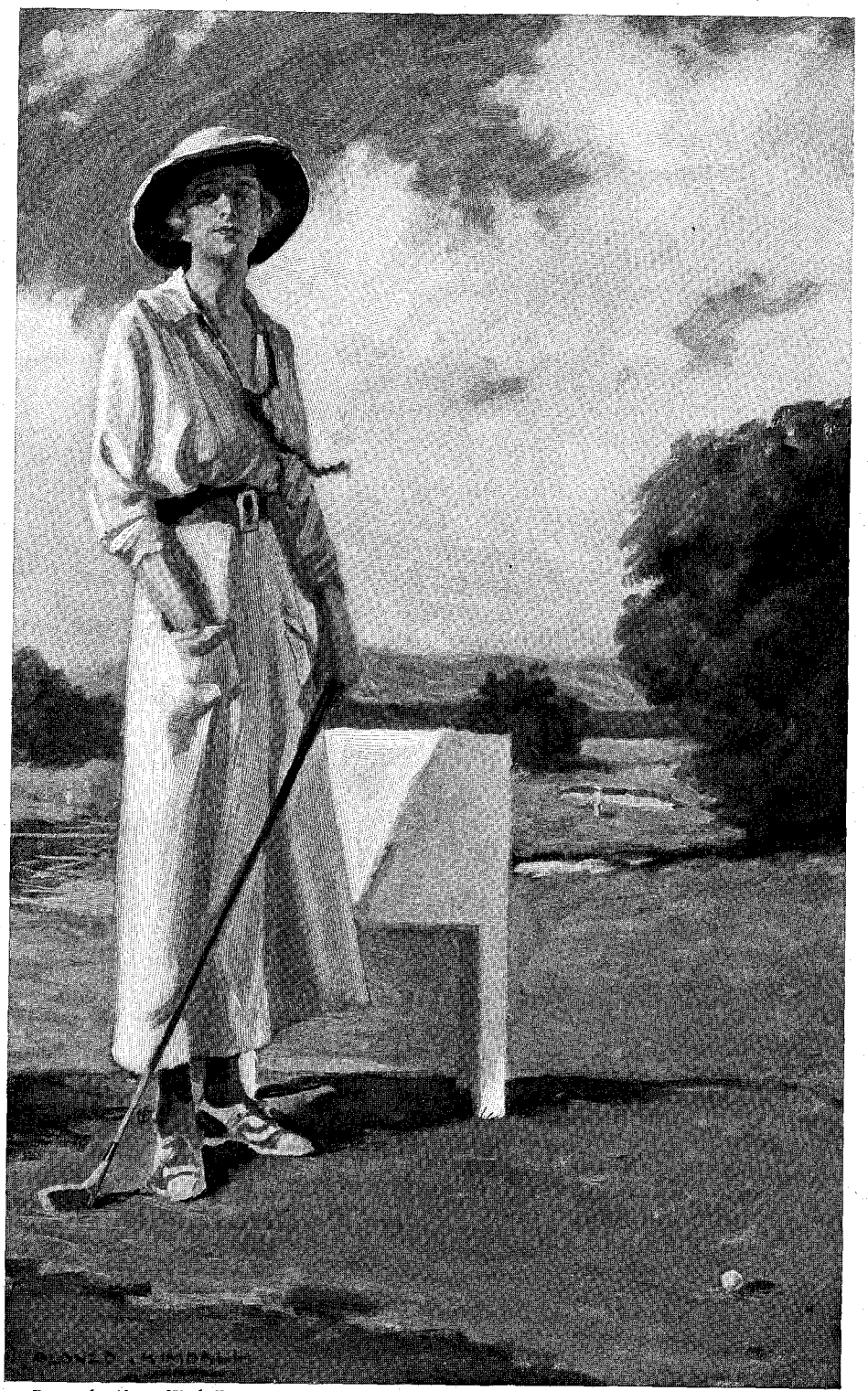

Drawn by Alonzo Kimball.

She stood at the tee, waiting.—Page 698.

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THE GOLF CURE

By Lawrence Perry

Illustrations by Alonzo Kimball

SHELBURN doubtless was correct in his diagnosis of my particular malady. He has a reputation as a nerve specialist, and his bills reflect his belief in its justice. I had my doubts, however, as to the enlightened quality of his prescription.

Two matters had synchronized with my elevation to the presidency of the Clinton, Lancaster, and Hocking system—a threatened strike of a great body of our employees and a rather nasty rate war in freight. The first I had stifled by proving criminal fraud on the part of two of the ringleaders in the impending revolt, and the latter I had averted through diplomacy. I emerged with a curious lassitude and inability to concentrate. Hence, Shelburn.

"Jarrot," said he, "there's only one thing the matter with you—" his eyeglasses were glittering with a sort of humorous disdain—"only one thing; but that is serious. You're an empty husk of a man; that's all. You entered this great railroad company of yours when you were a boy of twelve. Now, approaching fifty, you've become president——"

I interrupted to remark that my visit related purely to his professional capacity, and that a narrative of my life was hardly——

He took me up with irritating boorishness.

"Don't be a fool, Jarrot; the story of your life is *your* story, your only story. For thirty-five years you've done nothing, thought of nothing, but work, work, work. In that time you've taken two vacations, the last one fifteen years ago. You've never been interested in anything outside your railroad, never done anything, nor thought of anything nor dreamed of anything outside of it. You've no wife, no children, no recreations, no hobby—nothing but the damned Lancaster Railroad and tributary lines. You're a husk, Jarrot; no juice, no good red blood in your body. You're a bore to every one who knows you—a creature of efficiency and mechanical accuracy. Now you come and ask me to tell you what's the trouble! Well, my good fellow, I'll tell you: you're dying of general desiccation. You get away now, and learn to play golf, climb hills, fall in love—in general, be human. Don't come back until the end of September; then drop in and I'll look you over again." He signified dismissal and sent for the next patient.

Now it's all very well to be told to run away and play; it's not so easy to do that thing. I never had played, had never contemplated so doing. I didn't know how. A physician who does not adapt his treatment to his patient's temperament and capabilities is a fool.

I was convinced of this as the hotel bus bumped over the mountain road from a sleepy little station. There was none of that exhilaration as of a burden fallen from heavy-pressed shoulders; there was nothing but bewilderment, uncertainty, and a certain irritability.

My immediate neighbor on the seat, a fussy, talkative codger, somewhat older than I, pointed out a rolling perspective.

"Superb, isn't it? The finest view in the world!"

I nodded weakly, recalling that my railroad itself advertised several "finest views in the world."

The man—he gave me his name as Treadwell—ran on endlessly, but, as the conversation became general, I was permitted to revert to the unenviable companionship of my thoughts.

The hotel was all that had been claimed for it. The guests appeared well-favored. My room was quite satisfactory in every particular; each window commanded a really splendid outlook. I set the leather golf bag with its shining new clubs in a corner and surveyed them with melancholy interest. My secretary had given me their names; I had forgotten them all.

When I went down for luncheon a number of golfers were debouching from two

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great automobile carryalls, after a morning of sport on the links a mile beyond the hotel. They were exchanging records and discussing various phases of their morning's pastime. It struck me as trivial, and I wandered desolately into the dining-room.

Later my friend of the motor-bus appeared in golfing-togs. I was returning from a walk about the grounds, trying to kill time until the arrival of the New York morning papers and correspondence in the afternoon mail. He came briskly down the steps and invited me to play with him. I declined.

The papers and my letters occupied me pleasantly in my room until after four o'clock, when I arose and sauntered about the grounds. I should have enjoyed a ride in my motor, but the physician's orders had been to leave the car at home and walk. The environment was of rare beauty, and the sunset, masses of iridescent clouds, shot with green and crimson and gold and blue, was regal in its pomp. Withal, the impression of sinister idleness of the hotel folk—elderly men and women trying to drag out a few more useless years; young women with little to do but read, pose, and wear gowns; and men with no serious thought of life and its affairs—all depressed me and made me wonder how much of Shelburn's sentence I should be able to endure. Not very much—of that I was certain. Than this, far better the death on the wheel which my physician had pictured for me.

Six o'clock saw me in my room, dressing for dinner—a passable meal, save for the fact that I had as companions several gentlemen who had arrived upon a time when their business affairs had ended, who had therefore no well-defined occupation save that of trying to enjoy themselves. Our lot differed in so far as my respite was temporary and theirs final. Even so, one might have presupposed a bond. There was none.

I arose with a feeling of depression and sat on the western veranda, thinking of business—which I had been commanded not to do—with emotions of strong relief.

When the lights were lit they began to dance in the main hall. I joined the outlying fringe of spectators, observing with some curiosity—but absolutely with no sense of that exaltation which rhythmic motion is supposed to excite—the jerky gyrations of the dancers, young and old, who worked their way about the floor in a congested, revolving mass. The orchestral music confined itself chiefly, as it seemed, to a sequence of unexpected and unwarrantable dissonances, blaring, banging, honking of automobile horns, and blowing of penny whistles. Pleasure!

I retired two hours before my usual bedtime. Truly an auspicious introduction to the gay and salubrious and carefree life which Shelburn had painted for me. Shelburn was not only a fool, but an ass as well. I purposed returning to New York shortly and telling him so to his face.

After breakfast I encountered a party on the veranda who were bound for the golf links. The omnipresent Treadwell was among them. He descended upon me with proprietary zeal.

"Come, Jarrot," he cried, "this will never do. You look like a pariah, I declare. It's high time you christened your unfledged clubs. You've never played golf, I believe you said."

I nodded in testy affirmative. At the time, indeed, I was contemplating a wire to Shelburn.

"Well, then," Treadwell went on, "there's no time like the present to begin."

But I had no idea of making an exhibition of myself before that crowd and I said so. Two thick-set and not uncomely young women came up at the moment and Treadwell introduced them as his daughters. They were sunburnt and their forearms, which were bare, were as brawny as those of a blacksmith. They regarded my shining clubs, I thought, with something of contempt. They weren't especially cordial.

"Well, at any rate," said Treadwell, when his daughter announced that a foursome had been formed, "you had better come with us and talk to MacIntosh, our professional, about lessons. No time like the present."

He seized me by the arm and thus I was badgered into the vehicle, together with some dozen other golfers, of whom some were young, but a majority as old as if not older than I, who, as I have been

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told, present an appearance somewhat younger than my forty-seven years. I have always kept my face smoothly shaven, and have few gray hairs, while I've been far too busy a man to lose my figure. None the less they made me feel old as Methuselah with their athletic enthusiasm.

"Better go over the course with us," suggested Treadwell, when we arrived at the links, "and get an idea of the thing. Sometimes my game is good, sometimes——"

As he paused abruptly I interposed a question relating to the length of the course, but was admonished by a frown and a nod toward a man who had paused in addressing the ball to frown irritably in my direction.

"You mustn't talk when we're driving," said my acquaintance; "it throws us off our game."

I felt pretty much of a fool, and followed the party in silence as they left the first tee. There seemed an unnecessary amount of fuss and feathers about this game—in which, by the way, their proficiency did not strike me as commensurate with their enthusiasm. Old Treadwell and his daughters hopped about like bantams in addressing their balls. I couldn't see why simpler methods, less wiggling, and less swinging of the sticks would not accomplish better results.

Thus communing rather sardonically with my thoughts and impressions, I was startled suddenly by an insistent cry of "Fore" from the elder Treadwell girl. Looking ahead, I saw near the third green the figure of a young woman clad in white. She appeared rather lithe and attractive against the sky, and she had light hair which gleamed in the sunlight from under a flappy sort of hat.

"I'm going right through, of course," remarked the Treadwell girl. "A onesome has no rights at all, naturally." So she drove, more viciously than was necessary, while the stranger, leaning on her club, waited for us to come through.

It was an ill-natured incident, and Miss Treadwell bore it out after she had made her shot and turned to me.

"That girl is always going over the course alone," she said. "I don't see why she does it. But, of course, *she* can't get any one to play with her."

"Why not?" I asked. "She appears most attractive—from this distance."

She tossed her head and grimaced at her sister.

"Her brother is a chauffeur, I believe, and she does some tutoring among the children at the hotel. I wonder that she was able to get a card to the links."

I could catch her point of view and nodded—with little show of sympathy, I must confess—to show that I did.

For my part, as I stole a glance in passing, I regarded her as by far the most attractive girl I had seen since my arrival at the hotel. She must have been twenty-five or six. Her hair was the color of corn silk before it turns brown; her forehead and nose were broad, and her eyes gray, with dark-brown brows and lashes. She was above medium height, with a fine breadth of shoulder and resilient poise. Teaching children! She ought to be the mother of fine, sturdy children of her own! Later, as we disappeared over a swale, well out of range, I saw her moving to the tee to drive.

Next morning, after an afternoon of desultory wandering and an evening chiefly marked by the antics of an old gentleman, whose irritation because of my having pre-empted his favorite chair under a lamp was so pronounced that I yielded forthwith and fled to my room, I repaired to the links with the same party.

We encountered the lonely golfer on the fourth tee. She gave way as usual, and I turned back several times to see her hair flaming like a beacon in the sunlight as we drew farther and farther away.

The following day she was holing out, as the term has it, at the tenth hole; evidently she had made an early start in order to avoid us. I was free to confess I should have been disappointed had her plan been successful. That girl piqued my curiosity somehow, and the prospects of these meetings was all that caused me to delay my fully formed intention of wiring to Shelburn to go to the devil and of returning to the city.

"Jarrot," announced Treadwell that night, "you're a Jonah, do you know it? The girls and I haven't come within ten of our best score since you've been trailing with us. It's high time you began to take lessons and play yourself."

Well, I never objected to frankness on

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the part of any one. I agreed with Treadwell, and next morning, having waited for him and his crowd to get out of the way, I hired a small conveyance and arrived at the club-house just as the last of the hotel crowd had driven off.

The professional was with this party; he had engaged himself to accompany a young woman over the course and hence was not available for my purpose. His assistant was awaiting a client—a pupil, rather—who was due at any moment, and his later hours were all taken up.

My first thought was to wait over a day; but three days had already been wasted, and there was the conviction that if the plunge was not taken now it never would be. It's foreign to my nature to dally; I either take up a matter or abandon it finally. So with this game of golf. Besides, it was altogether possible my lonely golfer might be out somewhere among those rolling green hills.

The decision to proceed upon my own responsibility was instantly formed. I had carefully watched the players, and had thereby gained some appreciable idea of proper form. No one was on the club veranda and only two caddies happened to be in the vicinity as I advanced to the first tee. Both of them sought employment.

"You ought to have some one to carry your clubs and to find the balls you hit," persisted one bright urchin as I shook my head. I smiled amiably.

"My little man, I'll carry my own clubs. As to *finding* the balls—" I paused, humorously impressed by the idea. "If I succeed in driving one over a distance so great that it cannot easily be located, I shan't wish to find it."

Whether or not the youngsters followed my reasoning they did understand—and promptly accepted—my offer of fifty cents each to take themselves off while I made an initial effort to knock a ball off the little cone of earth I had builded.

Curiously enough, the driver came in contact with the ball the first time trying. While it was not a square hit, it sent a satisfying tingle up my arms, a tingle which spread glowingly over my whole body as I stood watching the sphere roll and hop along until it came to a stop perhaps seventy-five feet away. Perhaps, after all, the process was simpler than I had thought.

This impression did not, however, endure beyond my second shot. At my third I had acquired a new and not at all agreeable impression. The second hole was supposed to be three hundred yards away, but as I hacked and hewed and excavated my way over the velvet grass, the length steadily increased, until finally, having covered say two-thirds of the distance in twelve strokes—not counting total misses—I put my cleek into the bag, picked up the ball, and journeyed toward the little red flag snapping and fluttering ahead, oppressed with compunctions concerning the trail of gashed turf which marked my laborious—not to say destructive—course to this point.

Thus plodding ruefully along, a faint call drifted to my ears and, turning, I had just time to step aside and permit a ball to bound past me toward the green. It was the lonely golfer. There could not be the slightest doubt about that. Her walk, her poise, the cut of her were not to be mistaken.

I had intended trying my luck from the second tee, but in the presence of this proficient young woman such proceeding was out of the question. I would allow her to go through, and with this intention in mind loitered on past the green while she advanced with a short stroke and holed out.

With an assumption of obliviousness I turned my back and pretended to study the scenery, but a silence of some duration communicated the fact that she did not wish to go through—in other words, a deadlock. At length, with sudden resolution, I turned and walked to the green.

She stood at the tee, waiting. Behind her the billowing green links rolled on and on, with the shimmer of a water hazard in the middle distance and in the remote background the mountains sleeping in blue haze. I confess to being struck by the thought that the picture the girl presented was worthy of the environment. Her corn-colored hair seemed to flame by contrast with the flawless green turf, while nothing could have been more refreshing than her white costume, with its green scarf, belt, and hosiery. The impression was in every way agreeable.

I addressed her quite without thought, with manner as natural and detached as I should have employed in the case of one

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of our young women employees. Then, too, I must have been at least twenty years her senior.

"It seems rather absurd, doesn't it," said I, "for either one or the other of us to go on alone? I have envied your facility, and am wondering if you won't show a miserable beginner——"

My voice left me, a surprising phenomenon, since I have invariably been able to couch my thoughts in simple and direct language, upon whatever occasion. She flushed swiftly as I ceased speaking, but otherwise her demeanor suggested equanimity.

"I'm awfully sorry, but, you know, I'm not an instructor in golf."

There was a definite note of finality in her voice which completely threw me back upon myself. I had the feeling that she believed I had intended rudeness and had punished me accordingly. She must have seen my distress and divined its cause, for, having regarded me a moment, she smiled and spoke more softly.

"There are, as of course you know, professionals at the club for just your purpose."

I nodded.

"Yes, I understand that. They both happen to be engaged this morning—and—and——"

What demon of embarrassment possessed me I know not. In any event, I could think of no way of completing the sentence.

"And you felt you ought to make a beginning?" she assisted, smiling now. She had a deep, beautifully modulated voice.

"Yes," I replied, summoning force. "My doctor ordered me here to play golf for two months, and as I'd already delayed three days——"

"Yes, of course," she interpolated, as I paused.

"Delayed three days," I went on, "I decided to begin to-day or never. I went over this stretch on my own hook—not," I grimaced, "to the benefit either of my temper or of the turf." As she remained silent I proceeded: "I rather fancied I had caught the knack of the thing from observation. Apparently it is not so easy as all that."

Her gray eyes lightened in a faint smile.

"No, it isn't," she said simply. She appeared to be turning over a thought in her mind. I waited. "You are staying at the hotel?" she asked.

"Yes; a two months' sentence."

"Sentence?"

"Well"—I tossed my hands—"it amounts to that. I am not accustomed to summer hotels. I've been too busy all my life for vacations. An additional sentence," I added, "is the stipulation that I learn to play golf."

Something in my manner, if not in my speech, caused her to start and look at me curiously. I began to wonder if she, too, was beginning to regard me as a dry husk of a man. Then her face again clouded thoughtfully. Finally she spoke.

"I am living at the hotel, too—as a tutor to several children. In season I teach at a school for girls in Philadelphia." She stopped abruptly and then added, I thought a trifle defiantly: "I have an attic room at the hotel—and my brother is a chauffeur."

It was obvious that she had appraised me as harmless, and in her frank exposition of her status I read not so much a tacit offer of companionship as a desire to prevent any misunderstanding on my part.

I didn't know how to reply. Evidently she misunderstood my silence, for she flushed and turned suddenly away, whereupon the words I wanted came like lightning.

"*My* brother was a railroad brakeman when he was killed. He and I lived in an attic room together for several years. And now—now I'm lonely, lonely as the mischief; and if you don't let me play golf with you and if you don't help me learn the game—" My voice crumbled into a blur. I glanced at her helplessly. She was laughing noiselessly.

"If you'll take your driver and stand here," she said, "I'll try to do what I can."

That first lesson was memorable. She knew, first what ought to be done, and, secondly, she had the faculty of communicating the idea. As may be imagined, I made gratifying progress for a beginner, and both of us became so interested that we had covered seven holes before I glanced at my watch and found that unless we dropped our diversion and cut for the club-house we would miss the last bus for luncheon.

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"Never mind," I suggested; "we can lunch at the club."

But no; she shook her head. Her lessons came an hour after luncheon and she must not miss her pupils.

"You see they are my real reason for being at the hotel at all," she explained.

I resisted the temptation to supply another reason, which was that this game of attempting to hit a quinine pill fairly and squarely was becoming attractive to me, and that I was willing to pay more for her excellent instruction than she could possibly earn teaching trivialities to children.

The bus contained several golfers from the hotel and so we talked but little on our way back. When I left her on the hotel lawn I discovered that I had neither learned her name nor given her mine.

At luncheon I looked about the dining-room for her, but she was not at any of the tables. Later I was occupied with my newspapers and my mail until four o'clock, and then, repairing to my room, I lay down for an hour. The unwonted exercise had been more fatiguing than I should have believed. Withal, there was an unwonted tranquillity and a mental alertness such as I had not felt for months. Obviously, Shelburn was correct as to golf.

In the late afternoon I strolled to the deer park and came suddenly upon her. She was seated upon a bench, surrounded by perhaps a dozen children, to whom she was telling animal stories. I remained behind a clump of bushes watching the pretty spectacle, finally becoming interested myself in her story concerning a princess who had been changed into a deer, and a princely hunter with a silver bullet.

"So you see," she concluded, playing with the golden mane of a little tyke who pressed close to her, "when the prince fired the silver bullet and struck the deer, he found to his surprise that the animal had been changed to the most beautiful princess in the world——"

"And they got married?" inquired the boy.

"Of course they did, you little imp." She laughed and arose from the bench. I stole away.

Over my after-dinner cigar I gave serious thought to the case of this young woman, and came to the conclusion that my first lesson in golf from her would be my last. She had hinted something of the sort when we were hurrying over the links to the golf club, and now, after due thought, her reasons were perfectly clear and clearly logical. Whether she took money from me or not it was unfair to keep a pupil away from the professionals. I accepted the situation, as I thought, philosophically, and with my cigar half completed I went out for a stroll in the darkness. I had long given over attempts to read outside my room in the evenings. The walk was not a success; the nights are very damp in this region and the black flies unbearable. I retired at eight o'clock.

For two days I went along under the guidance of one of the professionals, and what with the excellent foundation supplied by my first lesson I progressed amazingly. The second day I caught a glimpse of the girl on a high tee, far ahead. But I did not meet her. The third day I played in a mixed foursome with Treadwell and his two daughters. To my great joy my card was better than Treadwell's —much to his annoyance—although the young women turned in much lower scores.

One of the daughters proposed to repeat the foursome on the morrow, but Treadwell was going to motor with his wife. This afforded me what I regarded as an opportunity.

"I should enjoy playing," I said, "and I'll bring a partner." The girls agreed, and with this understanding we returned to the hotel.

The next thing, of course, was to catch my partner. I conceived that this involved more or less of an adventure, and found my senses pleasantly exhilarated, not to say thrilled. I caught her in the late afternoon with her little charges, by the deer park. I approached the girl directly, as I have sort of a reputation in the world of business and finance for obtaining anything I really go after.

"Young lady," I opened, "I wish to tell you that I have built upon your golfing precepts and should like to have you see the results. Will you be my partner in a foursome to-morrow morning?"

She looked at me a moment.

"Is your—your wife to be one of the party?"

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"My wife!" Then I laughed. "I most certainly thank you for the implied compliment—but I am not married."

She flushed vividly but joined me in my mirth.

"If you really want me—" she said at length, and then hesitated. I replied crisply to the effect that I never asked for anything I didn't want—which was true. Then, formally, I gave her my name and she in return gave me hers. It was Miss Gray—Cecil Gray, as I learned later.

We met the Treadwell girls on the front veranda next day at nine o'clock and as I presented Miss Gray I was forcibly struck by their lack of cordiality. In truth, as the bus rolled up, they held a whispered conference, and then informed me that they wished to be excused from the proposed game. Their plea of sudden indisposition was so hollow, the real reason so apparent, that I'm afraid I did not conceal my chagrin. My partner had not heard, but she was too keen a girl not to understand the situation as the young women withdrew and we entered the vehicle without them.

But she said nothing in reference to the incident—not then, at least—while I was not so involved in irritable reflections that I failed to mark the ease with which she carried the affair off. If those Treadwell girls had had a quarter of her poise and innate breeding they would have been better fitted for whatever was their position in the social strata.

We had an excellent game. I have always possessed great nervous control, and this, as it appeared, is an important factor in the sport. She led me by two and three strokes at every hole, true enough; but the main thing was that I never kept her waiting. I had excellent direction and a fairish long ball; my chief errors were in approaching and in putting. It was great sport, and when we had covered the eighteenth hole I stood up and expanded my chest, breathing the pure mountain air with all the emotions if not the warrant of achievement of a Norval. We lunched at the club and returned to the hotel immediately afterward.

We played the next day and the next. Our comradeship was the pure comradeship of sport—the technic of the game and the joy of the sunshine and the wonderful outdoors. I recall little of a personal nature in our talk, except that she told me one day, while waiting at the club-house for several parties to get away from the tee, the story of her brother, the chauffeur.

They were members of a Middle Western family of some means who had lost their money. The boy, experienced with motor-cars, had won fame as a racing driver. He had sent his sister through Wellesley. At her behest, following an accident which almost proved fatal, he had abandoned racing and was now employed as an expert chauffeur and mechanician.

"We are awfully devoted," she said in conclusion, "and always in summer I have tried to be where he is employed. This summer he is in New York, but expects to come here later with his employer."

As for me, she seemed to have set me down as a lonely individual, in need of assistance, and revealed no curiosity concerning me. So I resisted the temptation to tell her that if the new chauffeur whom my secretary engaged shortly after I went away did not prove satisfactory I would undertake to give her brother lucrative employment. I am rather close-mouthed by nature and saw no reason for informing her concerning either my position or my means. Our relations were not of that sort and, at all events, no one at the hotel knew who I really was. I had registered as Arnold Jarrot, whereas officially I sign myself Silas A. Jarrot and am so known—Shelburn's orders; one of his few stipulations, in fact, that had coincided with my own inclinations.

She took a deep professional interest in my golf, and, as she was up on physical training, many of her hints, aside from golf, were valuable. In the course of a fortnight, thanks to Miss Gray, and perhaps to an inherited ruggedness and natural strength, I could feel my improvement. In fact, I stopped wearing vests in the evening and laid aside my eyeglasses. I slept like a log whenever I went to bed, and wired my secretary to send along anything important that might come up at the office. That was against the doctor's orders; but I had a new doctor now.

We met on the links each morning, as though through tacit understanding, and went about our play unmindful of the

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glances of most of the hotel golfers, who, by the way, had followed the example of the Treadwells in ignoring us almost totally. Much I cared, although, looking back, I'm afraid I did not take my friend's point of view into consideration as much as I should.

It was one Sunday night in early September, as I was seated in a corner of the veranda smoking, filled with the pleasant reflection of a good game against Cecil Gray, when old Knapp—my friend of the reading-lamp episode—approached me. He appeared very much concerned.

"Mr. Jarrot," he said, in his squeaky voice—he had neither addressed nor looked at me for three weeks—"I have just received a letter from a factor in New York; is it true that you are Silas Jarrot, president of the Lancaster system?"

"Yes, that is true," I replied gruffly.

"Well, I declare!" He sat down. "I hadn't the slightest idea! I'm a stockholder, to some extent, in the Lancaster road." As I smoked on without replying, he continued: "I am sorry I did not know this before, else I should have warned you——"

"Warned me—about what?" I asked, staring at him.

"Why, about—about that girl, that young woman with whom you have been flir—been playing golf so frequently." He shook his head vigorously.

"Warned me!" I took my cigar out of my mouth and turned upon him. "I'm afraid I don't quite understand."

"Why," he stammered, "she is a teacher here; her brother is an ordinary chauffeur——"

"My father," I said calmly, "was a railroad engineer. At all events, what if her brother is a chauffeur? What business is that of yours or mine?"

"Why—I—I—" He flushed and stuttered and ceased speaking. My inclination was to say something more forcible than polite, but I conquered the impulse and swung about in my chair.

Next day I had the supreme joy of going over the course in ninety-six, one less stroke than Miss Gray took. It is true she was off her game, but the victory was none the less satisfactory. I'll say for her that she rejoiced as heartily as I did.

"It was perfectly splendid, Mr. Jarrot!" she said. "My very heartiest congratulations." She gazed at me with suffused eyes. "I am glad you won, because—well, because——"

"Because?——"

"Why," she said, "because you are a strong, vigorous man, and it isn't fitting that—a girl should beat you."

Now, if Shelburn, the rascal, could only have heard that!

I straightened unconsciously and must unconsciously have looked at her in some peculiar sort of a way. At any rate, she flushed and bent over her clubs as though they required most minute attention. It was all over in a minute—whatever it was—and we walked toward the clubhouse.

"I don't know when I have felt quite so cocky," I exulted. "And now I want to tell *you* something. I've telegraphed my chauffeur to bring up my touring-car. It's against my physician's orders—but he doesn't know everything. I mean to repay you for your kindness with some trips through this magnificent country."

She stopped and stared at me.

"You—you have a motor and—and a chauffeur!" she exclaimed.

"Most certainly," I returned, staring at her in turn. "Why not?"

She gestured; her cheeks were burning.

"Oh, I don't know why not, Mr. Jarrot; only, somehow I had not fancied—" She ceased abruptly, while I, seeing her embarrassment, changed the subject, assuring her that on the morrow she would have opportunity for revenge.

In the evening I took a stroll, and came to wonder how I had ever found the nights here unsuitable for walking. The stars were bright, the air soft, and I had walked nearly three miles before I retraced my steps.

I took to bed with me the thought of defeating my beautiful opponent on the morrow. But when I came down-stairs at the designated hour a bell-boy brought me a note. It was from Miss Gray.

"I cannot play with you to-day," it said. "I cannot play with you any more. I am sorry. I shall have left here before you read this. Good-by. It has all been great fun. You, however, must keep up your game. It's doing you worlds of good."

Gone away! I had to read the note

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He came briskly down the steps and invited me to play with him.—Page 696.

several times before I could grasp its full significance. Gone away! What had I done? What had I said? Why, when we separated yesterday she had spoken in mirthful manner of her determination to get even with me for her defeat. Was this her manner of revenge? I gazed about me, dazed. Somehow it seemed as though life itself had departed.

I had not before realized all that Cecil Gray's companionship—all that Cecil Gray herself—had meant to me. Now I knew fully, and with this realization came a sudden reaction, the reaction of a man who has spent forty-seven years as a bachelor, and who has ever balanced the cost of emotions and impulses against their practical results. If the mere taking herself off could shock me in this way, it was high time she cleared out. Whither had I been drifting? I didn't have to search for the answer—it was clearly be-

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fore me as I put the question. Yes, indeed, Cecil Gray had done well to leave. She had a better head than I. There came a subtle sense of relief. And, after all, the principal thing remained—golf.

The Treadwells appeared at breakfast, all smiles. The girls actually seemed to fawn, while heads at all tables were turning constantly in my direction. Arnold Jarrot, indeed! I accepted the Treadwells' invitation to a foursome and brought every ounce of my will-power to bear in an effort to enjoy the game. But it was useless; I never spent such a desolate morning in my life.

At the second hole a clump of yellow flowers reminded me of the gleam of her hair. At the third her laughter seemed floating on all the winds. At the fourth I recalled that only yesterday she had gone to that sandbox and moulded laughable little figures. How wonderful she had been in her sheer animal spirits! I sliced a ball at right angles, almost taking off Treadwell's head. At the fifth green came the memory of a merry conversation she had held with a little rag-tag caddy. Everywhere, in fact, was something which seemed to ring and glow with her personality. I broke my club in attempting to drive, whereupon—my equanimity thoroughly gone—I picked up my clubs and declared I should play no more that day.

The Treadwell girls were very solicitous. They feared I was ill and wished to accompany me to the hotel, but I frowned them away. As Arnold Jarrot I could have lived or died, for all of them; as the president of the Lancaster system my health was a cause of greater concern. By afternoon the whole situation had grown to be intolerable.

Personally speaking, neither man nor woman had ever meant anything definite to me in life. We were all, as I regarded it, pawns in a game, our status to be rated and our value appraised in proportion as our interests were related. It was, thus, not until mid-afternoon that I fully comprehended that I missed Cecil Gray, that her sudden departure had left a void somewhere within me which none but she could fill. It became clear that she and she alone had kept me at this outlandish resort for six long weeks; it was equally clear that but for my meeting with her I should not have remained over the first few days.

I am accustomed to look facts in the face, and so I regarded this fact and read it and understood it in all its phases. There was no possibility of mistake. If any man can be certain he knows his own mind to the last shadowy detail, I am he. I have never been a dreamer nor a visionary; my life has been built and my career shaped solely on the basis of tangibilities. I knew—knew everything.

So much for me. What about her? Why had she so suddenly disappeared, leaving me in this plight? Something, of course, had happened, but what, conceivably? Torture my mind as I would, I could think of nothing. Eventually, having consumed three cigars and walked perhaps ten miles up and down the veranda, I withdrew from the unequal combat and adjusted my mind to the inexorable facts, which were that she had gone and that I should have to make the best of it—in other words, a matter of will-power.

After dinner the chauffeur arrived with my car; the mockery of the advent, in view of the ambitious plans I had formulated, did not escape me. The driver was a tall, well-appearing young man with excellent address and pleasing manners; but I'm afraid my greeting was not overly cordial. I told him to run the car into the garage and put up in the chauffeurs' lodgings. The hours until bedtime I spent interviewing the mothers of Cecil Gray's pupils. They could tell me nothing beyond what I already knew: that the girl had left unexpectedly, leaving no address behind.

I had hoped that the morning would find me in possession of my normal stock of common sense and detachment; but this was not the case. Golf was absolutely out of the question. As an alternative I called my chauffeur and ordered him to prepare for a three-day trip over the mountain roads. I am very fond of motoring ordinarily.

The inn, selected as the terminus of the first day's run, was beautifully located, but a cascade near by had a dreary sound which filled me with mournful reflections. Then, at dinner, the confounded orchestra played Tosti's "Good-by." I began to wonder whether Miss Gray had

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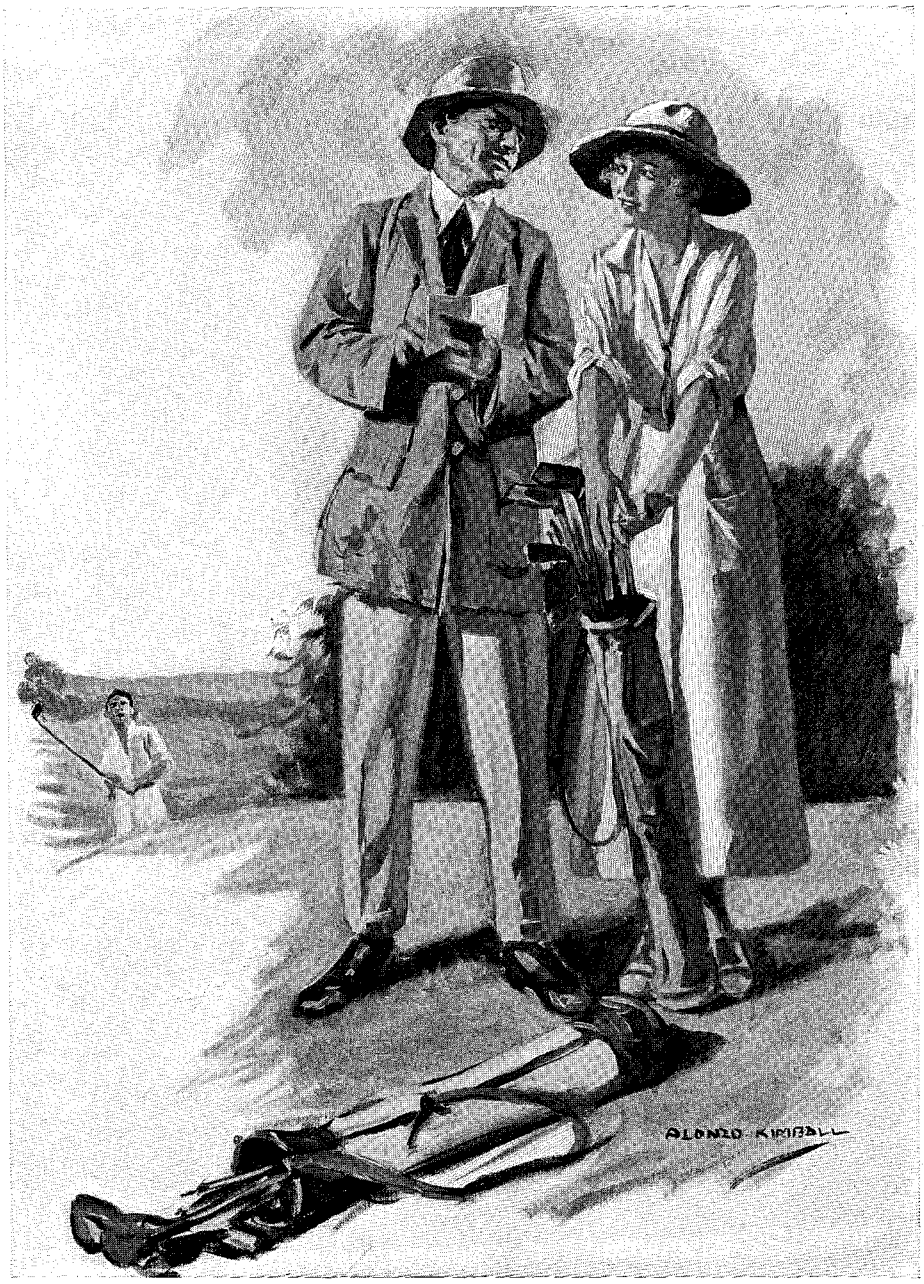

Next day I had the supreme joy of going over the course in ninety-six, one less stroke than Miss Gray took. —Page 702.

changed her mind and returned to the hotel. It was possible; anything was possible. At all events, I decided to quit this morgue and return there myself. Any place was preferable to this.

In the course of the long, dark trip over the Stygian roads I worked over the entire situation—and solved it. That meddling ass Treadwell had, of course, been responsible for this whole situation. Either he or his daughters had gone to this girl and told her who I was and had simply sent her away in a panic.

The more I thought, the clearer it all

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became—the more I raged inwardly. I cursed myself for not having deduced the obvious probabilities before this. It was nearly two o'clock when we reached the hotel, but it required my utmost power of will to refrain from waking Treadwell up.

As it was, after a sleepless night, in which I worked myself up to a most unenviable frame of mind, I arose early and was waiting for Treadwell when he appeared in the hall on his way to the dining-room.

"One moment, Treadwell," I called. As he stopped, wonderingly, I nodded toward the veranda and he followed me. "Look here, Treadwell; why did you tell Miss Gray who I was?"

He flushed and stammered, and then found voice.

"I didn't," he declared.

"Whom did you tell, then?" My voice was rasping, I'm afraid. I was very much overwrought.

"Why—I—I—naturally enough, when I learned who you were, I told several of the hotel guests, among them perhaps Mrs. Oliphant, whose children have been in Miss Gray's charge."

"Perhaps Mrs. Oliphant!" I sneered. "Don't you know she was the first one you told?"

"Well," flared Treadwell, "and if she was? When her own brother was coming to this hotel as your chauf——"

"Her—what?"

"Her brother. He is your driver, if you wish to know it. When she learned that she went away. No one drove her out of the hotel, as you seem to——"

But I had turned away and was running toward the garage. My driver was working over the engine and looked up at me in some surprise, as I was flushed, breathless, excited.

"Frank," I said, "I want you to get the car ready at once and come around to the veranda. Hurry, please. Do you understand?"

He nodded and in five minutes the car was at the steps. As I climbed into the tonneau I leaned forward.

"Young man," said I gruffly, "how long, do you estimate, will it take to drive to where your sister is?"

"I—I—sir?" He regarded me dazedly.

"You heard what I said," I growled. "I asked you how long it would take you to drive me to the place where your sister, Cecil Gray, is?"

He hesitated no longer, but he spoke as though it were an effort.

"Why, sir, about—about an hour, I think."

"All right." I settled back into my seat and drew out my watch. "It is now nine o'clock. I understood you to say one hour. Let it be no more, my boy."

As a matter of record we made the trip to a smaller hotel, situated in a great valley below us, well within the stipulated time.

"You wait here," I ordered, and, leaping from the car, entered the front door.

A young woman was at the clerk's desk and, approaching her, I asked for Miss Gray.

"Tell her," I added, "that her brother is waiting below."

The clerk nodded toward a small anteroom, which I entered, not unmindful of the fact that my state of mind was an utterly strange and curious thing.

Presently, as it seemed after an hour of waiting, I heard her quick, firm step in the hall outside. She burst into the room hurriedly and then, seeing me, stopped with a little cry.

I was utterly composed, absolutely sure of myself, for the emotions which her appearance inspired in me were corroborative and convincing to the last detail. If there had been any doubt as I entered this room, there was none now. I knew! And thus knowing I spoke.

"Cecil Gray, you did a cruel thing in running away from me as you did. I have come for you. You are going to play golf with me this afternoon." She stood trembling, with face averted. I advanced toward her.

"Cecil, aren't you glad that I didn't let you go away without raising a hand? Aren't you glad that—I—I—cared?"

She turned slowly, her face crimson, her eyes glowing. And then—well, I don't know, but I must have held out my arms, or done something. Anyway, I'd have given a hundred thousand dollars in good securities if old Shelburn could have seen his "empty husk of a man" that minute.

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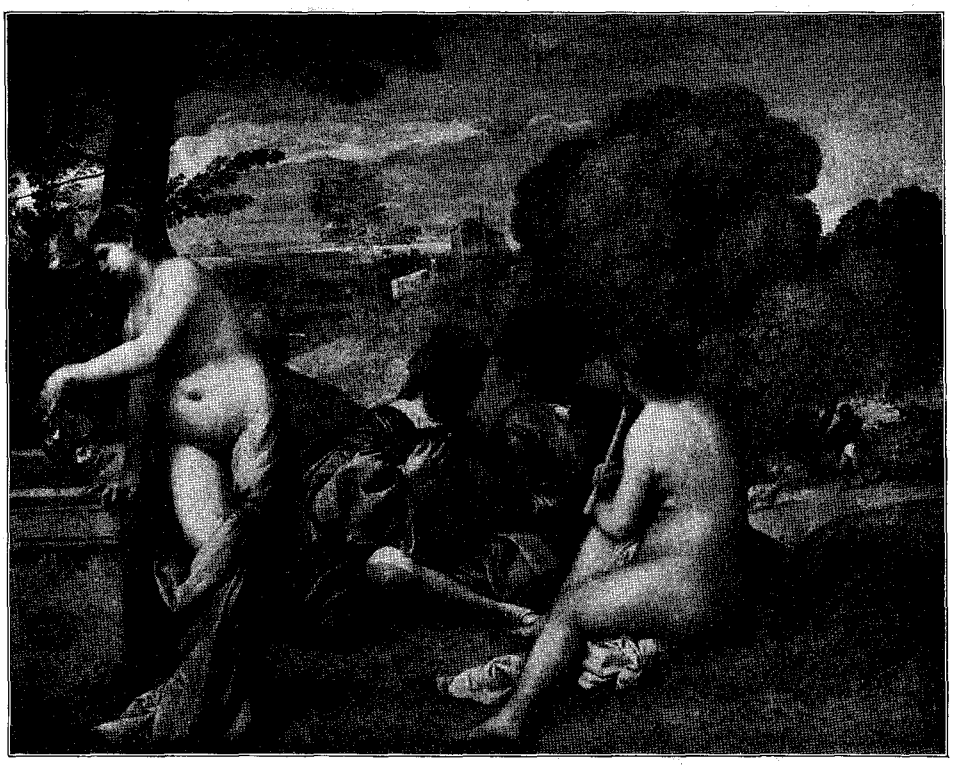

Partie Champêtre. By Giorgione.
In the Louvre, Paris.

THE GOLDEN AGE OF PAINTING

BY KENYON COX

II—THE VENETIANS

WE are apt to think of the Venetian school of art as much later in date than the other schools of Italy, and there is indeed some justification for this thought in the facts of the case. The Venetian school of painting was late in beginning and late in ending. Until the latter part of the fifteenth century it produced little that the world would hold in remembrance were it not for what came after it, and it continued to produce masterpieces of a high order until nearly the end of the sixteenth century, when the art of the rest of Italy had become a sterile imitation. Even in the seventeenth century the art of Venice was not without some lingering sparks of vitality, and in the eighteenth it flamed up again for a moment before its final extinction. Yet Venetian art arrived at maturity almost at the same moment as that of the rest of Italy. Giorgione was but two or three years younger than Michelangelo and was five or six years older than Raphael, and even if we place Titian's birth, as some modern writers would have us do, thirteen years later than the traditional date of 1477, he was still four years older than Correggio. It is the intense vitality of the school, which kept it at its height full fifty years after the decline had begun elsewhere, and its fecundity, which made it the direct ancestor of our modern art, that mislead us, a little, as to its chronology.

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Soldier and Gypsy. By Giorgione.
In Giovanelli Palace, Venice.

But there is no illusion in the other feeling we have, that Venetian art is profoundly different from that of the other Italian schools. Venice produced a splendid architecture, but it is an architecture of color or of effect rather than an architecture of structure or of form. She produced very little sculpture worthy of consideration. But she produced a school of painting which is one of the supreme manifestations of the human spirit, so that the very words "Venetian art" have come to mean "painting" and little else. And the one element of the art of painting which the Venetians developed further than any other, the element of painting which they made specially their own, is just that element which is most distinctive of the art and least to be found in any other—the element of color. This reliance upon and this mastery of color is, however, only the most striking of the differences which separate the art of Venice from that of the mainland. The difference in choice and in treatment of subject-matter is nearly as great, and the difference in temper is almost greater.

Climate doubtless had some influence in giving its peculiar character to Venetian art. The schools of color have nearly always been the product of wet regions, where the air is saturated with moisture, where atmosphere becomes visible while solid objects seem tremulous and wavering; and the opalescent light of the lagoons must have had its effect upon the Venetian painters. But indirectly the lagoons exercised an even greater influence by isolating and protecting the Venetian Republic; by separating it from the mainland, so that it might grow rich and prosperous in its own way, without much out-

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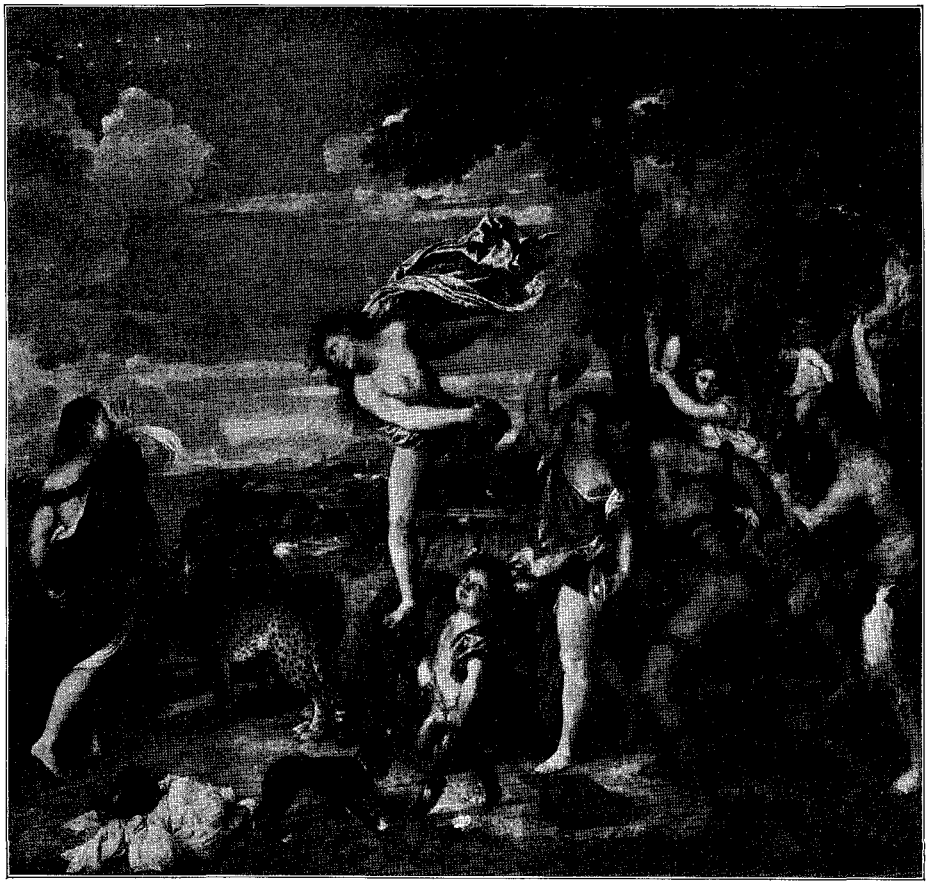
side interference; by making it a sea-power and a nation of traders, whose trade lay to the East. During a large part of its history Venice was more intimately associated with the Eastern empire than with the rest of Italy. It was its intercourse with Byzantium that kept it a nation of mosaic workers when elsewhere Italy was developing the art of the *frescanti*, and mosaic is essentially an art of color while fresco-painting is an art of form. It was its trade with the East that familiarized it with rich stuffs and splendid brocades. It was its isolation that made it safe and well-governed and prosperous, and enabled it to keep even the Roman Church in some sort of tolerable subjection to the civil power. The art of the rest of Italy was religious or scientific or intellectual. The art of Venice was poetic or sensuous or naturalistic. It was, above all, secular and even worldly, delighting to represent the pride of life and the joy of living.

For whatever reason, it is certain that Venice did produce a school of art of this entirely distinctive character—a school more homogeneous and more abundant than almost any other, and one in which there are so many secondary masters, often of very great merit, that the rôle of the individual genius is less decisive than elsewhere. Individual geniuses it had—masters of the very highest rank—but perhaps the school as a whole would not have been very different, though much less glorious, if they had not lived. To get any view of it we must consider its achievements and its methods as a whole, and then devote some attention to the



Bacchus and Ariadne. By Titian.
In the National Gallery, London.

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few great individualities which stand out above their fellows.

One of the most notable originalities of the Venetian School is its early abandonment of ecclesiastical rigidity even in the treatment of religious subjects. From the early years of the sixteenth century, before the great frescoes of Michelangelo and Raphael had been completed in Rome, the Venetians had begun to paint what were known as *Santi Conversatzioni* or informal groups of holy personages, generally in a landscape setting, talking quietly together. Such pictures have neither the regular pattern of the conventional altar-piece nor any attempt at story-telling or dramatic action. Except for the aureoles, which are not always present, they might be scenes of domestic genre. The next step is easy to take, and in these same years conversations no longer holy are painted—pictures of men and women, nude or draped or clothed in contemporary costumes, seated under the trees and making music or eating and drinking together—pictures in which, if they have any definite subjects, the subject has become so unimportant that we have forgotten what it is. They are full of poetry and romantic charm, these pictures; they are never coarsely or meanly realistic; but they mark the beginning of our modern tendency to accept life and nature as the sufficient subjects of art. They no longer have any object outside themselves. They are no longer aids to devotion or books for the illiterate, or even, in any proper sense, decorations. They are just pictures, self-limited and self-contained, with no other end to serve than to be beautiful and enjoyable possessions—with them our modern art has definitely begun.

One of the most notable of the characteristics of modern art is its interest in landscape, and this also comes to us directly from the Venetians. In their conversation pieces the landscape background plays a vastly more important part than it had ever done elsewhere. The figures are not in front of the landscape, they are in it, and in many of them the importance of the landscape becomes so great that they might properly be called landscapes with figures. The final step of removing the figures altogether they never took, but neither did Claude or Poussin, whom we all admit to be primarily landscape-painters. Giorgione and Titian were the first painters to show a deep interest in landscape for its own sake. They painted it with far more truth than any of their predecessors or contemporaries, and they gave it a beauty and nobility that are still unequalled.

In technic as in temper and in treatment of subject the Venetians are the ancestors of the moderns. Some of them occasionally painted in fresco and, of necessity, the earlier men painted in tempera. Neither of these processes fully satisfied the Venetian love of color, and they eagerly seized upon the new process of oils, commonly said to have been brought to them from Flanders by Antonello da Messina. Wherever they got it, they rapidly made it their own and developed its special qualities to the highest possible point. Fortunately, they did not repeat Leonardo's experiment of painting with it directly upon the plaster. They preferred, even in mural decoration, to substitute framed canvases for paintings upon the wall itself. Fresco they inclined to reserve for the outsides of buildings, and most of their fresco-paintings have disappeared, while their great paintings in oil are intact even when discolored and embrowned by age.

For a long time the Venetians retained in their paintings the underground of tempera, and it is difficult to know when, if ever, they finally abandoned it. It is a question of little importance to the layman, except as it bears upon the preservation of their works, for the painting we see is in oils and the material of the underpainting has little bearing on the results attained. At first this surface painting was entirely in transparent glazings, and by these glazes was achieved a splendor and richness of color hitherto unknown. But much as the Venetians loved this decorative splendor it did not satisfy them. Gradually the glazes are broken up, opaque and semi-opaque tones are added, the surfaces are thumbed and kneaded; finally, light and atmosphere are added to color, complete illusion is attained, and we have the full portrayal of the colored world—that world about us which, so far as our vision is concerned,

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exists only in light and color. It is scarcely possible to go further in this direction without arriving at modern impressionism.

With this glorification of color goes a necessary and profound modification of means they attained the peculiar irradiation of flesh which is one of its greatest beauties at the same time that they formulated an ideal of the female figure which is more nearly Greek than anything else in painting. These massive, white-

Entombment. By Titian.
In the Prado, Madrid.

form. It is not merely because the Venetian ladies and courtesans were big and blond and sleepy that Venetian art introduced a new type of beauty into the world. The Venetians were sometimes indifferent draughtsmen, but their lack of insistence upon structure is not merely carelessness or inefficiency. The best of them could draw superbly within definite and self-imposed limits. But because they cared supremely for light and color and atmosphere they melted away their contours and simplified their masses, created large united surfaces for light to play over, painted out all minor accents and substituted infinitesimal gradations of color for definite statements of form. By these skinned Venetian women are sisters of the women of Phidias and, as the late George Frederick Watts has acutely remarked, if one were trying to reconstitute the pediments of the Parthenon one might conceivably supply missing figures from those which Titian has painted, never from those drawn or carved by Michelangelo.

The revolution which brought in all these changes in the art of painting seems to have begun in the workshop of Giovanni Bellini. Some beginnings of it may be found in the later work of Bellini himself, but Bellini was long-lived and a student to the last, and in his old age he learned from his own pupils something of

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this new style which they had inaugurated. The leader of the innovators was apparently that fascinating and somewhat mysterious person, Giorgione, and he is, as nearly as any one, the indispensable man in Venetian art. But his fellow students, Palma and Titian, were probably about of his own age, and one of them was certainly his equal in genius, so that there is no reason to suppose that the new manner would not have taken something like the same form without him. Indeed, we cannot tell how far he himself may have been influenced by these colleagues whom he certainly influenced in turn.

We know little of Giorgione himself except that he was big and handsome and an accomplished player on the lute, and that he died of the plague at the age of thirty two or three. We know almost as little, with any certainty, of what he actually painted, for the works traditionally ascribed to him have been so much disputed by various critics that there are only three of them whose authenticity is unquestioned: "The Castelfranco Madonna," the so-called "Soldier and Gypsy," now known as "Adrastus and Hypsipyle," and "The Three Philosophers" or "Æneas, Evander, and Pallas." "The Castelfranco Madonna" is a beautiful picture, but it would hardly of itself account for Giorgione's legendary importance as the founder of a school. There is a softness and a poetic charm in it that are personal, and the landscape plays a somewhat greater part than was usual at that time, but the composition is formal and there is nothing strikingly new in the work. But in the "Soldier and Gypsy" the whole Venetian school is implicit. The very uncertainty of the title is symptomatic; the story to be told was so unimportant that no one knows certainly what it is, and that the picture represents Adrastus and Hypsipyle is but a modern guess. Here we have an informal and naturalistic composition with comparatively small figures in a dominant landscape, a young man standing at ease on one side, a nearly nude woman suckling a child upon the other, the whole centre of the canvas taken up with a rolling thunder-storm over a distant city. There is no action, and the two people pay little attention to each other. The figures are not so massive as they are to become, but there is already, in the figure of the woman, that smooth and simplified drawing, that sacrifice of precise accent to breadth of light, which is characteristically Venetian, and her very pose is one that is to haunt Venetian art, appearing again and again in the works of Tintoretto and Veronese.

The "Partie Champêtre" of the Louvre was surely painted by the same hand as the "Soldier and Gypsy," and if so it is one of Giorgione's most perfect and most mature works. The composition is more concentrated and more masterly but equally informal, a marvellous composition held together one knows not how. The drawing is firmer and more solid, but it is drawing of the same sort. These young men playing upon lutes are the brothers of Adrastus, these women are the sisters of Hypsipyle more full blown and ampler. The color is incomparably rich and glowing, with a sober yet fire-shot harmony. No one has yet pretended to find a subject for it. Its subject is youth and love and music, nature and life. If it is less technically perfect than some things which were to come after it, it has a depth of romantic and poetic feeling which no later work can show. It remains a masterpiece among the world's masterpieces, a picture more loved than any other by those who feel its abiding charm.

It is this depth of poetic feeling that marks all Giorgione's work and is almost the only test of its authenticity. It is shown in his wonderful portraits, it is shown in his "Venus" at Dresden, the first of those nude figures painted for their beauty alone, which became so common in Venetian art. Titian, who is said to have finished it after his friend's death, imitated it again and again, copied it, indeed, almost line for line, but though he added a new richness of technical resource he never equalled its serene and noble beauty. There are a few other pictures that are pretty generally accepted as by Giorgione. There is a whole series of works which are claimed alternately for him or for Titian or some minor member of the school. Even if they are not his they help to show us what he was like—what was the kind of picture sure to be at-

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tributed to him. In the end we can make out a definite and original artistic personality of the highest order of genius, and a profound and lasting if not absolutely decisive influence on the formation of the Venetian ideal of art.

Miracle of St. Mark. By Tintoretto.
In the Academy, Venice.

It is difficult to know just what part was played by Titian during Giorgione's lifetime. Was he Giorgione's equal in age and almost his equal in performance, dividing amicably with him the decoration of the Fondaco de' Tedeschi, or was he, as some would have it, a lad of eighteen when that work was completed, the humble follower and assistant of an already celebrated master? Or is the truth, as would seem intrinsically probable, somewhere between these extremes? His earliest works are inextricably confused with those of his friend, and the critics will probably never arrive at any perfect agreement as to which of them painted certain well-known canvases. Some of these seem, indeed, to have been painted by both of them, for there is a constant tradition that Titian was intrusted with the completion of the works which Giorgione left unfinished.

But whatever Titian's share in the golden morning of Venetian art, its noonday splendor was for him. After the death of Giorgione he rapidly became the acknowledged head of the school, retaining that position against all rivals during his long life, and the first two-thirds of the sixteenth century are full of his glory. No artist was ever more splendidly successful. He could paint anything and paint it in a way pleasing to everybody. He was prodigiously industrious and turned out an incredible number of works of all kinds —portraits, easel pictures, altar-pieces, mythologies, nudities, vast decorations— all of them supremely able and many of them masterpieces of the highest order. He was a perfect man of the world, the friend of princes and emperors, a wealthy

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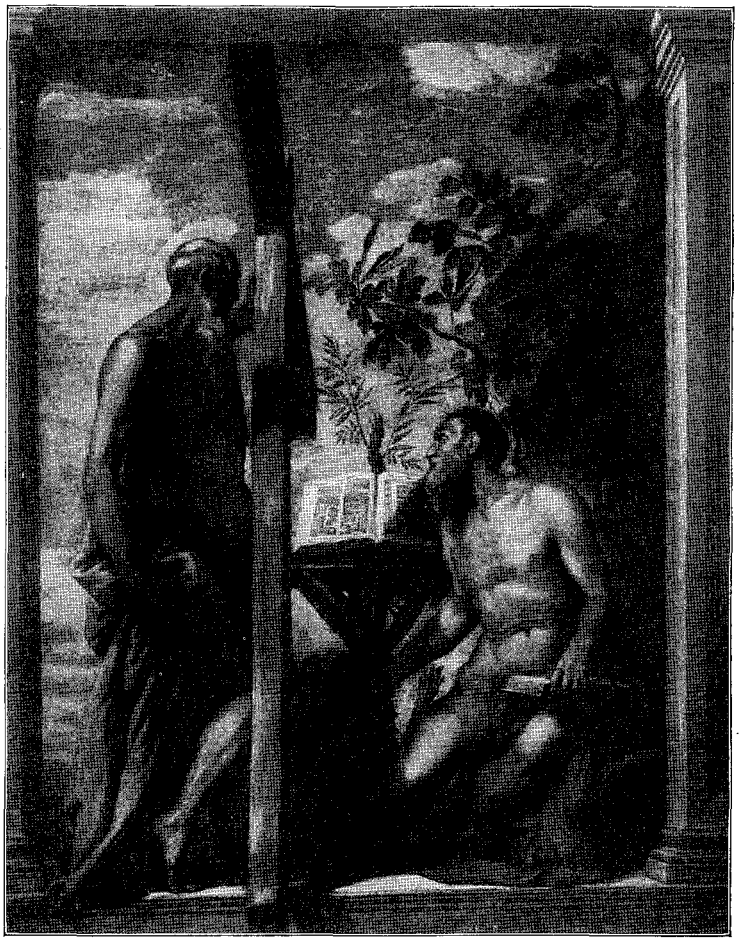
and respected citizen, Count Palatine of the Empire and Knight of Saint Iago; and his fame was coextensive with the civilized world. When the plague at last honors and of money; just and honorable in his dealings, yet jealous of any rivalry; a character well regulated and admirable rather than entirely sympathetic.



St. Jerome and St. Andrew. By Tintoretto.
In the Ducal Palace, Venice.

carried him off, in 1576 (a patriarch of eighty-six years, according to the lowest count, of ninety-nine according to that more commonly accepted), all rules were broken to give him a public funeral. He was a man born to succeed in the world and meaning to do so; moral, perhaps, rather from a certain coldness of temperament than from any nice scruples of conscience; able to enjoy the society of a scamp like Aretino or to be complacent to the vices of the rich and great without personally sharing in them; a trifle avid of

He painted continuously for seventy or eighty years on end, and his works are almost as various in manner as in subject. He lived through a time of rapid changes, and his later work is as different from his earlier as the world of the end of the sixteenth century was different from the world of its beginning. But there are great differences also among the pictures of any one time. He was a many-sided man, with multiple interests and abilities, experimenting in new directions and brusquely returning upon himself to exe-

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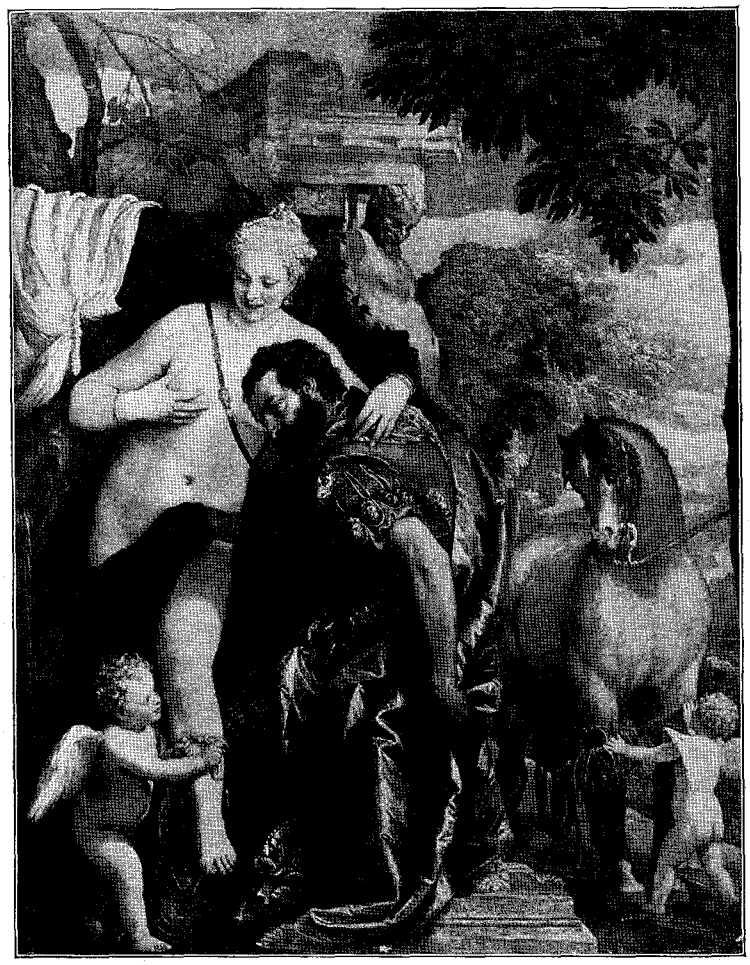
cute new variations on an earlier theme; and he would not admit that any one could do what he could not, and must enter into direct rivalry with anything ac-



Venus and Mars Bound by Cupid. By Veronese.
In the Metropolitan Museum, New York.

counted successful, pitting himself, now against Dürer for minute finish, now against Michelangelo for vigorous and colossal forms. If, upon the whole, we prefer the productions of the first half of his career we must remember that that half includes the work of some forty years and brings him nearly or quite to the age of sixty. All his later work was the production of what, in any one else, would have been old age; yet at the very end of his life his prodigious vitality was capable of technical innovations which, for good or evil, profoundly influenced the subsequent course of art.

While youth and early manhood endured he retained something of the Giorgionesque romance, and his first task was to carry to a higher perfection the Giorgionesque tradition. Apart from the works which may be either his or Giorgione's we have a series of unmistakable Titians, saintly or secular conversations, which culminate in that exquisite vision known as "Sacred and Profane Love"—a picture with nearly all Giorgione's poetry and passion and more than his accomplishment—a picture of more closely woven tissue, firmer in its drawing, of a nobler style in its draperies, more delicate

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in its surfaces and more flowerlike in the mingling of lovely hues. Then he enlarges his canvas and complicates his scheme, adds more figures, risks a certain diffusion, but holds together by his color and his light what the line alone would have left straggling. There is not much poetic intensity in the "Bacchanal" of the Prado, or even in the "Bacchus and Ariadne" of the National Gallery, but there is freedom and energy, an abounding joyousness and a magnificent science. Or he concentrates himself, becomes thoughtful and serious, attains to a brooding solemnity in that unique and inimitable picture, the "Entombment" of the Louvre —a perfect composition by one who was not naturally a composer.

For it is not so much a lack of religious feeling as a lack of decorative feeling—a lack, above all, of a spontaneous genius for composition—that gives a certain hollowness and theatricality to Titian's great altar-pieces, to the "Assumption of the Virgin" and the "Pesaro Madonna." There is the same hollowness and theatricality in nearly all his larger pictures, whatever the subject. They are composed, but they are composed by main force, and the attitudes of the figures are imposed upon them by an arbitrary scheme. Or if he escapes this danger he falls into confusion, or into a certain emptiness and commonplaceness. He is at his best in comparatively small canvases; in his portraits of dignified men or beautiful women, in his little pictures of two or three figures, in his single nudes, like the delicious "Venus" of the Tribuna, or half-lengths like the "Flora." He has left us a multitude of such things, painted as no one else has ever painted, with such fusion of lovely tones, such glow of light and color, such variety of touch, crisp or melting and tender, such perfection of surface and texture as makes of a few square feet of canvas a source of endless delight—"infinite riches in a little room."

This is his ultimate distinction, and in this he is the representative Venetian, that he was not a poet or a composer or a draughtsman, but precisely the greatest painter in the stricter sense of the word that ever lived. And yet, before this or that masterpiece, one feels that reservations are ungracious, that comparisons are only possible with the greatest, that there is in him a balance of all good qualities which is almost but not quite unparalleled.

As he grew old a certain bluntness and even coarseness of feeling becomes more conspicuous in the work of Titian. His sensuousness becomes sensuality and sometimes sinks to grossness. His female figures grow fat and creased and their faces become blocky and stupid. He becomes pompous and emphatic, and in such attempts at the grandiose and the Michelangelesque as the decorations of Santa Maria della Salute reaches the point of intolerable flatulence. His admirable technic begins to break up, his color becomes hot and disagreeable, his brush-work thin or crumbling and heavy. Nearly everything he painted after 1540, and it is half his life-work, could be removed with gain rather than loss to his fame—nearly everything except a few of his very latest pictures. In his extreme old age there is a sudden revival of fire. The old technic has gone altogether and a strange new one takes its place—a technic in which nothing is precise, in which a maze of colored strokes build the figures out of space. Conventional composition is entirely abandoned and a new composition of unexpected angles and odd spottings comes into being. The color becomes cool, the browns and reds giving place to grays and blues. Finally, there is a strange smouldering passion, a fierce intensity, in such a picture as the "Entombment" of Madrid that is singularly different from the almost brutal callousness of the work of a few years earlier. In the last picture of all, "The Pietà" of the Venice Academy, the flame has burned out, leaving but a heap of ashes.

No other painter than Titian ever so nearly resumed a whole school in his proper person. Before him Venetian art was still primitive. It progressed with his progress and its character was most perfectly fulfilled in the work of his prime, while its secondary masters were dominated by his influence when they were not directly his pupils. In his later years it would have been in full decline but for the work of two younger men, Veronese and Tintoretto, who survived him by twelve and eighteen years, respectively.

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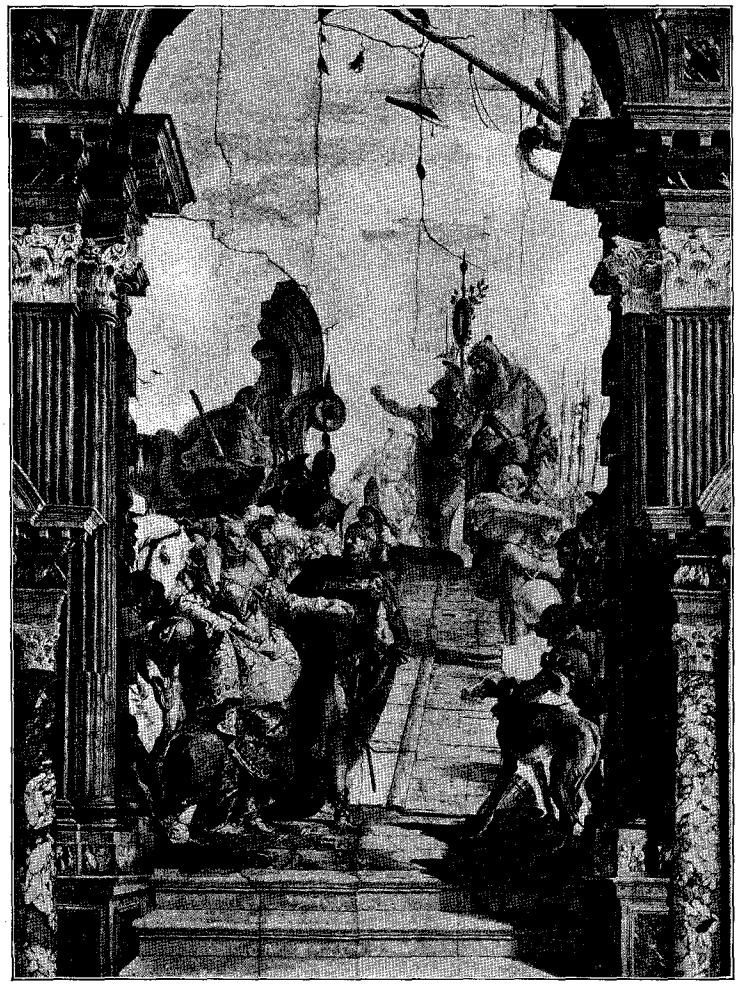

The Landing of Cleopatra. By Tiepolo.
In Palazzo Labia, Venice.

And, indeed, the elder of the two, who outlived the younger, brilliant as are his finer performances, is, in a sense, a decadent painter. Ever since Ruskin, with the enthusiasm of a pseudo-discoverer, found in Tintoretto's pictures not only thoughts and meanings which had never entered the painter's head, but objects and incidents and figures which he had not placed upon his canvas, it has been the fashion to exalt that artist to a place entirely beyond his merits and to overrate him even more than he had been underrated. He was a man of something of Michelangelo's temperament without the Florentine austerity or the Florentine training—a man of furious and turbulent energy without curb or restraint—and he wreaked himself in a violence of improvisation in which composition, drawing, color, and sound method were all sacrificed in the effort at self-expression. He came upon the stage just as Titian was entering upon the second half of his career, when the beautiful workmanship of that master's prime was as much a thing of the past as the lyric mood of his youth. Tintoretto is essentially a painter of the Baroque, a painter in whom all sense of measure is lost, with whom dignity is almost impossible and tranquillity quite inconceivable. Everything is bustle and hurry. Figures never stand upright, they rush and tumble and fall headlong. They cannot sit or recline without agitation, and the apostles of the "Last Supper," as at San Tro-

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vaso, look as if a bomb had suddenly exploded in the middle of the table. One of them cannot so much as pick up a wine-flask without a violence of theatrical gesture as if he were about to throw it at an enemy's head.

He had taken as his motto "the drawing of Michelangelo and the coloring of Titian," but he was as far from understanding the one as the other. He knew the figure well, after a fashion, but his study of Michelangelo went no further than an imitation of the long-legged type of the women on the Medici Tombs and an exaggeration of their twisted movement. He was always in a hurry, and his drawing is almost always cursory and caligraphic and sometimes inexcusably careless. He wanted no more drawing generally than would convey the sense of vigorous action, and was content to rest with that. His color is violent, running to strong contrasts, cold rather than warm, with a tendency to blue and sharp pink; or it is of a nearly uniform ashy gray. That is, as nearly as we can judge of it, for there are few of his pictures that have not blackened or faded. His impetuosity and his mania for speed would not allow him to give the necessary time to the complicated processes of Venetian technic, and he knew no other. Perhaps the small prices for which he was willing to work rather than be unoccupied led him to economize in the quality of his materials. At any rate, while many of his canvases never were anything more than vast sketches, almost all of them are ruined.

His most original contribution to art is his treatment of light and shade. He was fond of experimenting with little manikins, hung up by strings and lit by candles, and he invented a new chiaroscuro, audacious, capricious, but often fascinating; barred his figures with arbitrary cast shadows, brought high light against deep dark with startling effect, made of his lights and shades a new and independent pattern, overlying and dominating the pattern of line and mass. With him light and shade becomes the great vehicle of expression, dramatic, intense, almost savage in its energy, making us forget the essential triviality of his conception.

For there is nothing for which he has been more overpraised than for the truth and power of his imagination. His treatment of subject is rarely more than vigorously picturesque, is often coarse, and at times sinks to the level of clap-trap and sensationalism, as in the "Last Supper" of San Giorgio Maggiore, where the troop of angels formed from the smoke of the lamp is an invention worthy of Gustave Doré.

And yet he is a great master. When the subject suits his turbulence, as in the "Miracle of St. Mark," he is wonderfully exhilarating. His force and his abundance are equal to Rubens, his color is more fiery and superb, and his virtuosity of hand incomparable. And, once or twice, in quieter subjects, when there is a moment of appeasement and he gives himself time to express his genius fully, he has produced masterpieces of perfect art. There are few things in the world more noble than the "St. Jerome and St. Andrew," few things more masterly than the "St. George," and there is nothing lovelier than the "Ariadne" or the "Pallas Driving Away Mars."

Tintoretto was an exception in the Venetian school as he would have been in any other, a kind of thunder-storm in the heat of the day. Veronese was a calm and serene afternoon. Though he came to Venice from without, and much in his art was not strictly Venetian, yet he had the Venetian qualities in their utmost perfection, united with those which he brought with him or created for himself. Painters, from his own day to ours, have always known him for what he was, one of the mightiest of masters; but, misled by the apparent simplicity of his art, criticism has hardly yet done him justice.

Veronese was by nature and by training what most of the Venetians were not, a decorator, and with him, though he painted it admirably, the isolated easel-picture was the exception rather than the rule. Therefore the purely Venetian qualities of painting were modified in his work. The exquisiteness of surface and texture of the earlier work of Titian would be quite ineffectual on a vast scale, placed upon a ceiling or at the end of a long hall, and Veronese invented, or adopted, a simpler method and used it even in small pictures. His painting, as such, is always beautiful, but it is straight-

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forward and direct, appearing to deal in few subtleties, yet much more subtle and refined than is at first apparent. He had all the Venetian love for color and for light, but his color is cooler and his light broader than those of the other Venetians. The richness and fiery depth of Giorgione, the deep gloom or the violent contrasts of Tintoretto are equally unsuited to pure decoration. Veronese was an admirable fresco-painter and he brought to oil-painting something of the paleness and unity of tone of fresco. But as his knowledge of color, of chiaroscuro, and of the resources of oil-painting was complete, the result was a greater truth to the full-colored appearance of nature in open daylight than had ever been attained or than has since been attained on anything approaching his scale. It is only in small pictures that his degree of naturalism in the treatment of light has been surpassed, and it has never been combined with his decorative splendor.

He had to the full, also, the Venetian naturalism of temper—the love of life as it is, and especially of all that is sumptuous and luxurious in life. He had little of Giorgione's romanticism—his temper is more like Titian's, but like Titian at his best—a frank and manly spirit, with a spice of humor which Titian had not, but with an unfailing simple dignity also, perfectly free from pompousness and affectation. He is never violent or theatrical, as Tintoretto often is, never coarse or unfeeling, never sentimental or morbid. His is a great, kindly, smiling, giant-like nature, loving all that is beautiful and rejoicing in it, but not squeamish, and quite willing that even a dog should have its day or that a cat should look at his kings.

In his broad tolerance of temper, in his love of light and color, in his perfect mastery of the technic of painting, Veronese was typically a Venetian, the equal of any of his fellows, and he had even added new conquests to the Venetian domain. But with the purely Venetian elements of his art he combined in a singular degree those qualities which were not specially Venetian but had marked the other great schools of Italy. He drew far better than any other Venetian and better than any but a few of the Florentines, and he composed better than any one except Raphael. Not that he was in the least an eclectic. His drawing and his composition are his own and fit him perfectly. His drawing is essentially Venetian drawing, simplified and enlarged to carry light and color, but he had a stronger sense of form and structure than other Venetians, and a purer taste, and no one in the whole range of painting has created an ideal of the female form that approaches so nearly to that of the finest Greek sculpture—sculpture which he never saw and from which he can have borrowed nothing. And his design is even more his own, the development of his greatest native gift—the gift that makes him the incomparable decorator he was. It is incredibly spontaneous, resourceful, and varied, ranging from great formality to the extreme of picturesque irregularity, but it is always sovereign and dominating, and not the smallest detail of his most crowded and sumptuous canvases escapes from its sway. In other things he may fail now and then. Occasionally a bit of false drawing will show itself; occasionally a note of color is wrongly felt or is so altered by time as to escape from the general harmony; in composition he is never wrong, and the best proof that a work is not his, but an imitation, is that it anywhere fails in design.

In the work of no other master whatever—not even in that of Titian—are so many of the great elements of painting combined in so high a degree of perfection. If he is not the greatest of all masters he is assuredly the most complete painter that ever lived. With him the art of painting reached its highest point—its greatest balance of all possible virtues. If it has gained something in the changes it has undergone since his day it has lost more than it has gained.

Veronese died in 1588, Tintoretto not until 1594. After a hundred years of continuous and magnificent productiveness even the Venetian school was losing something of its splendid vitality. Yet all through the seventeenth century it continued to produce artists who, if not of the first rank, were yet painters and Venetians. The splendid tradition of the school had still some life in it, and would not give way to the eclecticism of the Bolognese or

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even to the naturalism of Caravaggio and his followers, though their art had some points of contact with the later Venetian style. And in the eighteenth century the dying energy of Venice renewed itself and again produced a group of able painters and one man of surpassing talent who in a better time might have done almost anything.

The old Venetian love of landscape and architecture and the charm of their own wonderful city inspired Canaletto and Guardi. Canaletto painted it with a degree of architectural accuracy, a feeling for atmosphere, and a manly sobriety of tone, that excuse his lack of color and make him a painter of real importance and one of the ancestors of modern landscape-painting. Guardi is slighter, gayer, more amusing, but much less serious. The last form of the Venetian conversation piece is found in Longhi's little interiors in which the degenerate Venetians of his own day carry on their little flirtations and their trivial affairs. But it is in the work of the greatest decorator of the eighteenth century that the old splendor of Venetian art is most nearly revived.

Tiepolo almost renewed Titian's international successes of two centuries earlier. His art was in demand in Germany as well as in Italy, and he died in Spain, where his work influenced Goya and, through him, the art of modern France. He was thoroughly of his time and pushed the extravagances of the Baroque and the Rococo further than any one else. Nowhere else will you find such audacities of perspective, such violence of foreshortening, such reckless disregard of all measure and all restraint. He erects pyramids and obelisks on the clouds, paints galloping horses seen from directly beneath, fills the air with frolicking girl-angels whose long white legs hang out of immense masses of rumpled and tormented draperies. He allows his picture to tumble out of its frame on all sides, plastering clouds and cherubs straight across the cornice mouldings and doing to the actual architecture what Correggio did to an architecture that was merely simulated. At Nervasa, in the lake district, he has even painted a ceiling in two stories, the lower one cut out as with gigantic scissors and allowing the upper to be seen through its interstices like a piece of stage scenery or a child's valentine. All this he does with an amazing virtuosity and in a captivating scheme of light but warm color interspersed with vivacious darks. Nothing is difficult to him, and nothing seems to require any preliminary study. His power of improvisation is unprecedented, and his slightest sketches, like his completed works, show an absolute foreknowledge of what he intends to do. There is not a wasted touch in them, or the slightest indication of afterthought. If he does not carry out a work exactly as planned he replans it in his head and does it differently—he makes no alterations in the sketch.

All this shows a prodigious and almost superhuman cleverness, but the frescoes of the Palazzo Labia in Venice show how much more than mere cleverness there was in Tiepolo. On four bare walls he has painted a simulated architecture, a quite possible and even dignified architecture of the late Renaissance, such as Veronese delighted in, and between the columns he has painted, in frank imitation of Veronese, scenes from the story of Antony and Cleopatra. The costumes are Veronese's with a slight change that gives an eighteenth-century touch to them. The coloring is Veronese's, only a little cooler and a little more vivacious. The compositions have almost the richness and the authority of those of the earlier painter. Imitative as they are, and therefore less characteristic of their time and of their author than some other of his works, they show a real kinship with the master they imitate. They lack the gravity and the simplicity of Veronese, but they have almost his brilliancy and more of his spirit than any one else has ever attained, and they incline us to believe that in a more serious age Tiepolo might almost have equalled his great prototype.

So, down almost to the end of her independent existence, Venice maintained a living school of painting—a school that is still living in its offshoots in other lands. It is, in the literal sense, a school—*the* school—of painting as a separate and distinct art—a school which Rubens and Velasquez attended and whose lessons they passed on to others. The masters of that school are the teachers of all the world, and all who have fruitfully studied the art of painting have found in Venice their Alma Mater.

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HOW MEN OF SCIENCE WILL HELP IN OUR WAR

BY GEORGE ELLERY HALE
Chairman of the National Research Council

THE ancient forest of Compiègne, from time immemorial the favorite hunting-ground of the kings of France, stretched far away behind the battle-line. The town lay well within the range of heavy guns, but little injury had befallen it, and we saw few evidences of shell-fire as the military car that carried us, in the company of Doctor Carrel, passed through to the hospital on its outskirts. Here, at the edge of the forest, in a hotel which has sheltered many a company of huntsmen, we were to see the most striking evidence of the value of science to a nation at war.

It was an eventful day at Compiègne. The Roumanian Government had declared its appreciation of Doctor Carrel's new surgical method, and his chief surgeon was on the point of leaving for Roumania, where he was to establish a military hospital of ten thousand beds organized on the antiseptic plan. We were fortunate enough to arrive in time for *déjeuner* with him and the rest of the able group of men and women who so loyally assisted in the hospital duties.

One of these was Count de Noüys, a young physicist of Paris. After the train of motor-trucks he commanded had been demolished by a single German shell he was induced by Doctor Carrel to adapt his previous experience as a physicist to the needs of war. As the result of a series of careful investigations, which he was kind enough to outline for us, he had developed a formula for calculating the time required for the complete healing of almost any kind of wound under given conditions. The surprisingly accurate results paid tribute to the skill of the physicist and, above all, to the perfection of a system of surgery in striking contrast with the crude and often deadly methods in vogue during our Civil War.

The success of Carrel's system, I am told by those who know, is not due to a single element, but to the combined advantages of a highly developed technique. The operation itself is first performed with unusual care. A system of rubber tubes, with openings at close intervals, is next arranged over the wound, which is then irrigated to the greatest possible depth at regular intervals with Dakin's antiseptic fluid, supplied from a reservoir. We were shown every element in the plan, the patients cheerfully submitting their wounds to inspection. While I could not follow my companion (Doctor William H. Welch) in his appreciation of the details, I could at least admire the extraordinary results and rejoice with him in this magnificent contribution of science to the relief of the horrors of battle.

Think of the contrast with the surgery of the Civil War! I have heard our veteran colleague, Doctor Keen, describe with the emotion which all who were forced to use those earlier methods must now experience, the deadly errors into which they were led by ignorance, at length dispelled by the greatest of Frenchmen—Pasteur. It was no uncommon thing in those days—not so long ago, yet mediæval in their obscurity—for a surgeon to withdraw his knife from a wound, sharpen it upon his boot, and plunge it once more, loaded with virulent bacteria, into the very life-blood of his patient! What wonder that deaths were a common sequence of even trivial wounds! And yet the human sympathy of the surgeon and his intense desire to save were no less obvious than at the present day.

What has accomplished this marvellous revolution? The patient researches of Pasteur and their adaptation to the art of surgery by such men as Lister and Carrel. No better proof of the value of scientific research to the world, no clearer evidence of its intensely practical

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importance in the midst of this world war, could possibly be asked. Let us glance for a moment at the origin of Pasteur's discoveries. Once understood, they sweep from the mind all misconceptions as to the significance of so-called "pure science," scoffed at by the uninformed as of purely academic interest but exalted by the most practical leaders of modern industrial research as the source from which all progress springs.

For Pasteur, in the initiation of this epoch-making work, had for his only guide an intense desire for new knowledge. His studies of the optical properties of crystals were made with no thought of human advantage, no consideration, even remote, of practical applications. He was impelled by that ungovernable instinct to extend the boundaries of knowledge, to reach out into the vast unknown, which every true investigator feels so keenly. He must *know more*, no matter where his discoveries might lead. Here lies the source of all great advances, the spring from which flow all the advantages brought by science into our daily lives.

The minute crystals of racemic acid fascinated the inquiring mind of the young Pasteur. Slight peculiarities in form, missed by earlier workers but detected under his microscope, led him to separate the crystals into two heaps. Though identical in chemical composition, these two classes nevertheless affected polarized light in opposite ways. And in this simple difference Pasteur knew that he had made a great discovery, potent with far-reaching possibilities which, even then, his keen imagination half-divined. "The gods send threads to a web begun," and from this small beginning the great and glowing tapestry we now admire was woven. For, in tracing the origin of racemic acid, Pasteur established the true nature of fermentation and the rôle of bacteria in the processes of putrefaction. Pushing on, under the stimulus of a bold imagination and untiring zeal, he quickly wove the pattern as it rose before him, and thus enriched the world with one of its greatest possessions. Out of his discoveries there developed on the one hand an important branch of chemistry, which tells us of the arrangement of the atoms in a molecule; and on the other the germ theory of disease and the elimination or destruction of enemy bacteria by the aseptic or antiseptic methods of modern surgery.

Fortunately for the United States, the methods of Pasteur and Lister and Koch have been developed to the highest level by American bacteriologists and surgeons. As we enter the war against a most formidable opponent it is a great satisfaction to realize that advantage will be taken of the best teachings of science. Even before the opening of hostilities we read the announcement that the Rockefeller Medical Institute will establish a special hospital, perfectly equipped, in which Doctor Carrel and Doctor Dakin will instruct our army surgeons in the new methods. What this will mean in the saving of lives no one can predict. But it will lend courage and hope to those who remember the Civil War and realize the advantages of the present day.

We need not go back so far, however, to appreciate the changes wrought by scientific research. The training-camps of the Spanish War were breeding-grounds of typhoid, which swept away many a victim. Now typhoid is practically abolished in military camps and with it other diseases of similar gravity. Out of 100,000 soldiers enlisted for Cuba, 20,000 were stricken with typhoid. Out of 125,000 sent to the Mexican border last summer, there were only fourteen typhoid cases. Some of the serums and vaccines, including those for typhoid and smallpox, are easily manufactured in large quantities. But others are very difficult to prepare, and here our research laboratories will perform an important service. The Rockefeller Institute, for example, is preparing for the army and navy the serums used against tetanus, dysentery, pneumonia, and meningitis, and other laboratories will undertake similar work.

The present war has developed in France, and especially in England, a far clearer perception of the national value of scientific research than had ever existed before. Postmaster-General Pease, of Great Britain, recently said: "One of the lessons of the war has been that we have learned as a state to respect and be guided by scientific method and scientific men to a degree which nothing but a

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great necessity could have achieved." Germany, to the great cost of other nations, realized many years ago the fundamental importance of science; and generations of university men, trained for research and skilled in laboratory methods, have been available for the development of industry and the perfection of equipment for a great military offensive. In the United States the first national recognition of the value of scientific advice to the government was accorded by Congress toward the close of the Civil War.

It was in 1863 that President Lincoln signed the charter granted by Congress to the National Academy of Sciences. This established the Academy as the adviser of the government on all questions of science, and placed the services of its members, the leading men of science of the country, freely at the disposal of the executive and legislative branches.

The military questions offered to the Academy in its early years were subsequently followed by problems of the widest range, proposed by the President, the heads of government departments, and both houses of Congress. The organization and growth of the scientific bureaus of the government have provided a satisfactory means of answering many technical questions; but the Academy still deals to advantage with matters of broad scope, especially those calling for co-operation between several departments of the government or the joint activities of investigators in universities, research foundations, and industrial-research laboratories. Such co-operation is most urgently needed in a national crisis, like that occasioned by the present war.

The opportunity of rendering useful service to the government was recognized by the Academy at its annual meeting in April, 1916. The *Sussex* had been attacked without warning by a German submarine, and the President was on the point of taking the step which has finally led to our participation in the war. The Academy voted to offer its services in organizing the scientific resources of educational and research institutions in the interest of national defense and national welfare. This offer was accepted by the President, and steps were at once taken which soon led to the organization of the National Research Council. Cordially indorsed by the President, and assured, through his active support, of the co-operation of all government departments, the Research Council is now devoting most of its attention to investigations bearing on military problems, undertaken at the request of the Council of National Defense. But its ultimate purpose is a much wider one.

There are four groups of scientific men in the United States which the National Research Council has brought into active co-operation. These include: (1) The chiefs of various technical bureaus of the army and navy, including the surgeon-general, chief of ordnance, and chief signal officer of the army, and the chief constructor, chief engineer, chief of ordnance, and director of the medical school of the navy. (2) The heads of certain important scientific bureaus of the government, such as the Smithsonian Institution, the Bureau of Standards, the Bureau of Mines, and the Weather Bureau. The members of these two groups, together with Mr. Howard Coffin, of the Advisory Commission of the Council of National Defense, constitute the Military Committee of the National Research Council. Of this important committee the secretary of the Smithsonian Institution is chairman and the director of the Bureau of Standards is secretary. (3) Representatives of various branches of scientific research in educational institutions and research foundations. (4) Representatives of industrial research and various branches of engineering and applied science.

The Council, now comprising fifty-two members, meets several times each year. In the intervals its work is conducted by the executive committee and the military committee, assisted by committees representing the various branches of science and others dealing with special problems of immediate practical importance, including nitrate supply, foods, optical glass, and submarine detection.

The success of such an organization as the Research Council depends in large measure upon its ability to secure the co-operation of societies and institutions dealing with research in all branches of science and engineering. The action of the Engineering Foundation of New

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York—which represents the four great national engineering societies—in joining with the National Academy to organize the Council, is of special significance. The entire income of the Foundation is now devoted to the work of the Research Council, which has also received substantial gifts from other sources. Many other scientific societies have similarly co-operated with the Council, which is receiving the solid support of American men of science.

Let us see how the work of the Research Council is conducted during a time of war. The military committee brings into active co-operation the men most closely concerned with the scientific and technical problems of the government, including those of a military nature and others occasioned by the interruption of foreign commerce. Questions calling for scientific research are constantly arising. They are formulated in co-operation with the secretary of the committee, who is in daily contact with the work of the military bureaus. Here is a typical illustration, showing how an important problem is attacked.

If a vessel on the surface could detect the presence of a submarine or submarine mine at a considerable distance, her safety might be assured. This is a physical problem in which the experience of the physicist in devising new methods is directly applicable. Several interesting possibilities suggest themselves at once, and a simultaneous attack is accordingly launched in several university and industrial-research laboratories. Doctor Robert A. Millikan, of the University of Chicago, charged by the Council with the correlation of researches bearing on the national defense, keeps in touch with the various investigators and brings them into contact with the secretary of the military committee and the army and navy officers immediately concerned, thus securing the co-operation necessary for the most effective work. Freedom of initiative is encouraged, and the participation of a number of competent workers, approaching the problem from different points of view, is welcomed. In fact, the research is conducted exactly as a large co-operative investigation in astronomy or in pure physics would be carried out. The indisputable advantages derived from experience in research, from personal knowledge of the co-operative methods of modern science, and from an acquaintance with the numerous and revolutionary advances of physics in recent years, are utilized to the fullest extent.

I mention these points in some detail in order to meet the question that sometimes arises: How can the student of pure science, unaccustomed, perhaps, to practical applications of his subject, be expected to deal effectively with these military problems? Acquaintance with the procedure of the modern observatory or laboratory would dispel any doubts as to the ability of a really capable investigator to adjust himself to present demands. He is accustomed to devise new instruments and methods, adapted to the ever-changing needs of his researches. And it is quite immaterial whether the object in view be the detection of a submarine a few miles away or the measurement of the pressure in the atmosphere of a star.

It is thus easy to understand how certain European astronomers have been able to aid in the solution of war problems. Count de la Baume Pluvinel, the well-known French astronomer, has devised an electrical instrument for detecting the presence of bits of shrapnel in the body, which I saw in use at Doctor Carrel's hospital at Compiègne. Other astronomers have invented new range-finders for air-craft and apparatus for rapidly adjusting the prisms of damaged binoculars, or applied their mathematical knowledge to the solution of the intricate hydrodynamical problems involved in the design of airplanes. The astonishing development in the efficiency of the French and British air fleet since the beginning of the war, which has enabled it to wrest the supremacy of the air from the Germans, is due in large measure to the theoretical and experimental investigations of mathematicians and physicists recruited from university and laboratory and working in organized groups.

The submarine problem is only one of scores already formulated by our military committee. Some of these involve entirely new questions and call for immediate research. Others have doubtless been solved in Europe since the outbreak

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of the war. It would be an obvious mistake not to profit by all that can be learned of what is being accomplished abroad. For this reason the Research Council has sent a committee of scientific investigators to report from the front and to arrange for co-operation with men of science of the Entente in the solution of outstanding research problems. Here the advantage of many years of close co-operation in other fields of research will be felt.

During my recent trip to England and France, made for the purpose of learning how men of science can be of the greatest service to the State in time of war, I found that the very investigators with whom we have been most closely associated in the International Association of Academies, the International Union for Co-operation in Solar Research, and other bodies of similar character, are prominent in the work now in progress for military purposes. French men of science are organized under M. Painlevé, a distinguished mathematician of the Paris Academy of Sciences, now minister of war. Associated with him in immediate charge of research are M. Borel, the well-known mathematical physicist, and M. Perrin, whose discoveries in physics have contributed so materially to recent progress. Working with them I was pleased to find MM. Fabry, Cotton, de la Baume Pluvinel, Chrétien, and others who have been active in our co-operative investigations in solar physics and spectroscopy. In England the leaders, most of whom are also physicists, include Sir Joseph Thomson, Lord Rayleigh, Professor Schuster, Professor Starling, Sir Ernest Rutherford, Sir Robert Hadfield, and others of similar distinction. The value of their contributions to military methods has been fully recognized by General Sir Douglas Haig in his reports from the front.

Many of the questions that call for scientific research fall in the fields of chemistry, physiology, preventive medicine, and hygiene. Here the corresponding committees of the Research Council are accomplishing valuable results.

Problems in chemistry are very numerous. The storage-batteries of submarines emit hydrogen gas in dangerous quantities; improved devices for detecting its presence must be developed and applied, and the more fundamental problem of absorbing the gas as rapidly as it is produced must be solved. A shell explosion in a confined space such as a gun-turret generates noxious gases; some means of absorbing or expelling them rapidly enough to save life is needed. Smokeless powder is probably susceptible of distinct improvement. And thus one might go on through an endless list of chemical problems, which are not confined to military needs but include a multitude of questions resulting from the stoppage of our imports from Germany.

One of the most interesting and important of the numerous chemical problems associated with the war is that of the fixation of nitrogen. Nitric acid is needed in great quantities for the manufacture of explosives, and cheap nitrates are equally essential for fertilizers. At present we depend entirely upon the nitrate beds of Chile, and this source of supply might be cut off by war. Congress has accordingly appropriated twenty million dollars, and at the request of the Secretary of War the National Academy of Sciences and the National Research Council, with the co-operation of the American Chemical Society, have investigated the various processes and made recommendations to the War Department. The report of the nitrate-supply committee has not been made public, but it may be said that one of its most striking features is the demonstration it affords of the need for further research. There are the strongest of reasons to believe that a marked increase in efficiency could be effected at an early date, if the problem were attacked by our investigators in the same thorough way that the Germans have so successfully followed, and researches with this end in view will doubtless be organized.

Another large problem calling for physical and chemical research is that of optical glass. The chief source of optical glass before the war was the firm of Schott in Jena, which had been extremely successful in developing many new varieties through the aid of a subsidy from the German Government. Soon after the outbreak of hostilities England found serious embarrassment in supplying optical glass for binoculars, gun-sights, range-finders, periscopes, and other mili-

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tary instruments. Investigators were set to work, but only after extensive researches did it become possible to produce a few of the more essential glasses. In this country a serious shortage of optical glass has also been felt; but the investigations undertaken some time ago by the Bureau of Standards, and those just inaugurated by the Geophysical Laboratory of the Carnegie Institution of Washington in co-operation with large manufacturers, should soon solve the difficulty.

Every man of science, equally with other citizens, must feel his obligation to contribute in some way to the prosecution of our war against the enemy of civilization. Greatly as he may abhor the practices of Germany, and deeply as he may resent the barbarities which have brought us into the war, he can hardly wish to retaliate in kind. We must aid in sweeping the sea free from submarines and in pushing the fight on the west front until the German lines give way. We must not send out our men armed with flintlocks, nor equip them with any inferior means of attack or defense. But I trust we may not resort to those diabolical devices which constitute an indelible reproach upon the German Government. It is conceivable that some forms of gas attack that do not cause unnecessary suffering may be justifiable; but nothing can excuse the fiendish cruelty which has led to the introduction into the most irritating gases of ingredients carefully calculated, we are credibly told, not to hasten death but to heighten suffering.

We may turn with relief from the contemplation of such practices to consider the precisely opposite methods of our investigators in experimental medicine and hygiene. Some of these have been mentioned in the introduction to this paper, but the subject is one not easily exhausted. The nation which has dealt with yellow fever in Cuba and eliminated its ravages from the Panama Canal Zone must not fail to protect its soldiers in the field. Unaccustomed as we are to the demands of a great war, and inefficient as we have proved to be in the recent past, we must leave no means untried to approach perfection now. The committee which the Research Council has sent abroad includes two medical observers of the highest type: one of them, Doctor Linsley Williams, has had exceptional experience in safeguarding public health in the State of New York. The other, Doctor Richard P. Strong, is widely known for his hazardous task of dealing with the typhus epidemic in Serbia. Both are accomplished men of science, and their reports will be invaluable to the Council of National Defense and to Surgeon-General Gorgas, whose success at Panama will reassure the nation in its heavy task.

Thus far we have dealt with the work of the National Research Council in a time of war, but its chief services to the nation should come with the return of peace. No one acquainted with the present organization of Germany and familiar with the strong foundation of scientific research on which it is based, will underestimate the intensity of the industrial struggle that will follow the present conflict.

Germany will be overcome by force of arms and weakened economically by the heavy drains she experiences. But the intensive education of her people, their capacity for hard work and long hours, and the organization of her industries—already perfected—for commercial warfare, should not be ignored by her opponents. We must not only perfect the organization of our own industries but make certain that they are developed to the highest possible level by scientific research. The great corporations already recognize this need and have provided extensive research laboratories to meet it. But means must be found of extending similar benefits to smaller establishments which cannot afford to conduct research laboratories of their own.

Our chief task, however, lies farther down. So-called pure science, developed primarily for the sake of advancing knowledge, is the bed-rock of progress. None recognize this so clearly as those industrial leaders who have profited greatly from discoveries in pure science ultimately adapted to practical ends. The advancement of research for the sake of increasing knowledge, without thought of its application, is the most useful service the Research Council can offer the nation; and the support of the leaders of industry, already promised, will be a powerful aid in accomplishing this end.

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THE VALLEY OF THE WINDIGO

By George T. Marsh
Author of "For the Great Father," etc.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY F. E. SCHOONOVER

FRANÇOIS HERTEL, outlaw, grounded his canoe on the sand beach at Ptarmigan Lake House, leaped into the water, and swung the woman in the bow to the shore. Leaving her to hold off with a whip the threatening post huskies from his own two dogs snarling defiance from the canoe, he went up to the trade-house. Entering the whitewashed log store, the tall Frenchman found Campbell, the factor, alone.

"Bon jour!" said Hertel, shaking hands.

"Good day!" coldly returned the Scotchman, eying the stranger with frankly curious gaze, for French trappers were rare so far north as the Ptarmigan Lake country. When Hertel offered Canadian paper money in payment for tea, sugar, and flour, the factor's interest was further aroused.

"You've come far," suggested Campbell, fingering the bill Hertel handed him.

"Yes, we travel sence June."

"Where are you headin'?"

"I t'ink I traverse dees countree for trappin'-groun'."

"Oh!" The thick eyebrows of Campbell rose.

"Ever travel this country before?"

"No, I alway' hunt de Height-of-Land countree, Saint M'rees water."

"What brought you so far north, then?" the factor quickly demanded, believing that he knew why this stranger had journeyed to the James Bay watershed, for in his desk lay a letter six months old warning the northern posts to keep a lookout for one François Hertel, wanted for murder at Coocoocache, on the Saint Maurice.

François Hertel shrugged his wide shoulders, looking Campbell fair in the eyes.

"I keel a man las' year at Coocoocache," he said quietly.

"You are François Hertel?" asked the factor, amazed at the admission.

"Yes, I keel de man who burn de cabane and tak' ma wife. Dey hunt me tru de long snow from de Saint M'rees to Grand Lac, but dey not tak' François Hertel. Dees spring I fin' her. She ees out dere wid de canoe."

Hertel pointed through the door to the shore, then turned fiercely upon the factor.

"De man I keel cum lak' de wolf in de night to tak' ma wife. W'at would you do?"

The frankness of the voyageur carried with it the aroma of truth. The factor knew men in the rough, and this one shaped up square; or else he was playing a game too subtle for the Scotchman's understanding. Still, the orders from Ottawa received in the Christmas mail were not to be lightly ignored.

"Hertel, if what you say is so, I don't blame you for getting your man and taking to the bush. But if it leaks out to Ottawa that you are trading here, I'm in a pretty mess."

"At Ottawa I am dead man," and Hertel handed the factor a soiled envelope. Campbell took from the envelope two folded sheets of paper. On the first was written:

"On March last it was reported to the authorities at Ottawa that the body of François Hertel had been found frozen on the Abitibi Trail, by Harricanaw Crees. Pierre, the trapper, who was at Flying Post, on Grand Lac, in January, must trap his fur in the James Bay country for a year or two.

"A FRIEND OF PIERRE."

Campbell was plainly mystified. Then he opened the other note. It was dated

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at Coocoocache on a letter-head of the Hudson's Bay Company, and ran as follows:

"*To any Company man—*

"The bearer, François Hertel, has long been a faithful employee of the Company on the Saint Maurice. One night, a year ago, in June, his house on the island at Coocoocache, was burned down. At the same time Walker, a railroad contractor with a bad record, was seen paddling from the island to the construction camp. Failing to find the body of Hertel's wife in the ruins, we believed her thrown into the river to cover the crime. Hertel returned and obtaining proof of Walker's guilt, killed him and took to the bush. Last winter Hertel met two of the Government Police, who were on his trail, starving in a blizzard on Grand Lac, and at the risk of arrest brought them in to Flying Post. Out of gratitude, they reported at Ottawa that he had been found frozen on the Abitibi Trail, and wrote to Hertel at Coocoocache to that effect. Returning this spring to Coocoocache, Hertel found his wife, who had escaped from Walker in a canoe and been picked up by Vermilion River Crees. He leaves here for the north until the matter blows over, and carries an order on Company posts issued to Pierre Chapleau, to amount of $300.00. Please honor this order, against Coocoocache, and give him any help you can, as he is the best canoe-man and hunter on the Saint Maurice. We think a good deal of him and believe him justified in what he did.

"Andrew Scott, *H. B. C. Coocoocache.*
"J. McCready, *H. B. C. Lost Lake.*"

"Well, if Jock McCready says you're all right, Hertel, it's good enough for me," said Campbell, returning the envelope. "I've put in some good years with old Jock at Fort Chimo and the Fading Waters. But you'll have to pass as Pierre Chapleau at the post here, and keep away when the Crees are in for the trade. It won't do to have it leak out to Rupert House that you're here."

"T'anks, Meester Cameel, I understan'," and the Frenchman gripped the factor's hand.

"Now, you'll have to hurry to cruise out good trappin'-grounds and net whitefish for your dogs."

"De free fur-countree ees far from here?"

"The best of it is, some of my Crees trap clear over on Nottaway waters. You'll have to move lively to get your shack built before the freeze-up. And mind you keep off trapped grounds. The Crees will wipe you out if you don't."

Hertel smiled good-naturedly at the warning. He knew only too well the law of the fur-country that there shall be no trespass in another's valleys.

"Oh, by the way!" continued Campbell, "if you're not afraid of Windigo, Injun-devils, and such nonsense, there's a country over west that old Joe, my head man, can tell you about. You won't be running into any of the Crees over there; they won't go near it; they say it's full of evil spirits."

Hertel's keen face lighted with interest.

"W'ere ees dees countree?"

"It lies four or five days travel straight west, on Harricanaw waters. The Cree name for this branch is Devil's River. I'll call Tom; he started to trap it once, but was almost scared to death and quit."

Presently a wrinkled Cree, aged in the Company's service, was smoking a pipe with Hertel and the factor.

"You know the trail to the valley of the Windigo, Tom?"

The Indian looked suspiciously at the two men, then nodded gravely.

"Good huntin'-ground? No Injun trap that valley?"

The Cree shook his head. "No Injun hunt dere for long tam; too much devil. Plentee game dere, I t'ink."

"How far is it from here?"

"Four, five sleep."

"You make a map of the trail to the Windigo valley on this paper. Pierre is going to trap it this winter."

The Cree's small eyes widened in wonder at the daring of the stranger who would winter in the dread land of evil spirits, shunned by the Ptarmigan Lake Indians for years as they would shun the pestilence. He turned to Hertel in protest.

"De Windigo, he live in dis valley; he rob trap; kill you; eat you' squaw. It is

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ver' bad place." Closing his eyes, the Cree shook his head and shoulders as if to blot out the evil memory of the valley of the Windigo.

"Never mind, Tom, Pierre takes the risk. He's a medicine-man in his country and has a charm for the devils. You show him how to get into the valley with this pencil and paper."

So, much against his will, old Tom proceeded to trace a crude map of the waterways through which ran the trail to the haunted valley of the Crees.

Hertel wished to lose himself—to disappear from the ken even of the fur-posts. Campbell he could trust, but to the Crees, trading at the post must be given a wide berth. How better, he thought, than to build his shack and run his trap-lines in the forbidden country, the land no Indian would enter? As for the Windigo and devils, he had a charm for the worst of them in the bark of his 30–30. That the evil spirits of the Crees travelled on four padded feet, and their pelts would bring good prices over Campbell's counter at Ptarmigan Lake he had little doubt. Hertel had spent his life in the Indian country and knew the Cree make-up—his superstition and childlike belief in the supernatural. The hardy Frenchman had smiled as the old Cree gravely pictured the fate that awaited him and his Marie in the far-off valley. He had more than once heard a lynx or a wolverine, called Injun-devil, fill the forest with demoniacal caterwauling that would have frozen the blood of a superstitious Indian, and later, when he found the vocalist in his trap, had terminated the nocturnal voice-culture by knocking the brute on the head with a club. For him the land of evil spirits held no terror.

The next day Hertel shoved his heavily loaded canoe from the beach at Ptarmigan Lake House, called a last bonjour to the factor, and with Marie handling the bow paddle, headed west. Day after day the voyageurs, following the Cree's map, toiled by river and lake and portage toward the Harricanaw headwaters, until at last their canoe floated on the Devil's River of the Crees. Then Hertel poled up the swift stream to its headwater lakes, where they were to net the whitefish needed for winter food for the dogs.

As they pushed up-stream between timbered hills that rolled away to the blue horizon, the woman in the bow exclaimed with delight at the beauty of the valley vistas which every turn of the river opened to their eyes. And each outburst of admiration brought a low chuckle from the stern-man toiling at his pole, as he thought how little Marie might appreciate the beauty of this land had she but known that these forests bathed in the August sun held in their silent depths terrors unspeakable; that this soft valley, asleep in the spell of the northern summer, was the lair of demons insatiable and pitiless. But François Hertel was a wise man and no baiter of women, so held his tongue.

While they netted and dried whitefish at the lakes, Hertel cruised the country for a good central location for his cabin. Everywhere he found signs of game. The shores of dead-water and pond were trampled by moose which came to feed on lily-roots and water grasses at sundown. The round-toed hoof-prints of caribou trails networked the mud and moss of the muskeg beyond the valley. Along the streams mink and otter had left numberless tracks. Doubtless the hurrying feet of marauding marten, fox, and fisher would mark the first snow on the ridges. Truly the Cree trappers had given the country a wide berth, for never had the Frenchman seen such evidence of game.

Creeping south from the great bay the first September frosts roamed the valley, edging the river with the red of the willows, leaving a wake of birch ridges aflame against the sombre green of the spruce. The rising sun lifting shrouds of river mist, rolled them back to vanish on the ridges, and later died on western hills, hung with haze.

Long before the first snowfall the Hertels moved from their tent to a cabin of spruce logs, chinked with moss, flanked by a mud-mortared stone chimney. Beside it a pile of birch logs and split wood was heaped high against the withering cold of the coming long snows.

Night after night through the October moon the geese honked south, racing the nipping winds which, following hard on the end of the Indian summer, swept the last leaves from poplar and birch. Then

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suddenly, between one sunset and dawn, narrows and dead-water closed tight, an icy film crept out from the lake shores, and the subarctic winter shut in upon the lone cabin in the valley of demons.

By December the snow stood three feet deep in the forest levels, and for twenty miles the traps of Hertel lay set on the ridges and along the streams. Never had he reaped such a harvest of fur. Black and silver fox, marten, otter, and mink, all had found his traps; and the pelts of two gray wolves hung on his cabin walls.

The early dusk of one December day overtook Hertel at the far end of his lines down the valley, where at a lean-to, thrown together in the fall, he passed the night once or twice a week. Already that buccaneer of the forests, the wolverine, had discovered some of his traps and robbed him of valuable fur. So with the most hated enemy of the trapper loose in the valley, only constant patrolling of his lines could save him the loss of many a prized fox and marten.

Hertel cut his wood for the night, shovelled away the new snow with a shoe, and built a hot fire at the open end of the lean-to. He threw two whitefish to the husky which drew his small sled, boiled his tea and moose-meat, then rolled himself in his warm rabbit-skin blankets and slept.

It was a windless night, when the relentless fingers of the frost grip the timber till it snaps; when the shell of river and lake, contracting, splits with the boom of cannon, and the stars, glittering like myriad jewels, swarm the heavens. Above the black silhouette of far hills the aurora alternately glowed and died, then, in snakelike ribbons of light, streamed across the north.

Suddenly the husky, curled beside the blanketed figure by the fire, straightened, lifted his head, and sniffed the stinging air. Then, with hair bristling from ears to tail, he stood up while his shaggy throat swelled in a low rumble of warning to the one who slept.

Hertel stirred and thrust his head from the blankets.

"Qu'avez-vous? What's the matter with you?" he grumbled.

For reply the dog lifted his nose to the stars in a long howl. Thinking the husky had scented game, Hertel was again adjusting his blankets, when across the hushed valley floated a long cry, half howl, rising to a shrill scream, then dying slowly away.

Again the excited dog flung back the wolfish challenge of the husky to the unknown foe. Quieting the animal, Hertel, now thoroughly aroused, sat up in his blankets, listening intently for a repetition of the wail. Presently it was repeated, but this time farther up the valley.

The warning of the old Cree at Ptarmigan Lake flashed across his memory.

"De Windigo, he leeve een dees valley. He rob trap; kill you; eat you' squaw."

"Bon soir! M'sieu' Weendigo!" called the imperturbable Frenchman as he reached for his Winchester in its skin case, and, drawing out the rifle, threw a shell into the barrel. Hertel had little fear of the thing that waked the white valley with its unearthly cries. For if it had lungs to howl, it had lungs and heart and stomach to stop his rifle-bullet, or bleed at the thrust of his knife, and from the Roberval to the white Gatineau men knew how sure was the eye and what power lay in the right arm of François Hertel. But, as he sat listening with straining ears, he cudgelled his brain to identify this prowler of the night. Lynx he had heard screaming like a child or a woman in agony; the wolverine, or Injun-devil, he had known to terrify superstitious French and Indian trappers by his maniacal caterwauling, and the howl of timber-wolves on a fresh trail was familiar to his ears; but this was neither lynx, wolf, nor wolverine. What could it be? Then the Cree's flouted tale of the demons of the valley returned to mock him.

For one thing he was deeply thankful—Marie, in the shack with the dog, far up the river, had not been wakened. Now, moreover, she must never know the Cree tradition of the valley or he could not leave her again alone, with this yowling thing, beast or devil, to terrify her.

Hugging his replenished fire, Hertel smoked a pipe, wrestling with the mystery, as his dog whined and fretted beside him, then turned into his blankets.

The next morning he was swinging up the hard-packed river-trail behind his

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sled thinking of the hot dinner awaiting him at the shack, when the dog stopped, sniffed in the snow, then turned sharply off the trail, upsetting the sled. Running up, Hertel found the husky nosing huge beside the trail, one characteristic of the foot-prints was at once marked by his trained eyes—their shallowness. Despite his tracks, the beast was not heavy or he would have sunk deeper into the

"Bon soir! M'sieu' Weendigo!"—Page 730.

tracks which crossed the sled-trail at right angles.

"Ah-hah! De Weendigo travel here, eh?" he exclaimed, studying the foot-prints. They were shaped somewhat like bear-tracks, with deep indentations of long claws, but larger than any bear-tracks he had ever seen, and, besides, bear were holed up for the winter. What beast, then, could have made that trail?

In the mental make-up of Hertel there was no trace of superstition. But the emotional Marie was keenly susceptible to the supernatural, and it was of her that he thought as he examined this strange trail in the snow. This thing must be kept from his wife if he wished to finish the winter in the valley.

As he shuffled through the soft snow snow. Then, from the looks of the trail, he did not pick up his feet; he was a slow and lumbering traveller. The impulse to follow the tracks, run the beast down on snow-shoes with his dog, and have it out with this 30–30 was strong in the hunter; but it meant another night away from Marie, and he was anxious to learn how it had gone with her at the shack. The unknown, beast or demon, would feel the sting of his 30–30 in good time. He would now hurry home.

The husky at the shack howled a welcome to the sled-team, but when Marie opened the door Hertel knew from the look in her eyes that she, too, had heard the cries in the night.

"Oh, François!" she said weakly, and fell to sobbing in his arms.

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It had been as he feared. Toward morning the whining dog had roused her. Opening the door, she heard the wail back on the ridge. The dog rushed savagely into the spruce, but was soon scratching at the door, badly frightened. Not until daylight, when the cries ceased, would the husky again leave the shack.

"Oh, ma cherie, she don' get scare' at one leetle lucivee dat shout lak de grand beeg somet'ing? I hear heem seeng down rivière. Eet ees not'ing."

In the end, Hertel convinced his wife that she had heard merely the customary shrieking of that great northern cat with tufted ears, the lynx.

But at heart the Frenchman was worried, for the length of his trap-lines compelled his frequent absence at night from the shack, and another shock like the last would reduce Marie to a state of mind forbidding his leaving her. It was clear that the brute must be hunted down and wiped out at once. No beast, Windigo, or devil should drive François Hertel out of free fur-country like a craven Cree. This valley belonged to the one who could hold it by fair fight or foul. The wild blood of the *coureurs-de-bois* which coursed the veins of the Frenchman was up.

Next morning Hertel started under the stars, promising to return before sunset. He was following the shoulder of a long ridge on which were set cabane traps for fisher and marten. In a few of these the bait, as usual, had lured foraging moose-birds or squirrel interlopers to their doom. Resetting the traps, he continued on until a shattered cabane with the silent witnesses in the snow about it told a story which brought from his throat a cry of rage.

The jaws of the steel trap gripped the severed fore foot of a marten, while, strewn with tufts of fur, the blood-stained snow in the vicinity was trampled by the same tracks which had crossed the sled-trail on the river.

Quickly freeing the excited husky from his harness, Hertel, fierce for revenge, abandoned his sled and took up the trail. With this plunderer loose on his trapping-grounds, his long days of toil would be thrown away. He must either kill his enemy at once or drive him from the valley. Over ridges and horseback, down along frozen watercourses, the pursuing trapper followed the tracks in the snow. For a space the eager husky led, but at length the long snow-shoe swing wore down the plunging dog, who sank deep at every leap, and he was content to follow in the better going of the packed trail of his master. On through the hours of the short December day toiled man and dog. If his quarry had not too long a start on him, Hertel knew he would overhaul it in the deep snow before the dusk, for, from the spacing and the depth of the tracks, the animal was travelling slowly. Twice it had stopped to rest, leaving an impression that baffled the woodcraft of the Frenchman. If he could only, for an instant, line up his rifle-sights on this robber, he, François Hertel, would give him a "bonjour" of lead that would sicken him—evil spirit, Windigo, or furry thief—of the game of ruining the trapping of a Saint Maurice man.

Finally, in the afternoon, the trail led over the watershed ridges into a muskeg country to the south. The masked sun dipped behind western hills and dusk already hung in the thick timber, when the tracks brought weary man and dog to the edge of a wide barren. Shortly the swift northern night would close in, and he was already three hours hard snow-shoeing from the shack.

With hood thrown back from his unbelted capote, while, even in the freezing air, the sweat coursed down the bold features, Hertel searched with narrowed eyes the silent reaches of the white barren, but in vain. He would have followed the trail deep into the moonlit night, camped on it, and taken it up at daylight, but he had promised to return to a woman who waited alone back in the valley. With a sigh he turned homeward with his dog.

In the days following he found his mink and otter traps on the streams around the headwater lakes unmolested, and reached the shack without again crossing the strange trail.

On the night of his return Hertel was pulling at his after-supper pipe, watching a piece of smoke-tanned moose-hide take the shape of a moccasin in the capable hands of Marie, when one of the dogs stood up with a low growl, hair bristling

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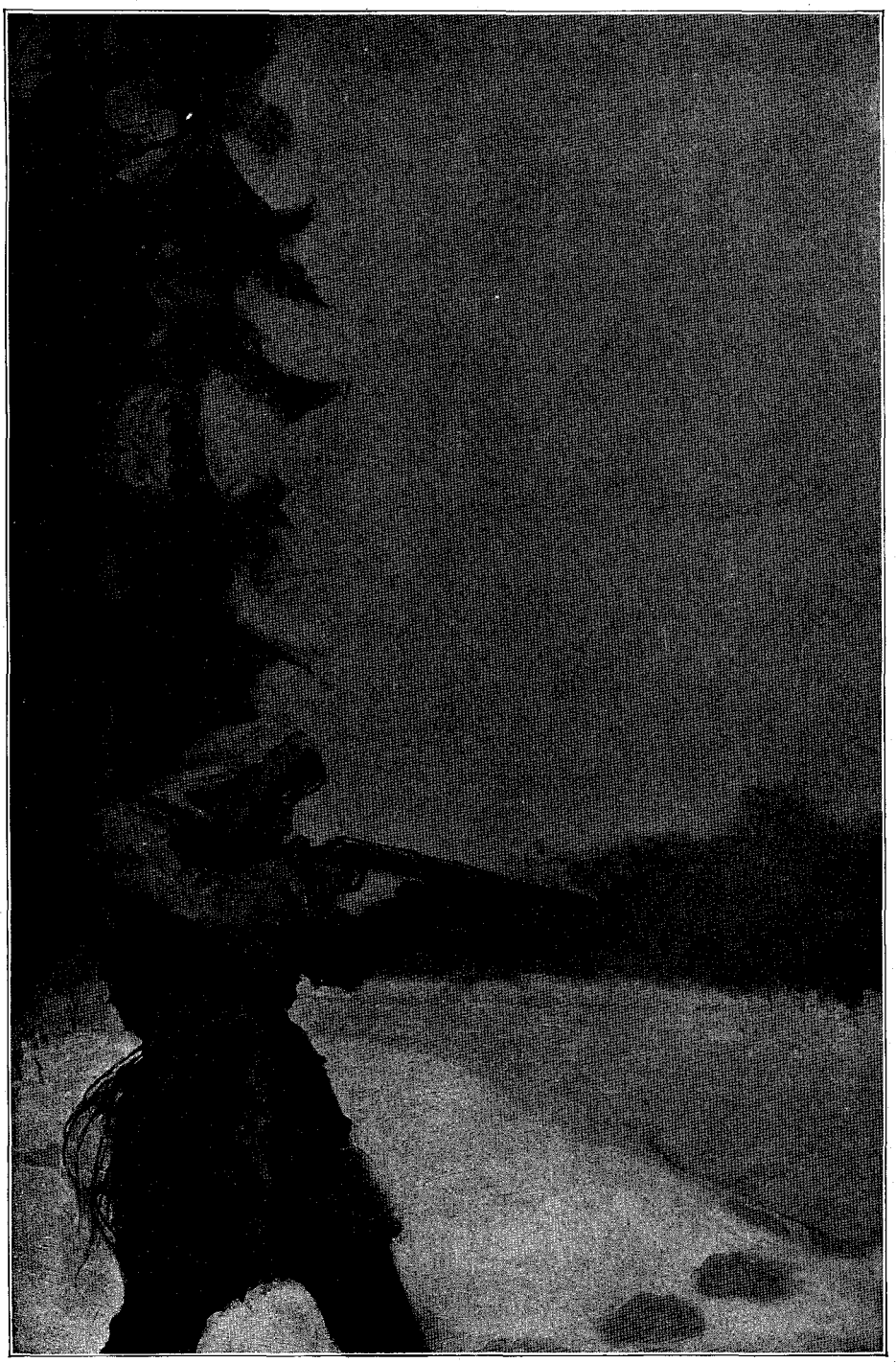

Drawn by F. E. Schoonover.

The rifle flew to his shoulder. Once, twice, three times the silence was shattered.—Page 734.

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like a mad porcupine's quills. Then both huskies made for the door. Hertel sprang to the low entrance of the shack, while his wife's dark face went white with dread. Outside, the light from a frozen moon flooded the clearing in the forest. Hertel hushed the dogs, blocking the open door with his body, then waited, tense as a bow-string. Shortly, from the ridge back of the shack, drifted out over the still valley a wail, half-human, rising to a cat-like scream piercing in intensity, then slowly dying away.

The trapper closed the door, pushed aside the clamoring huskies, and seized his caribou-skin coat and fur mittens.

"Mon Dieu, eet ees le diable! Eet ees le diable!" moaned the terrified woman. "Don' leeve me, François!"

"Eet ees only de lucivee!" the man insisted as she clung to him. "He shout beeg, dees lynx, but he seeng 'noder song w'en he feel de bullet."

With such talk he strove to hearten the horror-stricken woman, but Hertel knew that the dread cry that chilled the blood of all living things that heard it was the howl of no lynx. What it was he was going up into the black spruce to find out.

"I leeve de husky and shotgun. You safe wid dem." And embracing the hysterical girl he closed the door against the dogs, who were useless in a still hunt, stepped into the thongs of his snow-shoes, and started up the ridge.

The muscles of Hertel's face set stone-hard as he hurried in the direction from which had come the cry. To-night his enemy should not escape him. The beast was not more than a mile or two back in the "bush," and in the deep snow the trapper knew that he could give any four-footed creature in the North that much start and run him down before dawn, for no dog-runner from Lake Saint John to Flying Post on the Ottawa headwaters could take the trail and hold it from François Hertel. Beast or devil, whatever he was, he left tracks in the snow to follow. Beast or devil—and there had been enough in the last few days to sway a mind less balanced, to shake nerves less steady, than Hertel's—if it made tracks in the snow and howled at night, there was flesh and blood for his bullet and knife to find. If neither lead nor steel could tear its vitals, then Hertel was beaten. It was Windigo or demon, as the Cree had said, and he would slink out of the valley like a whipped husky. So ran the thoughts of the desperate Frenchman as he mounted the ridge.

At length he stood on the crest of the hill overlooking the frozen river-valley lit by the low moon, when the eerie wail lifted from the black forest in a creek-bottom below him.

Hertel glanced at the action of his rifle and broke into a run. As he swung swiftly through the soundless forest, ghostly shapes of snow-shoe rabbits faded before him into the white waste; a snowy owl, disturbed in his hunting, floated off like a wraith.

He had travelled some distance when suddenly he ran into the familiar trail of the beast at the edge of a spruce swamp.

"Now," muttered the hunter, "you run lak snow-shoe rabbit, M'sieu' Weendigo, or dees tam François Hertel get you."

Fear of the hated thing was not in him. The raw lust for battle made his blood hot as he plunged forward on the trail. Again rose the cry, this time nearer. His quarry had neither scented nor heard him, for plainly he was not travelling. But already the wind had shifted and, to the chagrin of the trapper, the moon now traversed a thickening sky where the stars grew dim. Hertel cursed under his breath, for without light the tracks would be lost in the gloom of the spruce. He was following stealthily now, lifting his feet to muffle the click of his shoes, his muscles tense as springs for the swift action which sight of the beast would loose.

Finally, from the top of a hard-wood knoll, his keen eyes swept a beaver meadow some distance below, to make out, entering the thick scrub at its edge, a dark shape. The rifle flew to his shoulder. Once, twice, three times the silence was shattered; then the trapper ran as only one born in the North can run on snow-shoes. At the spot where the beast had disappeared there was no blood sign on the snow, but the lopped branch of a fir told by how little the snap-shot in the dim light of the forest had missed its mark.

Plunging ahead, he took up the trail,

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less distinct now, in the masked light of the moon and stars. If he were to see his game again, he had no time to lose. The trail now doubled back toward the swamp, and the moon and stars were soon gone. The frenzied hunter was forced to bend low to distinguish the tracks which zigzagged through low cedar and spruce. Time and again he tripped and fell as he forced his way headlong through the brush on the flank of the swamp. Then he ran into a network of tracks leading in all directions, utterly obliterating the fresh trail he followed. The wily brute had doubled back to his starting-point that night, where his trail would be lost. The game was up.

Soon even his own back tracks were indistinguishable, so with a wide circle through the swamp the disappointed trapper turned homeward. But in his defeat there was ground for hope. He had seen the thing in the life, unmistakably; shot at it, and learned that it feared the man on its trail. Instead of raging at him with teeth and claws, or loosing upon its helpless victim the black terrors of the old Cree's tale, this Windigo, devil, or what you will, had travelled like a bull caribou for the safety of the swamp. Elated at the thought, the Frenchman laughed loudly; beast or evil spirit, it had no magic for the rifle-bullet of François Hertel. Some day luck would turn, some day a wail should rise in the valley that would wake even the sleeping bears in their dens. It would be the death-cry of M'sieu' Windigo.

At the shack he found his wife keeping sleepless vigil for his return. The agony of fear she had endured was plainly written on the drawn face.

"You see de Weendigo?" she gasped.

"Oua, I see heem," laughed the hardy Frenchman, taking her in his arms. "I shoot, and he run lak snow-shoe rabbit for de swamp. I mak' bad shot for de light. Eet ees only beeg lucivee. I get heem some day in de trap." And he patted her shoulders reassuringly.

Marie's travels took her no farther than her rabbit and ptarmigan snares in the neighboring forest, so she did not know that in size the tracks of the beast dwarfed those of a lynx, and he did not intend she should.

The day following Hertel beat through the swamp, but so many tracks led out of it over the watershed that he gave up all idea of immediate pursuit. Returning to the shack he overhauled two bear-traps, the steel jaws of which bristled with vicious teeth, harnessed a husky to the sled, and started for his marten cabanes across the river. There, before two of the stick houses, he buried in the snow the traps with their log clogs in the manner that he hid lynx-traps to take the pilfering wolverines that had already harassed his lines. If the night-wailer followed down this trap-line again, he would not escape the hidden steel jaws gaping under the snow. Then on a line of fisher-traps Hertel erected three log deadfalls, which would crush the life from a three-hundred-pound bear.

"Eef he got bone to break, dees weel break dem," chuckled the trapper as he turned homeward.

For a week Hertel patrolled the sleeping forests of the white valley, but neither heard his enemy nor found fresh signs. Twice he climbed the big ridge and traversed the swamp beyond, where he had lost the trail the night the moon failed him, but evidently the beast had abandoned his former haunts, for the new snow lay unmarked. Over the river the logs in the deadfalls still menaced the doomed creature that should trip them, but the yawning jaws of one of the bear-traps had closed on a young wolverine rashly entering the house of sticks which his cunning elders first would have torn to pieces gingerly from the rear, then ferreted out the bait, or eaten the animal in the sprung trap inside.

Another week of waiting passed and Hertel began to wonder if the beast had quit the country. Then, one bitter night on his return under the stars from the lakes, the familiar challenge floated faintly up the valley.

"Ah-hah! Eet ees you, mon ami?" he muttered, and quickened his stride. He had travelled for some time when the cry was repeated. The thought of Marie alone in the shack with the cowed huskies, while the skulking thing was loose in the neighboring forest, spurred him into a run. He was nearly home when again the windless night was filled with the horror of the

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lingering wail echoing from the hills. Now the runner on the river-trail was close enough to locate his enemy. The beast was on the ridge the trapper had prepared for him.

"By Gar!" Hertel exclaimed, in his joy at the discovery. "I get you dees tam, M'sieu' Weendigo, for sure."

Shaking a mittened fist at the black hill across the valley, he turned up to his cabin, where he found Marie and the dogs with nerves on edge over the return of the dreaded prowler of the night.

While the Frenchman wished to give his traps and deadfalls a fair chance to catch the plunderer, the fear that the beast might avoid them and again escape hurried him through supper. Heartening the trembling Marie as best he could, he oiled the action of his Winchester and was off. With the approach of January the nights were growing increasingly bitter. Entering the stinging air, Hertel drew the fur-lined hood of his capote over his face, where his hot breath turned to ice on his mustache, and reknotted the sash at his waist. The inexorable grip of the frost was tightening on the ice-locked valley.

He climbed the ridge and waited, for the beast might leave the trap-line if he discovered that he was followed. Once Hertel heard the cry hardly a mile away, then he went to his first fisher-trap. The thief had done his work well. The trap was sprung and the bait gone. The second had been treated in the same way. At the next trap was a deadfall, and the Frenchman's heart pounded with hope as he approached. The drop-log had been tripped and lay in the snow in front of the cabane, which was torn to pieces.

The trapper cursed out loud. The cunning of the beast was uncanny. Through the brain of Hertel there flashed a flicker of doubt. Could this after all be the work of a devil in brute shape? But the Frenchman's head was hard, and grasping his rifle he continued on.

For some time the night had been free from the voice, when, as he approached his second deadfall, the wail again rose from the lower shoulder of the ridge down the valley. But, as it lifted in volume to the maniacal scream, it ceased abruptly, as if choked off by some giant hand.

Hertel found the remaining deadfalls in similar condition to the first. The tracks on the snow told the same story. The ponderous engines of destruction had been rendered harmless from the outside by the crafty thief.

There was one hope left—the toothed jaws of steel hidden in the snow at the end of the martin line. He would go to them at once and take up the trail from there.

The cold was increasing. Deeper and deeper bit the fangs of the frost. His eyebrows and mustache were a mass of ice. Time and again all feeling left his toes under the thongs of his shoes, and he swung his gun from mittened hand to hand to keep up circulation. The boom of the riven river-ice and the snap of the timber alone violated the white silence under the star-incrusted sky.

The lone runner in the forest approached the first of his bear-traps at the martin cabanes. If the hairy thief had escaped these, little hope remained of running him down that night in this withering air which cut the lungs like thrusts of a knife. Rounding a thicket of low spruce, Hertel sighted the trap. Like a flash the hunter dropped to his knees, cocked rifle at his shoulder. One, two, three seconds his eye held his sights lined on a black shape by the cabane. But the mass on the snow was motionless. Then, rising, Hertel stealthily moved forward, rifle ready. Suspicious, he stopped a hundred feet from the trap, peering long at the spectacle before him, then slowly shook his head. With rifle thrust forward and every nerve tense, Hertel approached the trap. Was his enemy in his power at last, or was he being lured into some fiendish ambuscade? He glanced quickly to the side and rear. There was nothing there. The shape in the snow did not stir. Then he walked deliberately to the trap.

"By Gar!"

The Frenchman stared at the hairy bulk crushed in the grip of the merciless steel jaws.

He touched the thing with his snowshoe. It was frozen stiff.

With a wrench he turned the heavy trap and its victim over—to stare into the swart face, hideous in its grimace of death, of a Cree Indian.

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"By Gar!"

The dumfounded Hertel rubbed his frost-rimmed eyes. It was the costume of a medicine-man. The hood was shaped from the scalp of a gray wolf, with ears attached, and the body clothed with bear-skin, the fur outside. Lashed to the legs with thongs were the huge moccasins, made from bear's paws, which left the strange tracks he had followed.

"Bon jour! M'sieu' le diable! So you t'ink to scare François Hertel from de valley wid bad medicine, lak you scare de Cree, eh? Den you have de fur for yoursel'. You rob de fisher-trap, but de bear-trap of François Hertel hug you close w'en you shout de las' tam, eh?" And the elated descendant of *coureurs-de-bois* filled the forest with a great laugh, for he and his had suffered much at the hands of this stricken thing at his feet.

As he turned from the distorted face with its sightless eyes staring fixedly at the frozen stars, Hertel bowed low with a sweep of his arm.

"Bon soir! M'sieu' Weendigo! You mak' no more de sweet song in dees valley. I weesh you sleep soun'." And he hurried back through the bitter night to the woman who waited.

Three weeks later François Hertel sat alone with Campbell in the trade-house at Ptarmigan Lake.

"Well, well, François," said the factor, after hearing the tale of the taking of the Windigo, "you're sure a tough customer for a Cree medicine-man to tackle. The country farther west of you is trapped by Indians trading at Swift Current, and that cunning Cree, who must belong there, stole the valley away from my Indians over ten years ago by making them believe it was full of devils, with his howling and tracking the snow around their plundered traps. But, honest, weren't you just a bit scared the first time you heard him?"

The Frenchman's white teeth flashed in a wide smile as he stretched his long arms.

"Meester Cameel, I was worry one tam, but I not tell it to mysel'."

MILLSTATT

AN AUSTRIAN ARCADY

By Mildred Cram

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ALLAN GILBERT CRAM

THE long, gray car bubbled up the Loibl Pass as easily as a fly running along the side of a wall. So I settled myself comfortably and allowed the muscles of my neck to relax. But I kept a stern eye on the back of Erdmann's head, as if by doing that I could will him to bring us safely around every one of those dizzy curves and guide us over the Karawanken Alps and down the other side in time for tea!

Erdmann's head was just like every other German military man's head—it sprang from narrow shoulders and a high collar; it was set firmly and held very erect. Between the broad expanse of collar and the vivid check of his tweed cap I could see a rim of blond hair, shaved as close as only German barbers know how to shave German pates. And when he turned to look back for a brief instant at the road spinning out to great lengths behind us, we saw a red cheek, a straight nose, and a cold blue eye under a stern German eyebrow. . . . We had met him at Laibach only that morning, Allan, mother, and I. Here it was, high noon, and he was motoring us over the Loibl. . . .

It had been murky and depressing in Venice two days before; the canals steamed, sails drooped on the lagoon, the city sat heavily on her mud-banks, wrapped in a white, miasmic glare. At breakfast, an unusually bad one even for

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the Danieli, Mabel Billard's letter had come.

"'Why don't you break away from Italy, you three Italy-crazed maniacs, and come to our Austrian Arcady? Millstatt was never lovelier; there is still a powder of snow on the mountains, but here on the rim of the lake it is warm summer. If you could only taste the coffee we have for breakfast—*real* coffee and *real* cream, not the chicory and watered milk you get in Italy! To-night for supper we had an American sirloin steak with stewed tomatoes, baked potatoes——'"

Allan, who was reading the letter aloud, met my eye for the fraction of a second.

"You came to Venice to make drawings of the Venetian gardens," I began sternly.

"'And Münchener beer,'" he finished.

Mother looked wistfully at the frescoed ceiling of the Danieli dining-room. "Münchener beer!" she began. "I love it better than anything in the world——"

"Better than art, I suppose?" I asked, putting some bits of white butter on a petrified roll.

Allan folded the letter into a neat square and pushed back his cup of pale coffee. "I am a man," he said, "and I have to be fed. Venice is wonderful, but I am starving to death. Shall we leave this morning?"

That afternoon at Trieste we had hired a car and an evil-looking chauffeur to take us as far as Laibach. He made one price at Trieste, and the next day, in front of our hotel at Laibach, just as we were starting out on the last lap of the journey, he descended haughtily from his seat and announced that he wouldn't go a step farther, contract or no contract, unless we paid him an extra two hundred kronen. The Loibl Pass was *difficilissimo*, and he'd be hanged if he'd go on!

He was so firm about it that we unpacked ourselves, our suitcases, and our expectations, and swarmed around him where he lounged on the running-board. I racked my brain for the Italian for "cheat," and in the excitement of the moment produced *vigliacco*, which means "coward" and is the deadliest insult in the language. The chauffeur stiffened and told me between his teeth that he would sue me for defamation of character unless I apologized for that vile word. He pounded his breast with both hands. I raised my voice and said *vigliacco* again. Allan and mother, who didn't understand either of us, hopped around me enthusiastically. "Give it to him! The cheat! Two hundred kronen! Say it again!"

I had just opened my mouth to scream *vigliacco* passionately a third time, when some one interrupted me.

"I would not call him names, Fräulein; he can put you in jail. He is in a very unpleasant temper. I would apologize."

I spun around and stared into the Prussian blue, military eyes of a tall German. He clicked his heels together, bowed from the waist, and said again, without a flicker of a smile: "I would apologize."

"But he cheated me! He said he would ask so much to take us to Millstatt, in Kärnten, and now he demands two hundred kronen more because"—and here I stared haughtily at the chauffeur—"the Loibl Pass is steep!"

"You may not call an Italian *vigliacco*, Fräulein. I would apologize."

I took a deep breath, blushed hotly to the rim of my hat, and faced that devil of a chauffeur again.

"*Scusi*," I said. "I beg your pardon."

The chauffeur relaxed as if some one had extracted all of his bones. He swept off his cap. "Signorina!" he cried, showing his teeth.

"And now," the German said, "dismiss him."

"But——"

"Dismiss him, Fräulein."

"But the Billards expect us!"

"I will arrange."

So the chauffeur was paid and dismissed, and we saw him turn back toward Trieste, putting an impudent five fingers to the tip of his nose when he was safely under way, and then disappearing, like an evil genius, in a cloud of pumpkin-colored dust.

We stood among our suitcases on the hotel steps while the German explained himself. "My name is Erdmann. I am the chief engineer of the Austro-American Magnesite Works at Radenthein, near Millstatt."

"Mr. Billard is director of the Magnesite Company!"

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"Yes. I have my car here. It will accommodate all of you. I would like very much to drive you to Millstatt to-day. If you will be so kind . . ."

So here we were, bubbling up the steep flanks of the Loibl! It was spectacular enough. The road twisted in sinister coils, coil upon coil that lay along the narrow edge of gulleys and dizzy distances and precipitous drops into nothingness. Behind you, if you dared to look over the back of the car, the slope seemed to drop away; there was a faint puff of white dust but no road at all. Before you, if you dared to raise your eyes, the mountains climbed into the sky and thrust their pointed finger-tips into some heavy, stuffy clouds that lay over them like a feather quilt across a Swiss bed. At one side a steep bank, rank and lush with ferns and moss and flowers; at the other a sheer drop of several thousand feet into a shadowy gulch cut like a slice of pie out of the Karawanken Alps.

Erdmann turned his cheek again for the fraction of a second. "The gradient on this bend," he said, "is twenty-five per cent!"

Allan, the only one of us three who understood about degrees of steepness, blew a long, thin whistle and became suddenly very attentive and quiet. I took my eyes away from the scenery and fixed them firmly on the back of Erdmann's neck. In that way, guiding the narrow car with my own intense and unselfish will, I got all of us around and around——

"This one is twenty-eight per cent!"

Up and up. . . .

"This one is twenty-six and one-half per cent!"

Higher and higher. . . .

"This one is twenty-four and one-half per cent!"

On and on. . . .

Out of the blazing July sunshine into the shadow of those stuffy clouds; then, with a last bubble, a last grunt, into the moist, dripping, chilly heart of them—the top of the pass, where we stopped, held five thousand feet aloft, on the finger-tips of the Karawanken Alps!

We dipped down the north side of the pass at top speed, whirling around curves like one of those hair-raising scenic-railway cars. Fences, pine-trees, flowers, and horizon line flew to get behind us in a haze of speed. We dropped from grade to grade with the sickening haste of a skyscraper elevator; the brakes roared, clouds of dust enveloped and choked us; the background diminished like a landscape seen through the wrong end of a telescope; the foreground leapt to hit us between the eyes—we might have been a marble tossed into the Grand Canyon. . . .

Mother spoke, and the words were snatched from between her teeth and blown to ribbons. "Terrible . . . speed . . . something . . . going . . . happen!"

And it did. The car started to take a curve, decided not to, twisted, skidded violently, and plunged straight for the edge of the road and a thousand foot drop into space. . . .

"Jump!"

But there was no time for that. We brought up against one of the stone fence-supports with a crash, lifted strangely, fell back again. . . .

"Jump!"

This time we did jump. At any rate, we found ourselves sitting in the middle of the road, feeling very shaken, and the car, with its front wheels twisted like a beggar's legs, still hanging over the ragged edge of the cliff.

Erdmann picked himself up with no loss of dignity and stared grimly at the wreckage.

"Three times over the Loibl, and this is the first . . ."

Suddenly he tossed his violent tweed cap aside, got out of his coat, and beckoned to Allan. "Come along; let's see what can be done. We can't spend the night up here. . . ." Then he looked thoughtfully into the palms of his hands and swore several formidable German cuss words.

Mother and I wandered back along the road, where the dust of our descent was still settling. What a great peace there was after the roar and rush of the car—what a stillness of mountains and infinite space and immense arch of sky! On our left the sparse pines and larches clung to the narrow ledge where the road lay, and beyond and below a deep gulch, full nearly to the brim with purple shadows,

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like an immense cup of wine. It was warm where the sun struck across the road, a warmth tinged deliciously with the chill of very high places, and there were flowers on the steep bank at our right—buttercups, wild forget-me-nots, and tiny purple and yellow pansies, fragile bells on invisible stems, gentian cups on a spiny branch that were unbelievably blue, and everywhere sturdy mountain daisies with yellow faces! This was Austria! This was peaceful Austria in July of 1914!

An archduke and an archduchess, heirs to Austria's throne, had been shot by a student boy only a few weeks before. Out in the great world of cities and governments a world war was smouldering; out beyond that wall of mountains, if we could have heard, there was a gathering roar and mumble of voices—a hymn of hate that would soon shake the universe.

But there was nothing but an exalted peace on the sunny road climbing the gigantic flanks of the Karawankens. We met a peasant, a stalwart fellow in leather breeches and a faded blue coat, and showed him the car, several hundred feet down the road, where Erdmann and Allan, on their backs in the dust, were trying to coax the wheels to go around again. We could hear a faint rapping and tinkling, but Erdmann's German curses were snuffed out by the distance. The peasant, pleasantly excited, tipped his greasy hat and hurried down the slope toward the car . . . how long before the hymn of hate reached *him*, and sucked him into the current and swept him away?

About five o'clock, when the shadows had crept over us and had crawled on up the pass nearly to the top, the car, patched together, as Erdmann put it, "with a piece of string and a monkey-wrench," was rolled cautiously a few feet down the road, Erdmann at the wheel and Allan clinging precariously to the running-board, listening, with head bent and eyes shut, to the mysterious "works."

Erdmann stood up and beckoned to mother and me. "She limps," he said shortly, "but she will go."

With that doubtful assurance we settled ourselves gingerly, waved good-by to the peasant, and started off. Fortunately for the story, we limped over the Little Loibl, and long after dark reached the Karawankenhof, a turreted, towered, terraced hotel in the valley near Klagenfurt, where we fell on a belated supper. . . . Goulash! Beer! Bread and butter! . . . A table was set for us on the uncovered terrace in front of the hotel, and we ate in the spluttering light of an arc-lamp. Over behind the mountains a thin, red wafer of a moon had been thrown up into the sky.

"Ach!" cried Erdmann, catching sight of it and toasting it with his tall stein of beer. "The moon! We ought to be in Millstatt by two o'clock."

We left the Karawankenhof at half past nine and followed a fine road straight to Klagenfurt. We pierced the old town from end to end with a raucous shriek of Erdmann's ear-splitting siren, and, beyond, plunged under a heavy arch of trees, like a railway-train stabbing a tunnel. Then we ran for ten miles along the edge of a beautiful lake, catching blurred glimpses of country houses smothered in box hedges, of one or two large hotels brilliantly lighted. . . .

"This is the Wörther See," Erdmann explained.

We left the arch of trees and the lake, crossed a railway, came upon another town (Villach this time, an Austrian military station), rattled through its cobbled length, shot down a hill at the other end, and then, at top speed, hurried along a broad valley, the road always following and sometimes crossing a wide river that shone like a flat band of platinum in the moonlight. A heavy white mist lay close to the ground. Once we were caught in it and forced to stop until the wind had rolled the blankets of vapor aside. Big rabbits scuttled away from the headlights; we met a fox and a lonely cow that rose out of the mist like the ghost of an elephant and brought a shriek from mother. We shot through village squares where fountains dripped spiritlessly, echoed under arches, sped by hundreds of wayside shrines—white Christs nailed to the cross, crowned with artificial flowers, startling bits of realism even in the moonlight.

Then Spittal, a single street; then a

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black, shadowy road through a gulch cut by a roaring, impetuous river, and then——

"The lake!"

A thread of quicksilver on the horizon, that grew as we neared it, became a pool held in the palm of the ebony hills, then a sheet of water, a lake——

"Millstatt!"

The road followed the See so closely that the slow ripples nearly touched the wheels of the car. We came to the first houses of the village, had a brief glimpse of white towers and a gaping gateway——

"The cathedral!"

And stopped suddenly, with a last wail of the ear-splitting siren, at the closed door of an old wooden house with towers. . . .

There was a scurry behind the door, a burst of yellow light, and there was Mabel.

"I got your telegram! I thought you'd *never* come. We decided you were dead! *Whatever* happened to you?"

Allan, mother, and I, on the back seat of Erdmann's car, sat for a second as if we had been congealed into silence. Then all three of us struggled stiffly to our feet, rising out of the pile of steamer rugs and coats like a trio of blue-nosed Arctic explorers. We greeted Mabel:

"Something hot to drink—quick!"

An hour later (3 A. M.) we were tucked into high wooden beds under feather quilts, and, just before we went to sleep, heard a fish splash noisily under our windows in Millstatter-See!

One of the greatest delights of travelling is arriving at night in a strange place, going to sleep in a strange bed, waking in the morning to a room one has never seen before, staggering sleepily to a window, and opening a blind on a strange city, a strange landscape, a strange garden. . . .

A single thin ray of sun found me where I slept on my Millstatter feather pillow, and, striking me cleverly between the eyes, opened them to a strange landscape. The window-blinds stood wide, and I could look from my pillow out across a wooden balcony to a beautiful lake dancing in the early sunlight, and, beyond, a rim of mountains slightly powdered with snow. . . .

A knock. Some one opening the door with a polite, insinuating steadiness; a voice: "*Guten Tag, Fräulein. Bitte schön.*" I sat up, staring. "*Küss die Hand, gnädiges Fräulein.*" The door opened wider. "*Bitte. . . .*"

A smiling face, two red cheeks—"*Ich bin Rosa, Fräulein—hier ist Ihre Kaffee.*"

She carried a tray, and on it I glimpsed a cup of coffee, a little pitcher of hot cream, puffed to a foam, some slices of white bread. . . .

Casting about frantically for words, "*Danke schön,*" I said. Rosa beamed and put the enticing tray on my knees.

Breakfast done with, we hurried out-of-doors to explore by day what had been so enchanting at 2 A. M. We found Millstatt, the "town of a thousand years," spilled down a steep hill and spread out on an arrow-shaped point of land thrust far out into the lake. Backed by an amphitheatre of high mountains, crowded to the water's edge by splendid forests, crowned by a fine Jesuit cathedral and monastery, blessed by an unspoiled and picturesque peasantry—no wonder Millstatt has become a summer paradise for thousands of Austrians and Hungarians! But great wonder that the French, English, and American tourist has never chanced on it!

The first act of a Viennese comic opera could be set anywhere in the village and a whole chorus recruited from the passers-by. We met groups of pretty women wearing short skirts, brilliant silk aprons, velvet bodices laced over snowy chemises, their arms bare nearly to the shoulder. We saw men with vivid stockings, bare knees, short breeches, and blue coats, topping all these sartorial inspirations with plush hats and a chamois brush. Some of the women wore massive jewelled ornaments—silver chains from shoulder to waist, hoop earrings, bracelets, gorgeous necklaces clasped tightly around their sunburned throats. . . .

"What beautiful peasants!"

Mabel, who was playing guide, silenced me with a noisy "Shsh! They're not peasants; most of them are rich Viennese! The Austrians play at being peasants during the summer, you know. Wait until you see the real thing—the Austrian peas-

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ant woman is a broad-faced, work-ridden creature with red hands; she usually wears a handkerchief over her head and a man's straw hat a-top that. The men—there's one now!—leather breeches, of course, and a plush hat; but you could never mistake him for that man-about-town from Budapest over there, who had his peasant coat tailored somewhere on the Graben and bought his shoes in London!"

Allan, with one eye on a pretty girl in an orange silk skirt and a peaked Ampezzo peasant cap, remarked irrelevantly that the Venetian gardens were all dried up, anyway.

Millstatt Lake, they say, is full of hot sulphur springs—at any rate, it is singularly warm. Allan and I—he sitting on a raft anchored a hundred yards or so away from the bath-houses, I floating, toes higher than eyes, near by—both spoke of it.

"Warm as toast!" Allan slapped the float with a wet palm. "Why don't you sit up here and rest awhile?"

"Can't."

"Why not?"

"Ashamed——"

"Ashamed? Why?"

"My bathing-suit." I let my feet sink and tread water. "You ought to see it—made of muslin, in one piece, with ruffles around the knees. . . . There's such a thing as indecency——"

Allan threw back his head and shouted.

"You needn't laugh. You look like a piece of Christmas candy yourself."

But I climbed up beside him and let the hot sun beat on my back and admired my bare toes in the green water. Nearer the shore, bevies of people were splashing and screaming and laughing, all of them wearing bathing-suits like our rented atrocities. Certain bold spirits had floated out nearly to the raft, where they drifted, pink, fleshy islands, in a sort of ecstasy. . . . Boatloads of nearly nude families—mothers in wrappers, fathers in trunks, children in nothing at all—flashed across the lake. The bathing-hour at Millstatt was a scene unequalled for Arcadian simplicity. Shrieks rose from the splashed and spanked and glittering water, shrieks echoed from the crowded bath-houses—and everywhere, dotted over the lake in all directions, pink, fleshy islands, floating, eyes shut to the noonday sun, toes curled in ecstasy. . . .

We lunched in a hotel garden under a roof of clipped lindens, and Allan was late because, he said, he had been sketching the cathedral. He had found a frescoed gate, and was enthusiastic over the twin towers with their onion-bulb roofs that glittered, he explained, like a peacock's tail in the sun.

"I discovered a splendid cloister, too," he said, "with the most pagan-looking pillars—twelfth century, I should say. And there is a cobbled court with a positively hoary linden-tree in the centre. What a jolly time the monks who lived there must have had! You ought to see the wine-cellars under one wing of the convent——"

A waiter carrying four glasses of beer in each hand broke in on Allan's enthusiasm. "Beer?"

"Of course!" And, burying his nose in the creamy foam, he forgot cloisters, arches, towers, and cobbled court.

The garden where we were sitting was crowded; there were fat Hungarian mothers who had come straight from the bath-houses wearing wrappers; there were fat fathers with loud voices chiding rows of fat children; there were neat little girls with sleek, braided hair and pretty, sunburned arms; there were wild Magyars and fierce Prussians, with waxed mustaches, who ate with their knives; there were Austrian Jews who picked their teeth with a sort of slow voluptuousness, showing too many rings on their first fingers; there were officers in short, tight blue coats and ridiculously high caps, or in brown and yellow with big swords. They all talked at the top of their voices and lounged excessively while they ate and made love in a most intimate and domestic way between each glass of beer. And over this babel of voices and dishes and scurrying waiters the thin, sobbing, slithering notes of a zither, playing, of all things, "Waltz Me Around Again, Willy!"

Late that afternoon, a still golden afternoon, we left Millstatt, and, following a

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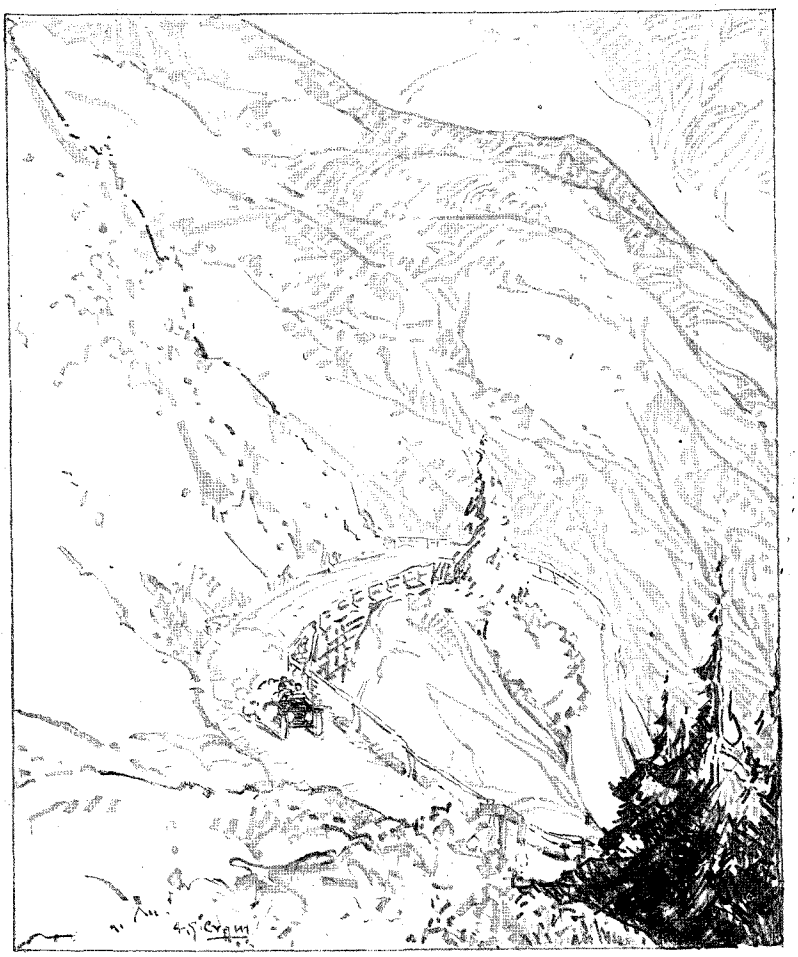

Bubbling up the steep flanks of the Loibl.—Page 739.

path that clung close to a swift-leaping mountain brook, climbed to a wide, sunny plateau hung two or three hundred feet above Millstatt on the side of the mountain. We walked across a field of high grass and clover, looking down at the lake, an irregular, intensely blue jewel deeply embedded in the circling mountains, where a tiny motor-launch cut a thread-like line from shore to shore. The sun, a gold disk balanced grotesquely on the tip-top of a mountain, like a juggler's ball on the rim of a plate, blazed in our eyes. On the steep slope below us four peasant women in blue skirts were cutting grass with scythes that flashed rhythmically every time they turned to the sun.

Across the field, set snugly in an apple orchard, we came to a farmhouse, one of those steep-roofed, plastered peasant houses where fifty or more people, sitting at long tables under the trees, were being served by two country girls with coffee and sour milk and steins of creamy beer. It was a coffee-house, the merriest shrine imaginable for an afternoon pilgrimage!

We found a table and sat down in the flecked shadow. There, through an amber sunset gilding half the sky, through a slow and luminous twilight that shrouded the lake and crept up over the pine tops and shrouded us, and climbed higher to snuff out the last faint glow on the topmost tip of the Millstatter Alp, we ate peasant bread thickly sown with raisins,

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The cathedral at Millstatt.

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and drank beer and things, and talked—and talked. . . .

Honk! Honk! Shriek! Hoot!
"Erdmann!"

A tower of the old monastery at Millstatt.

There he was at the door already, and breakfast scarcely finished! There he was, tweed cap and red cheeks and Prussian eyes and gray car, ready to take us to Radenthein.

Mr. Billard finished his coffee hastily and drove us all before him to the gate and into the car. Mr. Billard was always enthusiastic where his pet hobby was concerned. We were going to see the magnesite works, his works, the result of seven years of his American energy and courage and ambition—a great factory in the Austrian wilderness, built in spite of almost insurmountable obstacles, endless red tape, prejudice, labor difficulties, lawsuits—hobby? Well, a pardonable one!

Magnesite, a mineral ore, is quarried principally in Austria. The ore is pounded, fused in kilns, and then made into bricks. The bricks are intended to line ovens used in the manufacture of steel products. The Austro-American Magnesite Company's works are at Radenthein, in Kärnten, eleven miles, as the

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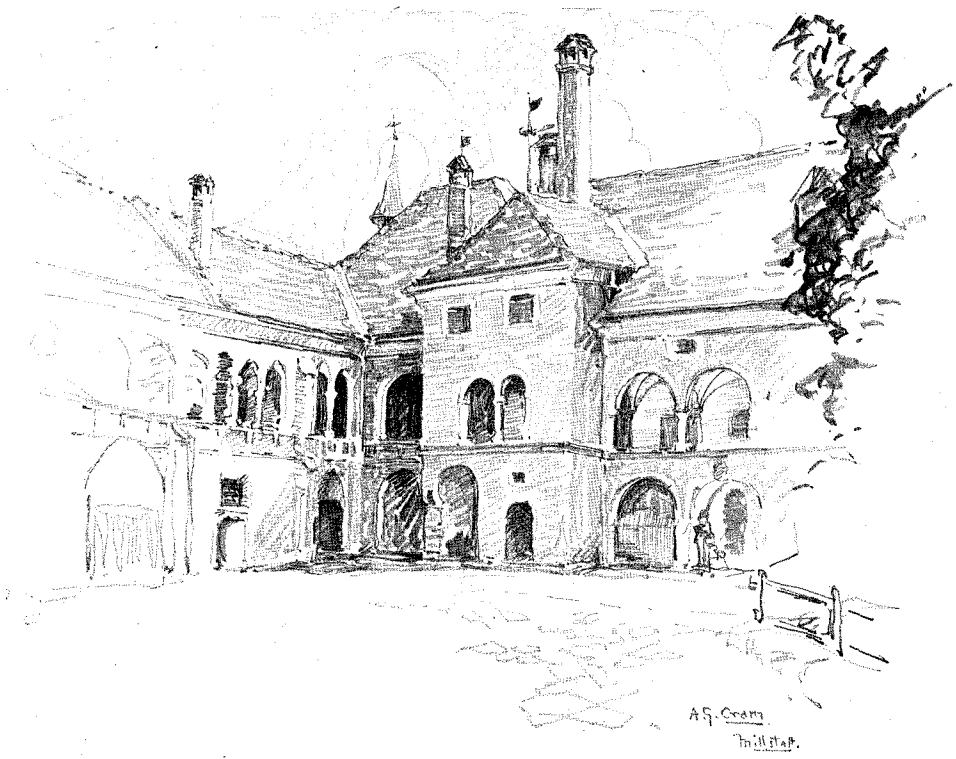

One wing of the cloister.

bird flies, to the nearest railway; the quarries themselves are several thousand feet above Radenthein, in the mountains. The works are connected with both the railway and the quarries by a rope-haul system, a feat of engineering that spans a valley, crosses a river, and swings from mountain to mountain, carrying magnesite in an endless procession of iron buckets slung on a steel cable.

After Mr. Billard, pardonably proud, had shown us the factory and Erdmann's wonderful rotary kilns, and had pointed out from his office windows the town that has sprung up around the new industry, I asked, timidly at first, and finally insistently, to be allowed to ride to the quarries in a bucket.

"I have ordered horses to take you over the mountain," Erdmann objected. "The buckets are not safe."

"Why not?"

"If you should lift your head when you come to a standard, where the buckets pass through a steel catch, you would be decapitated. Neatly, so"—he made a horribly descriptive gesture. "We have had to forbid the workmen to come down from the quarries in buckets. The other day a headless body was brought into the receiving-room and dumped right at my feet."

"But I won't lift my head when I see a standard. I am never dizzy in high places. I promise to be careful."

"No, Fräulein, it is against orders——"

"Please——"

"Orders——"

"Please! I will take all the blame if I am beheaded. I can't ride a horse—it would be dangerous to send me to the quarries on horseback. Please——"

In the end Allan and I were allowed to make the trip in buckets. Before we started we saw mother, Mabel, and Erdmann set out on horseback. Mother was mounted on a dray-horse, one of those huge, rather Jewish-looking horses with feathers around his ankles, a braided tail, and dimples in his glossy flanks like pockets. He was kittenish, in a mountainous sort of way, and sidled in large circles around the factory yard, puffing out his nostrils like the dragon in "Sieg-

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fried." Mother, sitting astride his colossal back with difficulty, looked anxious and very small.

Mabel had a shanky steed with dewy quarry trail. Mother's last words, as her ponderous steed edged sideways out of the gate, were not encouraging: "I'll never reach the top—not alive!"

One of the towers of the convent.

whiskers on a pink nose, and Erdmann, his long legs nearly touching the ground, had taken command of a furry-looking pony, inconceivably swift and ambitious. We saw them turn out of the yard and disappear in a cloud of dust toward the

Then Mr. Billard took Allan and me back to the starting-room, and we were each stuffed into a bucket and sent off, with a roar and clatter that was very terrifying for a moment, on the dizzy journey by rope-haul from the factory to

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Looking down at Millstatt Lake.

the quarries. The last thing I heard was a faint warning hallooed to me: "Be careful at the standards! And don't faint!"

For a few minutes I kept my head lowered, clasping my hands around my knees and curving my back. The bucket moved slowly, swaying very slightly, and I could feel a vibration when I pressed against its metal sides. Then cautiously I raised my head to a level with the rim and peered along the cable.

"A standard!"

Allan, waving both arms in warning from his bucket, suddenly ducked out of sight like a genii in a magic jug. I bent my head again and waited.

Crash!

The bucket swayed like a ship struck by a giant wave, then steadied again.

"All right!" came Allan's faint call.

I straightened up and lifted head and shoulders out of the bucket. I was gliding smoothly and silently over fields, houses, roads, just escaping the plumed tops of trees. I had no sensation of fear or of dizziness. The ground was not so far away then that it took on an air of remoteness. Recognizing pebbles and clusters of vivid field-poppies, and being barked at by a dog in a farmyard, silenced the unsteady beating of my heart (for it had begun to beat frightfully at that first standard) and permitted me to assume an air of jaunty indifference. I could speak to Allan if I raised my voice to a healthy shout, but we were as far apart, actually, as the two poles! Now and then he warned me to duck, and my bucket swayed and clashed metallically under a standard. The rest of the time I leaned nonchalantly on the rusty rim of my rope-haul aeroplane and watched earth and sky.

We left the valley and began to climb over a forest of pines, often sweeping their tasselled, rustling tips. Looking back, there was a last glimpse of the factory chimneys, the huddled town, and of Mr. Billard waving a tiny speck of white that was probably a handkerchief. Then we topped the ridge of pines, climbed another, and came into sudden, breath-taking sight of a dizzy gulch—the rope,

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slightly slack, leapt across the space from hill-crest to hill-crest. . . .

I shut my eyes for a dizzy minute. When I opened them I was slung five hundred feet in the air; the friendly earth, suddenly capricious, had receded to an unbelievable distance, leaving me, suspended by a swaying rope that looked as insecure as a spider's thread, somewhere in the sky. I could see a spinning brook, a white, restless line, far, far below, and trees that looked like Noah's Ark playthings. . . . I clenched my hands, sank on my knees again, and fainted away. . . .

It seemed to me that I drifted endlessly; so that when I really came back to complete consciousness it was something of a shock to find that the bucket had stopped. I looked over the edge—there were the dizzy gulch, the spinning brook, and the diminutive pine-trees. But the bucket hung as motionless as a stage moon. . . .

"Allan!" I screamed suddenly, just to break the baffling silence.

He waved his hat. "We've stopped!" he called.

I could have slapped him for it! . . . We *had* stopped, slung five hundred feet

The dizzy journey by rope-haul from the factory to the quarries of the Austro-American Magnesite Company.

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in the air, in the heart of a wilderness of trees and a chaotic, dramatic upheaval of snow-tipped mountains. Stopped! I'm ashamed to say I hung my chin on the rim of my airy prison and wept miserably.

An hour later, stiff and terrified, I heard a faint, ghostly "Halloo!"

Below, on the trail that bordered the spinning brook, a tiny man on a tiny horse was shouting at us through a megaphone. And what we heard, when his voice climbed up to us, was singularly surprising.

"Don't get out!" he had ridden seven miles from Radenthein to say.

Another hour and the bucket jerked spasmodically and started ahead again. We cleared the chasm, climbed another mountain, swung off into space once more, jerked up a rocky slope, and suddenly, with a terrifying clang under a standard, were pitched headlong, one after the other, into Erdmann's arms.

I'm ashamed to say that I was so glad to see him that I kissed him soundly on the end of his nose. . . . But I am more ashamed to say that I never saw the magnesite quarries at all. A lunch had been prepared for us in one of the miner's shacks, and we found mother and Mabel there already, consuming cups of rich coffee and an unbelievable number of fried brook-trout. Mother, absorbed in memories of her ride on the Jewish-looking dray-horse, refused to be impressed by our experience.

"But the bucket stopped—over a ravine—and I fainted!"

"Well, you should have seen that horse! He was as wide as the trail—he bulged, he literally bulged over the edges of precipices. And capricious! He——"

"But the machinery stopped. We might have hung there for days and days, until we starved!"

"And that horse might have tried to climb a tree! No, I don't want to see the quarries, or the miners, or anything else—I want to get back to Millstatt, and this time on foot. But another trout first—I never tasted anything so good—and a cup of coffee. . . ."

We returned to Millstatt by another trail, sending the horses back to Radenthein and telephoning Mr. Billard not to expect us at the factory. Following the narrow ridge of a sister mountain, we crossed quite easily to the summit of the Millstatter Alp. We rested there, sitting in a warm pocket, a sort of scooped-out field just under the Hütte, secure from the wind, where we could look out at a universe of snow-tipped mountains, and up at a singularly intimate sky full of scudding, luminous, ragged clouds that scuttled within a few feet of our faces, and down at a turquoise thrown into the forests five thousand feet below—Millstatter-See!

Then we crossed a rocky pasture-land, where some indifferent cows were grazing, entered a sparse wood that thickened as we plunged down through it, grew darker and cooler, leafier, odorous with sweet-fern and winterberries and stripped bark, a forest so mysterious that I watched for gnomes under all the red mushrooms, or swaying on the polished stems of the wild orchids, or riding a squirrel along a pine branch. The trail soon struck up a flirtation with a bouncing brook and kept close at elbow all the way down the mountain, now skipping to one side, now the other, in an excess of good spirits, now pausing dramatically to watch the loved one leap from a cliff in a shower of spray, now sulking fifty feet away in the forest, now lured back by the lilt of her voice, keeping close at her side because separation was near. . . .

We linked arms and pounded steadily down toward Millstatt, twilight silencing our chatter, happily tired, happily young, good friends.

We swung through the little town down to the water's edge and to the old wooden house with towers. Mr. Billard was waiting for us. He had a telegram in his hand.

"Erdmann," he said shortly, "war has been declared between Germany and France. Here is a telegram for you."

Erdmann took the telegram and opened it. A strange look came into his eyes, something remote, inexplicable, as he read the message. He straightened suddenly and put the telegram in his pocket.

"I am called to Berlin. I leave in an hour," he said.

So there was an end to our Arcady!

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THE LOVERS AND THE SHINING ONE

By Ernest Thompson Seton

ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR

BLACK slats and masts of trees; glinting water between at times; slushing sounds at the far-away margin; a soft sweet tinkle of the song-sparrow in some blackness; more slushing noises; a little *chirr, chirr;* whistling pinions overhead, gone unexplained—and there was slushing in the margin. Squattering of some duck-bird in the farther gloom, but louder slushing there was in the near margin, and a *chirrring* of intercommunion; moving water making zigzag glintings, and confluent blots of near black tree boles; and a louder slushing close by in the margin.

Then silence as the night-walker senses intrusion.

Then dead silence.

A loud *sniff*.

Be wise, O intruder! Be inhumanly gentle, O human watcher! Give off no emanation of fear, be calm. Give off no scent of effort, be stock-still. Give off no air-throb, even of hand-wave, nor head-turn, be as frozen.

The prowler may scent you. He will. He may size you up as a neutral, unless by emotion your irradiants are tinctured, and so are made hostile.

SPLASH, SPLASH!!! how it strikes the tense nerve like a blow on a harp-string, like midnight crash of some book on piano keys, like a blow on the cords of one's hammock. A river-horse plunging you think, but no it is only a muskrat, a muskrat, much less than a rabbit. What a big black sound it seems in the big wide night. Now there is a dulness prevailing.

Have you learned the first rule, the rede of the woodwise: When doubtful turn into a statue, be as frozen. There is safety in freezing. Have you seen the wise cottontail baffle most dangers? Then have you seen that his game is this; *freeze, freeze.* Lay low when in doubt; keep silence in danger. This is the rede of the underbrush; this is the deft of the trailwise.

That ton of rock that avalanched into the pool was only a three months' old muskrat, a muskrat as big as a kitten.

Wait, freeze, wait.

Whistling wings inexplainable passing, now dulness predominant; but freeze.

The long snaky shade of the limb slats, shake shorter. Still freeze. Feel you not the boring eyes, the sense measurement of another thought-centre. You are conscious strongly and sensitive weakly. Yours is not the opalescent iris, therefore freeze, wait and freeze.

He has sized you up. They have sized you up. You are of an abominable kind, but maybe better than your kind, because you wait, freeze and wait.

What is that?

No miracle. Such are of a bygone age

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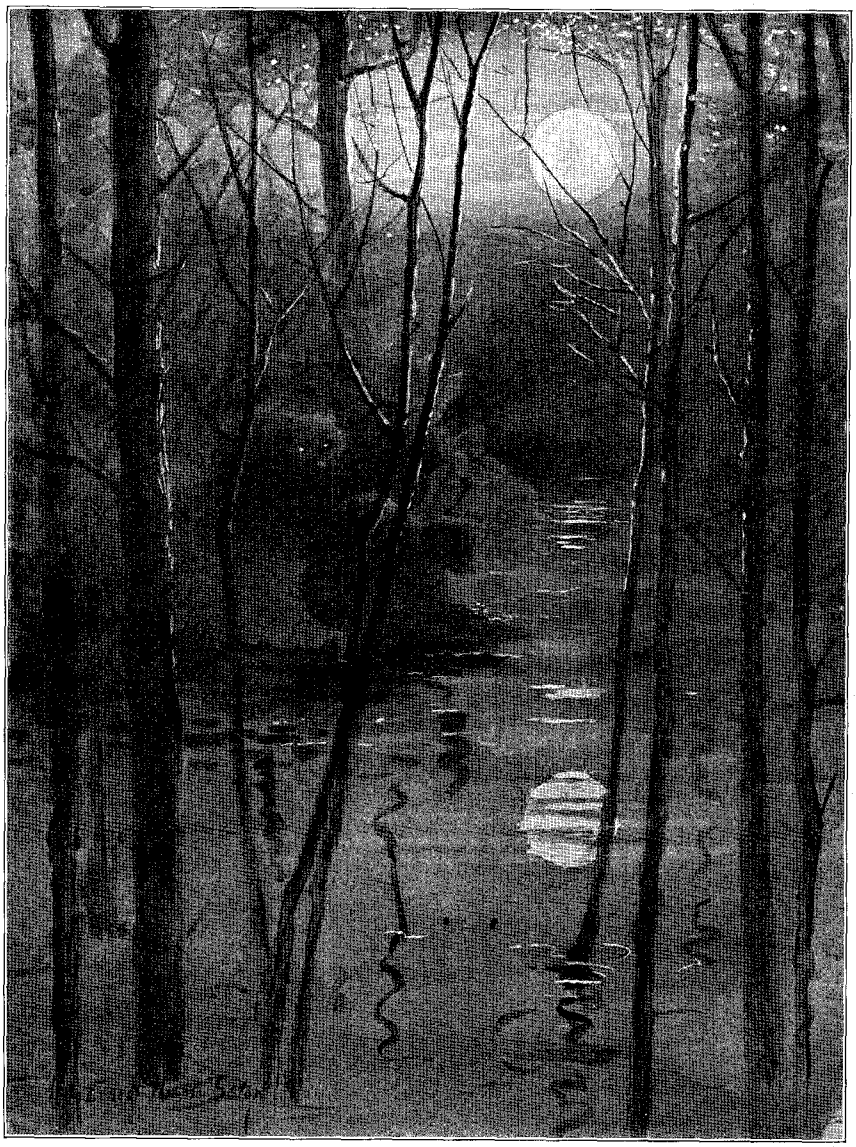

They are signalling: Who are you? friend or foe?—Page 753.

so the blind and the mind-halt assure us. Oh, wonder of the welkin, what divineness is this? How it saffronates the blessed firmament with mellowing effulgency. It upfloods, possessing, intensing. Oh, eye-soothing shimmer. Oh, good irradiance. Oh, harbinger foreglow of some strong one burning behind the hill. How good it is to be alive with eyes to see it. There! Ho, it comes! They call it the Moon—that high glory, only the Moon! It comes up. How glad I am for such a beautiful miracle. See how it eats holes in the eastern trees. How it burns through them, abolishing the lesser limbs in its way.

Hush! Can you not feel it? Can you not sense that you are being sensed. Very close now.

Cease your cheap mental jangling, quell those overhammered strings, conjure a mental hush; you have forgotten.

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That blessed bright one is up higher; her twin sister in the water now, going down as she goes up.

Round the tree boles are sheets of broken glass, now they sparkle and crawl.

See where the long wires of the red willow are entangled, they make a foolish prison for the Shining One. She burns them, they are forgotten.

The lines that sparkle, crawl. When mud and crystal meet they sparkle, where stolidity meets limpidity they crawl.

But wait, freeze, wait.

That squattering on the far bank? No, that is nothing. That scratching on a trunk so placed to make ye moon blind? No, that is little Shaka Skandaway. When they kill him and put his skull in a museum they call him *sciuropterus*, but here he is Shaka Skandaway.

Hush!

Chirr-chirr. They are talking.

Does your heart thump? Surely. They are talking of you. They are deciding. *Chirr-chirr.* You are of no account they agree. You are negative, negligible.

Other noises. All remote. Other things living their lives. Only these close at hand are restrained.

Wait, freeze, wait.

Chirr-chirr-girrr.

Keep still, emanate friendliness.

The big golden arc-light swings higher.

Why does its golden light make all the world so blue?

See that blue bank by the moving blue water.

See the glorious blue vigor of that skunk cabbage.

Hush! What is that dusky bigness that blots out the skunk cabbage. How big! How dusky! It has little blueness. But see! The dull bigness moves this way and two red lamps are shining. It is like a motor-car coming. Yes, you had heard of it, but you did not know it was so. They were vain words to you.

Now you know:—The lamps of the prowler. Now they are gone, now one appears, now two. They are gone.

But see, there are four. What! They separate now. Two bulks of soft bigness.

They pause by the water. They break its blue grayness into glintings and fire. When they dabble it sparkles out light, little lightnings, faint fireflies.

They come nearer.

Jammed against the tree trunk, rugged and rough as a tree trunk, are you, waiting, rigid, waiting.

How you long to sweep the mosquitoes from your face. They are not many but bloodathirst. You must not move. A hand lift would mean hostility.

The big dusky prowlers turn the red lamps on you. They gaze. They turn aside and stand angling. What are they doing? They give the signals. The black mask, the banded tails,—their tribal flag, the badge of the Coon-raccoon folk.

They are signalling: Who are you? friend or foe?

Hush—wait. You have answered, you did not know it, but you emanated the answer "Friend." That is enough.

Wait. They lamp you, they break dull water into sparkles; they slush along the shore, they melt softly. They leap on a frog; they squelch him. (Wait—keep still—keep freezing.) The bigger one has him. The lesser complains. The bigger one drops the meat. The lesser one washes and eats it. The lesser one digs, muttering, then grabs in the mud—a small eel, and chews it, washing off the muck, regales: The big one looking on. Then in the greenish-blue slime he swats a crawfish. The lesser one claims it. He yields uncomplaining. The lesser one *sniffs* apprehensively; then he comes red-eyed toward you. He rumbles in his chest. Why?

This is what he says: "Do not at your peril molest *her*."

Oh, you have guessed their secret. Is not it beautiful, brutish and beautiful?

You wait, freeze, and wait.

The two big blots of movableness are gone, softly sunk in the interlacement. Very quiet.

Oh, be glad for the moon. For a long time after you will remember how brightly it shone to-night. And in the morning you will see tracks on the margin, not very big, but tracks of bare hands and feet, eight of them.

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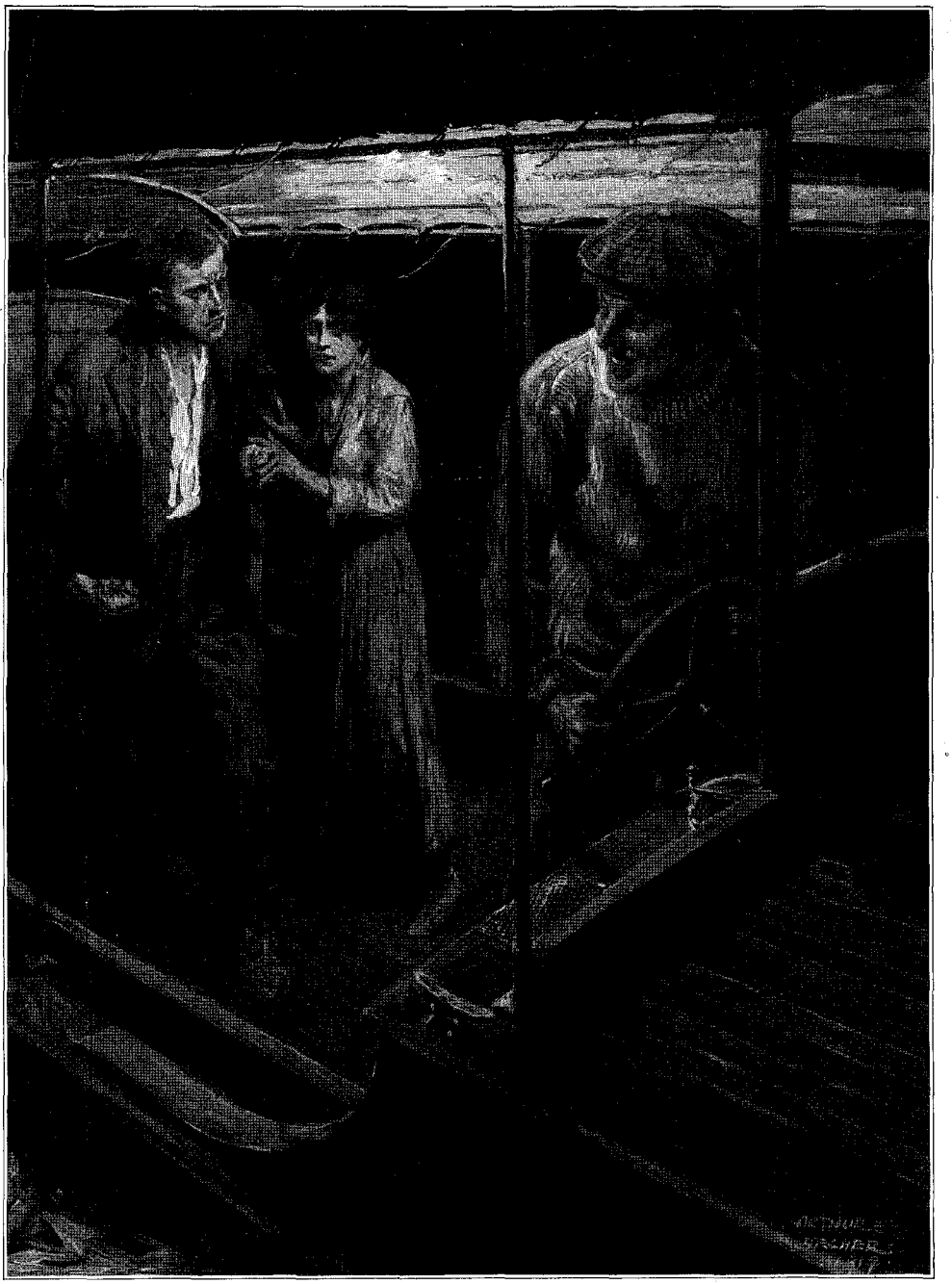

Drawn by Arthur E. Becher.

"The account between us is too long to wait for daylight!"—Page 758.

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STRANDED IN ARCADY

BY FRANCIS LYNDE

ILLUSTRATION BY ARTHUR E. BECHER

XIX

IN DURANCE VILE

PRIME stood up, spreading his empty hands in reasonable token of submission.

"If you are an officer of the law we have no notion of resisting you," he said placably. "What is the charge against us?"

"Ye'll be knowin' that weel enough, I'm thinkin'. Whaur's Indian Jules and the Cambon man? Maybe ye can tell me that! Aiblins ye'd better not, though. I'll gie ye fair warnin' that whatever ye say 'll be used against ye."

There seemed to be nothing for it but an unconditional surrender. Prime looked the posse over appraisively as the men composing it moved forward into the circle of firelight. The under-sheriff was what his speech declared him to be—a Scotchman; stubby, square-built, clean-shaven, with a graying fringe of hair over his ears, a hard-lined mouth, shrewd eyes under penthouse brows, and a portentous official frown. His posse men were apparently either "river hogs" or sawmill hands—rough-looking young fellows giving the impression that they would obey orders with small regard for consequences. Prime saw nothing hopeful in the Scotchman's face, but it occurred to him that a too easy yielding might be construed as an admission of guilt.

"I take it that a false arrest and imprisonment is actionable in Canada, as well as in the United States," he threw out coolly, helping Lucetta to her feet. "We'll be glad to have you take us with you—but not as prisoners." And thereupon he briefed for the square-built one the story of the kidnapping and its results.

"And ye're expectin' me to believe any such fule's rubbish as that?" snapped the Scotchman wrathfully when the tale was told.

"You can believe it or not, as you choose; it is the plain truth. We'll go along with you cheerfully, and be grateful enough to you or to anybody who will show us the way out of this wilderness. But, as to the crime you are charging us with, there isn't a particle of evidence, and you know it."

"There's evidence to hang the baith of ye! Ye've admitted that the half-breeds are baith deid; and John Baptist will sweer that ye had their canoe and Cambon's gun. For the matter o' that, ye're not denyin' it, yerself."

"We are merely wasting time," put in Prime quietly. "You evidently have no wish to be convinced; and if you are willing to take the chance of making a false arrest you may have your own way. Let me say first, though, that this lady is just recovering from a severe attack of fever, and you will be held strictly accountable if you make her endure any unreasonable hardships."

"'Tis not for you to make terms," was the irascible rejoinder, and then to his men: "Tie their hands, and we'll be goin'."

"One moment," Prime interposed; and stooping swiftly he caught up the rifle. "You may do anything you please to me, but the first man who lays a hand on the lady is going to get himself killed."

The under-sheriff screwed out a bleak smile at the naïve simplicity of the threat. "And if we say 'Yes,' and truss you up first," he suggested, "what'll ye be doin' then?"

"I shall take your word for it as from one gentleman to another," was Prime's quick concession, and with that he dropped the gun and held out his hands.

They bound him securely with buckskin thongs, and at a word from the Scotch-

*** A summary of the preceding chapters of "Stranded in Arcady" appears on page 4 of the Advertising pages.

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man the camp dunnage was gathered up, the fire trodden out, and a shift was made to the river bank. A three-quarter moon, riding high, showed the two captives a large birch-bark drawn out upon the sands. The embarkation was quickly accomplished, the under-sheriff planting himself amidships with his two prisoners, and the four posse men taking the paddles as if they had been bred to it.

After an hour or more of swift downstream gliding the current quickened and a sound like the wind sweeping through the tree-tops warned the voyagers that they were approaching a rapid. At this the canoe was sent ashore and the Scotchman changed places with his bow-man, letting the change stand even after the slight hazard of quick water was passed. Prime soon saw that his new guard was nodding, and bent to whisper to his fellow captive:

"This is mighty hard for you—after yesterday and last night," he protested. "Can't you shift a little and lean against me?"

"I am doing quite well," was the low-toned answer. And then: "What is going to come of all this, Donald?"

"We shall get out of the woods for one thing. And for another we are going to hope that a real court will not be so suspiciously obstinate as this Scotchman. But, whatever lies ahead, we must just stand by and face it out—together. They can't punish us for a crime that we didn't commit."

There was silence for another half-hour, and then Lucetta whispered again.

"Which pocket is your penknife in?" she asked.

"The right-hand pocket of my waistcoat. What are you going to do?"

"I am going to cut the thongs. It is barbarously cruel for them to leave you tied this way!"

"No," he forbade. "That would only make matters worse. The buckskin is not hurting me much. Lean your head against my shoulder and see if you can't get a little sleep."

At the morning breakfast halt Prime tried to extract a bit of geographical information from the Scotchman. It was given grudgingly. During the night they had passed from their own river to the larger Rivière du Lièvres and they were still twenty-four hours or more from their destination—a place with a long French name that Prime did not catch and which the Scotchman would not repeat. For the first time in their wanderings the two castaways ate a meal that they had not prepared for themselves; and Prime, observing anxiously, was glad to note that Lucetta's wilderness appetite seemed to be returning.

Throughout the day, during which the crew took turns paddling and sleeping, the big birch-bark held to its downstream course. But now the scenery was changing with each fresh looping of the crooked river, the River of the Hares. Recent timber cuttings appeared; the river broadened into lake-like reaches; here and there upon the banks there were lumber camps; in the afternoon a small town was passed, and later the site of another that had been destroyed by a landslide.

With an eye single to his purpose the Scotchman made no noon stop, and the supper fire was built on the right-hand bank of the broadened stream at a spot where there were no signs of human habitation. As at the breakfast, Prime's bonds were taken off to permit him to feed himself, and when the voyage was resumed they were not put on again.

"The wumman tells me ye can't swim, and I'm takin' her word for it," was the gruff explanation. "If ye go overboard in the night, I'll juist lat ye droon."

With his hands free Prime asked if he might smoke. The permission was given, and, since they had confiscated Prime's store of tobacco with the remainder of the dunnage, the Scotchman opened his heart and his tobacco-pouch in the prisoner's behalf, filling his own pipe at the same time. When the dottles were glowing, the under-sheriff thawed another degree or so.

"D'ye mean to tell me that ye're goin' to hold to that rideeculous story of yours in the coort?" he questioned. "It may do for auld Sandy Macdougal, the under-sheriff; but ye'll no be expectin' a jury to listen till it."

Prime laughed soberly. "I wish, for your sake and our own, Mr. Macdougal, that we had a more believable story to

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tell. But facts are hard matters to evade. Things have happened to us precisely as I have tried to tell you. We were drugged in Quebec and abducted—carried off in an air-machine, as well as we can reason it out—and that is all there is to it. We don't know any more than you do what we were kidnapped for—or by whom."

"Weel, ye're a main lang ways from Quebec the noo—some twa hunnerd miles or mair. And ye're not dressed for the timmer."

"Hardly," said Prime.

Macdougal jerked a thumb over his shoulder toward Lucetta. "Is the wumman yer wife?"

"No; we are distant cousins, though we had never met before the morning when we found ourselves on the shore of the big lake."

"Ye mean that ye were strangers to each ither?"

"Just that. Up to that moment neither had known of the existence of the other."

The Scotchman stared hard at Prime from beneath his shaggy brows.

"Young man, ye'll juist be tellin' me what's yer business, when ye're not trollopin' round in the timmer with a young wumman that's yer cousin, and that ye never saw or heard of before."

"I am a fiction-writer," Prime admitted, not without some little anxiety as to the effect the statement might have upon the hard-headed under-sheriff.

"Ou, ay! That's it, is it? A story-writer? And, besides that, ye're the biggest fule leevin' to tell it to me. Ye'll no be expectin' me to believe anything ye're sayin', after that! A novel-writer—losh!"

"One of the greatest Scotchmen the world ever saw was a novel-writer," Prime ventured to suggest.

"And it's varra little to his credit, let me tell ye that, young man! 'Tis mair becomin' to Sir Walter that he was sheriff depute o' Selkirkshire and clerk o' the session for abune twenty-five year on end. That's a story for ye!"

Prime saw that he was making no headway with the Macdougal, and after the pipes were out he tried to compose himself to sleep. Some time later on Macdougal changed places with one of the paddlers, and, seizing her opportunity, Lucetta crept back to take her place beside Prime. They talked in whispers for a while, each trying to cheer the other. The morning of new and more threatening involvements was only a short night distant, and in the light of the month of hardship and mystery they could only fear the worst and hope for the best.

"You must try to get what sleep you can," Prime urged at the last, arranging the nearest blanket-roll for her back-support. "We shall be up against it again in the morning, and we both ought to have clear heads and a good, cold nerve. Snuggle down and shut your eyes. I am going to do the same after I've smoked another pipe."

He kept his word, dropping off shortly after the big canoe had entered a long straight reach with twinkling lights on either shore to prove that the moving world was once more coming within shouting distance. How long he slept he did not know, but when he awoke the canoe was stopped in mid-stream, and was lying stem to stern beside a larger craft, in the hold of which throbbing machinery seemed to be running idle.

Vaguely he gathered the impression that the canoe had been held up by the motor-craft; then he realized that a fierce altercation was going on between a big man who was leaning over the side to grip the gunwale of the birch-bark, and Under-sheriff Macdougal.

"I'll fight it out with you in any court you like, you stubborn blockhead!" Prime heard the big man bellow at Macdougal, and then the canoe was passed swiftly aft, somebody reached over the side and lifted him bodily into the cockpit of the motor-boat, and a moment later he found Lucetta beside him, staring wildly and clinging to him as if he were her only hope.

"Wha-what are they doing to us now?" she quavered, and as she spoke the grumbling machinery in the depths below roared a louder note, and the big motor-craft cut a careening half-circle in mid-stream, leaving the birch-bark to dance and wabble in the converging area of the furrowing bow wave. By this time Prime had shaken himself fully awake. The two deck-hands who had pulled him and

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Lucetta aboard had disappeared, and the big man who had been bullying Macdougal was at the wheel. There was a single electric bulb in the centre of the cockpit awning, and by its light Prime had his first good look at the big steersman.

"*Grider!*" he exploded, taking a step toward the man at the wheel; and at that Miss Lucetta Millington drew herself up icily and turned her back.

XX

WATSON GRIDER

PRIME had often made his fictional heroes "see red" in exceptionally vigorous crises, and he was now able to verify the colorful figure of speech in his own proper person. Like a submerging wave the recollection of all that the heartless joke might have meant to a pair of helpless victims—of all that it had actually entailed in hardships and peril and sickness—rushed over him as he faced the handsome young giant at the wheel of the motor-cruiser.

"So it *was* you, after all!" he gritted. Then: "There are some few things that won't keep, Grider. Put this boat ashore where we can have a little more room. The account between us is too long to wait for daylight!"

The barbarian's answer to this was a shout of derisive laughter, and he made a show of putting the small steering-wheel between himself and his belligerent passenger.

"Give me time, Don—just a little time to take it all in!" he gurgled. "Oh, my sainted grandmother! what a perfectly ripping fling you must have had, to make you turn loose all holds like this! And the lady—won't you—won't you introduce me?"

Lucetta faced about, and, if a look could have crippled, the motor-cruiser would have lost its steersman.

"Cousin Donald has tried to tell me about you, but the reality is worse than he or anybody could put into words!" she broke out in indignant scorn. "Of all the inhuman, dastardly things that have ever been done in the name of a practical joke, yours is certainly the climax, Mr. Grider!"

The young man at the wheel pursed his lips as if he were going to whistle; then he appeared to comprehend suddenly and went off in another gust of Hudibrastic mirth.

"I've been figuring it all out as I came along up-river," he choked; "how you had tried to account for yourselves to each other—how you had been wrestling with the lack of all the little civilized knicknacks and notions—how you'd look when you came out. Excuse me, but your—your clothes, you know; you're a pair to make a wooden idol hold his sides and chortle himself to death!"

This seemed to be adding insult to injury, and by this time Prime was speechless, Berserk-mad, as he himself would have written it. Nothing but Lucetta's restraining hand upon his arm kept him from hurling himself, reckless of consequences, upon the heartless jester. When he could control his symptoms sufficiently to find a few coherent words, he contrived to ease the soul-nausea—in some small measure.

"There is another day coming, Grider; don't you lose sight of that for a single minute!" he raged. "I'm not saying anything about myself; perhaps I have given you cause to assume that you can pull off your brutal initiation stunts on me whenever you feel like it. That's all right, but you've overdone the thing this time. Miss Millington's quarrel is my quarrel. If I can't get you in any other way, I'll post you in every club you belong to as the man who plays horse-laugh jokes on women!"

At this outburst Grider only laughed again, appearing to be entirely and quite joyously impervious to either scorn or red rage.

"Perhaps I do owe you both an apology—not for the joke—that is too ripping good to be spoiled—but for breaking your night's rest in that peppery Scotchman's birch-bark," he offered. "If you'll duck under the raised deck, you'll find two dog-kennel staterooms. The port-side kennel is yours, Don, and the other is Miss Millington's. Suppose you turn in and get your nap out. To-morrow morning, if you still feel in the humor for it, you can get together and give me what you seem to think is coming to me.

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Shoo! I can't steer this boat and play skittles with you at the same time. Run along to bed—both of you!"

With such a case-hardened barbarian for a host, there seemed to be nothing else to be done, and Prime took Lucetta's arm and helped her down into the tiny cabin. It was lighted, and the doors of the two box-like staterooms were open. Prime felt for the button on the jamb of the right-hand door and Lucetta's sleeping-niche sprang alight. She looked in and gave a little cry of astonishment.

"My suit-cases!" she exclaimed; "the ones I left in the Quebec hotel!"

Prime snapped the opposite switch and looked on his own side. "My auto trunk, too," he conceded sourly. "We didn't need any more evidence, but this is conclusive. Grider has had his horse-laugh, and the least he could do in the wind-up was to bring us our belongings. I suppose we are compelled to be indebted to him for getting us out of the scrape with Macdougal, much as it goes against the grain; but to-morrow we'll settle with him."

Lucetta braced herself in her doorway against the surge and swing of the racing cruiser.

"He doesn't look like a man who could be so wholly lost to all sense of—of the fitness of things, Donald," she ventured, as one who would not be immitigably vindictive.

"He looks, and acts, like a wild ass of the desert!" Prime stormed, in a fresh access of resentment. And then: "You'd best go to bed and get what sleep you can. Heaven only knows what new piece of buffoonery will be sprung upon us to-morrow morning."

She looked up with the adorable little grimace, a copy of which he had long since resolved to wish upon his next and most bewitching heroine.

"I believe you are angry yet," she chided, half in mockery. "I like you best when you don't scowl so ferociously, Cousin Donald. You forget that we have agreed that it wasn't all bad. Good night." And she closed her door.

Turning out of his box-berth the next morning, Prime found the sun shining broadly in at the stateroom port-light. The motor-boat was at rest and the machinery was stopped. A bath, a shave, and a complete change to fresh haberdashery made him feel somewhat less pugnacious, and stumbling up the companion to the cockpit he saw that the cruiser was tied up at a wharf on the river fringe of a considerable city; saw, also, that Lucetta, likewise renewed as to her outward appearance, was awaiting him.

"Where is Grider?" he demanded shortly.

"He has gone somewhere to get an auto to take us to a hotel."

"What city is this?"

"It is Ottawa. Don't you see the government buildings up there on the hill?"

Prime was silent for a moment. Then he said: "He needn't think he is going to smooth it all over by showing us a few little neighborly attentions. We are back in the good old civilized world once more, and we are not asking any favors of Watson Grider."

"Oh, I shouldn't feel that way, if I were you," she qualified. "He seems very humble and penitent this morning, though he is still twinkly-eyed, and I couldn't make him talk much. He said we'd want to be having our breakfast, and——"

"We don't breakfast with him," was the crabbed rejoinder.

"Why, Donald!" she protested, in a laughing mockery of deprecatory concern. "I believe you are still angry. You really mustn't hold spite, that way. It isn't nice—or Bankhead-y."

He looked her fairly in the eyes. "Don't begin by throwing the old minister ancestor up at me, Lucetta. I can't help the grouch, and I don't know as I want to help it. Every time I think of you lying there under the big spruces, sick and discouraged, suffering for the commonest necessities and with no possible chance of getting them, I want to go out and swear like a pirate and murder somebody. Why doesn't he bring that auto, if he is going to?"

As if the impatient demand had evoked him, Grider appeared on the wharf and beckoned to them. Prime helped his companion up to the string-piece, and had only a scowl for their late host as Grider led the way to the street and a

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waiting auto. The barbarian stood aside while Prime was putting Lucetta into the car and clambering in after her. Then he took the seat beside the driver, and no word was said until the car was stopped before the entrance of an up-town hotel, where Grider got down to open the tonneau door for the pair on the rear seat.

"You'll want to have your first civilized breakfast by yourselves and I shan't butt in," he offered good-naturedly. "Later on, say about ten o'clock, I'll be glad to see you both in the ladies' parlor—if you can forgive me that far."

Prime made no reply, but after they were seated in the comfortable breakfast-room and were revelling in their surroundings and in the efficient service he broke out again.

"Grider still has his brass-bound nerve with him; to ask us to meet him! I'd see him in kingdom-come first, if I wasn't spoiling to tell him a few things."

"Perhaps he wishes to try to explain," came from the less vindictive side of the table-for-two. "Think a moment, Cousin Donald: you two have been friends and college chums, and—and Mr. Grider has been brotherly good to you in times past, hasn't he? And I don't want you to quarrel with him."

"Why don't you?"

"Because you have said enough to make me understand that you are doing it for my sake. That won't answer at all, you know."

"I don't see why it won't," Prime objected with sudden obtuseness.

"For the best possible reason; there is another woman to be considered. Sooner or later she will hear that you have broken with your best friend on account of a—a person she has never even heard of, and there will be consequences."

"Oh, if that is all"—and then he laughed. "You are either the most childlike bit of femininity the world has ever seen—or the most wilfully blind, Lucetta."

"'Cousin Lucetta,'" she corrected. "We are back among the conventions, now."

He took the implied readjustment of their relations rather hard.

"That wasn't worthy of you," he protested warmly. "We have been too much to each other in the past month to go back of the returns in that way, don't you think?"

"I can tell better what I think after I have climbed down into my little groove in the girls' school," she returned half-absently, and beyond this the talk concerned itself with their plans for the immediate future, Prime still insisting that he meant to see his table companion safely home and setting the difficulties and objections aside as one who had a perfect right to do so.

When the leisurely meal was finished Prime pushed his chair back and glanced at his watch.

"It is nearly ten o'clock," he announced. "Shall we go and meet Grider? Or shall we give him the cold shoulder he so richly deserves and go hunt up the railroad time-tables? It is for you to say."

She decided instantly.

"I think we ought to go and hear what Mr. Grider has to say for himself. We owe him that much for rescuing us from that terrible old Scotch under-sheriff."

And together they sought the hotel parlors.

XXI

THE FAIRY FORTUNE

Mr. Watson Grider was not alone when they found him. He was sharing a sofa in the public parlor with an elderly little gentleman whose winter-apple face was decorated with mutton-chop whiskers and wreathed in smiles—the smiles of a listener who has just heard a story worth retailing at the dinner-table.

The two stood up when Prime led his companion into the room, and Grider did the honors.

"Miss Millington, let me introduce Mr. Shellaby, an old friend of my father's and the senior member of the firm of Shellaby, Grice, and Shellaby, solicitors. Mr. Shellaby—Miss Millington and Mr. Donald Prime."

The little gentleman adjusted his eyeglasses and looked the pair over carefully. Then the twinkling smile hovered again at the corners of the near-sighted eyes.

"Are you—ah—are you aware of your

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relationship to this young lady, Mr. Prime?" he asked.

Prime made a sign of assent. "We figured it out one evening over our campfire. We are third cousins, I believe."

"Exactly," said Mr. Shellaby, matching his slender fingers and making a little bow. "Now another question, if you please: Mr. Grider tells me that you have just returned from a most singular and adventurous experience in the wilds of the northern woods. This experience, I understand, was entirely involuntary on your part. Have you—ah—formulated any theory to account for your—ah—abduction?"

Prime glanced at Grider and frowned. "We know all we need to know about that part of it," he rejoined curtly. "Mr. Grider is probably still calling it a practical joke; but we call it an outrage."

The little man smiled again. "Exactly," he agreed; and then: "Do you happen to know what day of the month this is?"

Prime shook his head.

"We have lost count of the days. I kept a notched stick for a while, but I lost it along toward the last."

Mr. Shellaby waved them to chairs, saying: "Be seated, if you please; we may as well be comfortable as we talk. This is the last day of July. Does that mean anything in particular to either of you?"

Lucetta gave a little cry of surprise.

"It does to me," she said quickly. "Did you—did you put an advertisement in a Cleveland newspaper addressed to me, Mr. Shellaby?"

"We did; and we also advertised for the heirs of Roger Prime, of Batavia, New York. We believed at the time that it was a mere matter of form; in fact, when we drew his will our client informed us that there would most probably be no results. He was of the opinion that neither Roger Prime nor Clarissa Millington had left any living children."

"Your client?" Prime interrupted. "May we ask who he is?"

"*Was*," corrected the small man gravely. "Mr. Jasper Bankhead died last January. You didn't know him, I'm sure; quite possibly you have never heard of him until this moment."

"We both know of him," Prime amended. "He was my great-uncle, and a cousin of Miss Millington's grandmother. He was scarcely more than a family tradition to either of us, however. We had both been told that he went west as a young man and was never heard of afterward."

Mr. Shellaby nodded soberly.

"Mr. Bankhead was a rather peculiar character in some respects; quite eccentric, in fact. He accumulated a great deal of property in British Columbia—in mining enterprises—and it was only in his latter years that he came here to live. We drew his will, as I have said. He was without family, and he left the bulk of his estate—something over two millions—to various charities and hospitals. There were other legacies, to be sure, and among them one which was to be divided equally between, or among, the direct heirs, if any could be discovered, of Clarissa Millington and Roger Prime."

"And if no such heirs could be found?" Prime inquired.

"Our client was quite sure that they wouldn't be found. It seems that he had previously had some inquiries made on his own account. For that reason he placed a comparatively short time limit upon our efforts and prescribed their form. We were to advertise in certain newspapers, and if there should be no answer within six months of the date of his death the legacy in question was to revert to his private secretary, a young man who had served him in many capacities, and who was, by the by, already generously provided for in a separate bequest."

Lucetta's gray eyes lighted suddenly and she spoke with a little catching of her breath.

"The name of that young man, Mr. Shellaby, is Horace Bandish, isn't it?" she suggested.

"Quite so," nodded the little man; and then, with the amused twinkle returning to point the bit of dry humor: "I am sorry to have to spoil your estimate of Mr. Grider's capabilities as a practical joker; yes, very sorry, indeed; but I'm afraid I must. Bandish was your kidnapper, you know, and it is owing entirely to Mr. Grider's energetic efforts that the

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fellow is at present safely lodged in the Ottawa jail awaiting indictment and trial. In order that he might be certain of adding your legacy to his own, he meant to deprive you both of any possible opportunity of communicating with us before the 31st of July. The young woman who calls herself his wife was his accomplice, but she has disappeared. Mr. Grider can give you the details of the plot better than I can."

"Then Grider didn't—then the legacy is ours?" Prime stammered, clutching manfully for handholds in the grapple with this entirely new array of things incredible.

"Precisely, Mr. Prime; yours and Miss Millington's. There will be some legal formalities, to be sure, but Mr. Grider assures us that you can comply with them. Compared with Mr. Bankhead's undivided total, the amount of the legacy is not great; some two hundred thousand dollars, less the costs of administration, to be divided equally between you if you prove to be the only surviving heirs direct of the two persons named in the will."

Prime turned slowly upon his companion castaway.

"You said you wanted enough, but not too much," he reminded her solemnly. "I hope you're not disappointed, either way. At all events, you'll never have to cook for a man again unless you really wish to, and you can have your wish about the world travel, too."

"And you can have yours about the writing of the leisurely book," she flashed back; "about that, and—and——"

Prime's laugh ignored the presence of Grider and the lawyer.

"And the imaginary girl, you were going to say? Yes; I shall certainly marry her, if she'll have me."

Mr. Shellaby was on his feet and bowing again.

"I think I have said all that needs to be said here and now," he concluded mildly. "If you will excuse me, I'll go. We are a rather busy office. Later, Mr. Grider may bring you to us and we can set the legal machinery in motion. I congratulate you both very heartily, I'm sure," and he shook hands all around and backed away.

When they were left alone with the barbarian Prime wheeled short upon him.

"Watson, will you raise your right hand and swear that this isn't another twist in your infernal joke?" he demanded. "Because, if it is——"

Grider fell back into the nearest chair and chuckled like a fat boy at a play.

"If it only were!" he gloated. "Wouldn't it be rich? Oh, Great Peter! why didn't I think of it in time and run a sham lawyer in on you? It would have been as easy as rolling off a log. Unhappily, Don, it's all too true. I didn't invent it—more's the pity!"

Prime stood over the joker, menacing him with a clenched fist. "If you want to go on living and spending your swollen fortune, you'll tell us all the ins and outs of it," he rasped, in well-assumed ferocity.

"I was only waiting for an invitation," was the laughing rejoinder. "When you didn't turn up in Boston to go motoring with me I ran over to New York and broke into your rooms. On your desk I found a telegram purporting to have come from me at Quebec. Since I hadn't wired you from Quebec, or anywhere else, I began to ask questions. Your janitor answered the first one: you had already gone to Canada. I couldn't imagine what was going on, but it seemed to be worth following up, so I took the next train for Quebec."

"And you didn't wire ahead?" said Prime.

"No; it didn't occur to me, but it wouldn't have done any good. Your disappearance was two days old when I reached Quebec. You weren't missed much, but Miss Millington was; the school-teachers were milling around and raising all sorts of a row. But in another day it quieted down flat. Somebody started the story that you two had run off together to get married; that it had been all cut and dried between you beforehand."

"That was probably a part of the plot—to account for us in that way," Lucetta put in.

"No doubt it was," Grider went on. "But the elopement story didn't satisfy me. I knew there wasn't any reason in the wide world why Don shouldn't get married openly, if he could find any girl foolish enough to say 'yes,' so I simply

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discounted the gossip and wired for detectives. A very little sleuth work developed the fact that each of you had been seen last in company with one of the Bandishes. That gave us a sort of a clew, and we began to trail Mr. Horace Bandish and dig up his record."

"And while you were doing all this for us, we . . . honestly, Mr. Grider, I am ashamed to tell you what we were saying of you," said the young woman in penitent self-abasement.

"Oh, that was all right. In times past I had given Don plenty of material of that sort to work on; only I wish I had known how you were looking at it—that you were charging it all up to me. It would have lightened the gloom immensely. But to get on: we trailed Bandish, as I say, and found that he had had an aeroplane shipped to him at Quebec a few days before your arrival there. That looked a bit suspicious, and a little more digging made it look more so. The 'plane had been unloaded and carted away, and a few days later had been brought back and shipped to Ottawa. That left a pretty plain trail, but still there was no evidence of criminality."

"Of course, you didn't know anything about the legacy, at that stage of it?" Prime threw in.

"Not a thing in the world. More than that, Bandish's record was decently good. We found that he had been a sort of general factotum for a rich old man, and had been left comfortably well off when his employer died. There was absolutely no motive in sight; no reason on earth why he should drug a couple of total strangers and blot them out. Just the same, I was confident that he had done it, and that I should eventually find you by keeping cases on him. So I dropped the detectives, who were beginning to give me the laugh for being so pig-headed about an ordinary elopement, gathered up your belongings on the chance that you'd need 'em if I should make good in the search for you, and came here to Ottawa to keep in touch with Bandish."

Prime's smile was grim. "You were taking a lot of trouble for two people who were just about that time calling you all the hard names in the category," he interposed.

"Wasn't I?" said the barbarian with a grin. "But never mind about that. I came here, as I said, and settled down to keep an eye on Horace. For quite some time I didn't learn anything new. I found that Bandish was a club man, well known and rather popular; also that he was an amateur aviator and had made a number of exhibition flights. Everybody knew him and everybody seemed to like him. In the course of time we met at one of the clubs, and I watched him carefully when we were introduced. If he had sent the forged telegram it was proof that he knew me by name, at least. But he never made a sign.

"It was about a week later than this when I stumbled upon Mr. Shellaby and got my first real clew in the story of the legacy muddle. Of course that opened all the doors, and after that I laid for Horace like a cat watching a mouse. Before long I could see that he was growing mighty nervous about something, and the next thing I knew he turned up missing. Right there I lost my head and wasted two whole days trying to find out which railroad he had taken out of town. Late in the evening of the second day I learned, by the merest bit of bull-headed luck, that he had gone up the Rivière du Lièvres in a motor-launch. I had a quick hunch that that motor-launch was pointing in your direction, and that it was up to me to chase him and find you and get you back here before the thirty-first. Three hours later I had borrowed the *Sprite* and was after him."

"He found us," said Prime, rather grittingly. "We had stopped to patch our canoe, and he came up in the night and cut another hole in it. I mistook him for you—which was the chief reason why I didn't take a pot-shot at him as he was running away."

"I knew I had no chance to overtake him," Grider went on, "but it seemed a safe bet that I'd get him coming out. I did; captured him, took him ashore, built a fire, and told him I was going to roast him alive if he didn't come across with the facts. He held out for a while, but finally told me the whole of it: how he had figured to get you two together in Quebec after he had learned that you, Miss Millington, were due to be there

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with the teachers. You see, he knew all about you—both of you. As Mr. Bankhead's secretary he had made, at Mr. Bankhead's dictation, all the former inquiries, and, of course, had carefully kept the answers from reaching the old gentleman. With a little more cooking he told me how he and the woman had drugged you both, after which he had carried you in the 'plane to the shore of some unpronounceable lake in the north woods."

"What did he mean to do?—let us starve to death?" Prime asked.

"Oh, no; nothing so murderous as that! He had it all doped out beforehand. There is a Hudson Bay post on one of the streams flowing into the lake, and he had arranged with a couple of half-breed canoe-men to happen along and pick you up and bring you back, stipulating only that they should kill time enough to make the return trip use up the entire month of July. As the fatal date drew near, he grew uneasy and made the launch trip to see to it personally that you were not getting along too fast. He found your camp and cut your canoe merely to add a little more delay for good measure. He couldn't tell me what had become of his half-breeds."

Prime laughed. "I suppose the old Scotch under-sheriff told you, didn't he?"

"He tried to tell me that you and Miss Millington had assassinated the two men and stolen their canoe and outfit. You didn't do that?—or did you?"

"Hardly," Prime denied. Then he told the story of the finding of the dead men, capping it with an account of the chance visit of Jean Baptiste.

Grider left his chair and took a turn up and down the room.

"It was a great adventure," he declared, coming back to them. "Some day you are going to tell me all about it, and the kind of a time you had. I'll bet it was fierce—some parts of it, anyway. I can't answer for you, Miss Millington; but what Don doesn't know about roughing it is—or used to be—good and plenty."

"You sent Bandish back to town after you were through with him?" Prime inquired.

"Yes. I had taken a pair of handcuffs along, just on general principles, and I lent him my engineer to run the launch. Afterward, I kept on up-stream in the *Sprite*, hoping to meet you coming down; and hoping against hope that we would be able to beat the calendar back to Ottawa."

"We never should have beaten it if the old Scotchman hadn't taken a hand," was Prime's comment. "He saved us at least a full day."

Grider was edging toward the door. "I guess you don't need me any more just now," he offered. "I'm due to go and thank the good-natured lumber king who lent me the *Sprite*. By and by, after the dust has settled a bit, I'll come around and show you where Mr. Shellaby holds forth."

"One minute, Mr. Grider," Lucetta interposed hastily. "We can't let you go without asking your forgiveness for the way in which we have been vilifying you for a whole month, and for what we both said to you last night. I must speak for myself, at least, and——"

"Don't," said Grider, laughing again. "It's all in the day's work. As it chanced I wasn't the goat this time, but that isn't saying that I mightn't have done something quite as uncivilized if you had given me a chance. You two gave me one of the few perfect moments of a rather uneventful life last night when you made me understand that you were giving me credit for the whole thing—as a joke. I only wish I could invent one half as good. And that reminds me, Don; can you—er—do you think you'll be able to put a real woman into the next story?"

For some few minutes after the barbarian had ducked and disappeared a stiff little silence fell upon the two he had left behind. In writing about it Prime would have called it an interregnum of readjustment. He had gone to a window to stare aimlessly down into the busy street, and Lucetta was sitting with her chin in her cupped palms and her eyes fixed upon the rather garish pattern of the paper on the opposite wall. After a time Prime pulled himself together and went back to her.

"It is all changed, isn't it?" he said, in a rather flat voice. "Everything is changed. You are no longer a teacher, working for your living. You are an

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heiress, with a snug little fortune in your own right."

She looked up at him with the bright little smile which had been brought over intact from the days of the banished conventions.

"Whatever you say I am, you are," she retorted cheerfully. "Only I can't quite believe it yet—about the money, you know."

"You'd better," he returned gloomily. "Besides, it is just what you said you wanted—neither too little nor too much: one hundred thousand at a good, safe six per cent will give you an income of six thousand a year. You can travel on that for the remainder of your natural life."

"Easily," she rejoined. "And you can write the leisurely book and marry the girl. Perhaps you will be doing both while I am getting ready to go on my travels. You won't insist upon going back to Ohio with me now, will you? You—you ought to go straight to the girl, don't you think?"

"You are forgetting that I said she was an imaginary girl," he parried.

"You said so at first; but afterward you admitted that she wasn't. Also, you promised me you would show me her picture after we should get out of the woods."

"I have never had her picture," he denied. "I said I would show you what she looks like. Come to the window where the light is better."

She went with him half-mechanically. Between the two windows there was an old-fashioned pier-glass set in the wall. Before she realized what he was doing he had led her before the mirror.

"There she is, Lucetta," he said softly; "the only girl there is—or ever will be."

She started back with a little cry, putting out her hands as if to push him away.

"No, Donald—a thousand times no!" she flashed out. "Do you think I don't know that this is only another way of telling me how sorry you are for me? You know well enough what people will say when they hear how we have been together for a whole month, alone; and in your splendid chivalry you would——"

He did not let her finish. The hotel parlor was supposed to be a public room, but he ignored that and took her in his arms.

"From the first day, Lucetta, dear—from the very first day!" he argued passionately. "And it grew and grew with your absolute, your simply angelic trust in me until I was half-mad with the desire to tell you. But I couldn't tell you then; I couldn't even let you suspect and still be what you were believing me to be. Don't you think you could learn, in time, you know, to—to——"

Her face was hidden, but she made her refusal quite positive.

"No, Donald, I can never learn it—again. Because, you see, in spite of the other girl I was believing in—that you made me believe in—I— Oh, it was wicked, *wicked!*—but I couldn't help it! And all the time I was sc-scared perfectly frantic for fear you would find it out!"

"You were, were you?" he laughed happily. "Perhaps I did find it out—just a little. . . ."

It was something like an hour later, and an overruling Providence had graciously preserved the privacy of the public parlor for them during the entire length of the precious interval, when Prime looked at his watch and said: "Heavens, Lucetta! it's nearly noon! Let's go quickly and beard the Shellaby in his den before he goes to luncheon. The fairy fortune may escape us yet if we don't hurry up and nab it."

She had risen with him, and her eyes were shining when she lifted her face and let him see them.

"As if the money, or anything else in this world, could make any difference to either of us now, Donald, dear!" she protested, with a fine scorn of such inconsequent things as fairy fortunes.

And Prime, seeing the unashamed love in the shining eyes, joyously agreed with her.

THE END.

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THE NASSAU INN

By John Peale Bishop

NIGHT and rain—a silver grating on the night;
  Rain, and the wet leaves sobbing beneath my feet;
The small inn waits across the sodden leaves,
Silence at its doors and darkness in the eaves.

The iron lanterns, aureoled with light,
  Smear the pavements with gold and the wet street
With silver: you would say that fold on fold
Night was being unravelled into gold.

Midnight, deadened like repeated rhyme,
  Sounds from Old North. . . . I were best in bed.
  It's a cold drizzle . . . and the soundless dead
Go groping past and melt into the inn.

Here came the fops and gallants of old time
  In the great morning of the Rights of Man,
Black redingotes and white curled collars to the chin,
  The bronze hair tossed in a style republican,

Or in the manner of the Corporal
  Who fed men's hearts with fire from Italy,
Stringy and black, smeared with *huile antique*
To lie like a spaniel's ears along the cheek.

Huge shadows wavered over the rough wall;
  Rich firelight swam into the wine to die;
With snaps of silver the glasses shone and touched,
Freedom was thundered, lyric passion smutched.

Here I should have come under a black cape,
  A gold silk waistcoat winking in the folds,
And slipping into the quietest of seats
Unpocketed in boards of drab—John Keats.

Then, letting the black edge of my mantle drape
Over one arm—while silver tapped with snuff—
  Crumpling my brows as when a grandam scolds,
Read silently each page and sneezed, "What stuff!"

Oh, they were brave lads and they bravely dreamed,—
  What matter if they drank and gamed and died?
They dared to dream that man might still be free,
And pledged in bitter claret—Liberty.

And me on whom that heavenly dawn has gleamed
  As sunset only—me they hail in pride,
Brother, whenever the rain's slow parallels meet
In shining pallors through the shadowy street.

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IT is the fashion where I estivate to know the birds or else to pretend to. For the conscientious this is a hard prescription which entails suffering. The anguish, for example, that the true bird student, old in experience, feels over the hopelessness of ever knowing the multitudinous warblers apart, though all out of proportion to the space occupied in the universe by these tiny creatures whose flittings are not even visible to the untrained eye, is genuine. It serves to warn the light-minded not to take ornithology seriously; to join the pretenders who acquire the art of jumping to conclusions in social exchange with bird-lovers. The ungodly result is that they are quite as likely to be correct as the honest inquirers.

w to Pretend Know the Birds

To pretend successfully is merely a matter of keeping one's eyes and ears open and using common sense. Begin with robins—anything biggish hopping about, with rather rude manners toward bird and man, is a robin. If you cannot see one, but hear a persistent note, called by the amiably disposed cheerful, it is his voice proclaiming indifference to the weather and you. The other familiar bird is the sparrow. But if you are not in the city it is not an English sparrow. There only is found this poor little pest which never hears a good word for itself unless the winter is so cold and dreary that any suggestion of feathers is warming to the soul. In the country, ninety times out of a hundred, you are listening to a song sparrow. A spontaneous burst of gladness, if it opens with three notes all alike, is his. Be sure to count three notes! He may try to fool you—give only two—hesitate—then the last—then the ripple of joy. I have known him—the rascal!—to suppress one of the three. But you assume it. There are over thirty other sparrows and it might be just your luck, walking with a bird shark, to come upon one of them. Never mind! There are easy keys. A sparrow chipping is a chipping sparrow. A sharp-tailed is a sharp-tailed; a black-throated, a black-throated. It is very simple. Catch a glimpse of two white tail-feathers, you have a vesper. A scale running down softly in the bushes is the song of the field. If a sparrow without special markings, his note unfamiliar, flits across the road, be a man! Call him a swamp, fox, or tree, according to impulse. You are quite as likely to be right as your earnest companion. But be firm! Only he who knows hesitates.

Why want to know all the birds? You don't people. Friends are enough at close range; celebrities from afar. Books and opera-glasses, hours crouching in silent semblance of rocks and trees, are very well for those who like them. But a good playing knowledge (nicer than working) of the little creatures that one loves more romantically for not knowing them all by name, may be acquired in an upright position. It is not inhibited by conversation or other human pursuits.

There are simple rules. If something sitting on a telephone-wire is wiggling its tail, it is a phœbe. If it keeps its tail still, it is a pewee. But did you ever know it to? If it is ever so much smaller, don't peer into the sun's rays! Call it a chebec! Especially if it says something not in the least like that, for it is named for its note. No bird says what is attributed to it by the authorities. Some vandal from Boston undoubtedly was conscientious in nicknaming the silver-tongued, white-throated sparrow "Peabody." Scarcely a bird has escaped a misnomer. If your phœbe is larger than usual and flashes a white breast, he is a kingbird. To make sure, isn't he picking a fight with some much bigger bird? Of course, if the bird chats while jerking his tail, he is a chat.

Miauing and crude attempts to mimic other bird-songs identify the catbird. But if you are in a berry pasture and a grove of pines is near, he is a brown thrasher instead. The books state that the latter sings better. Your opinion is not asked. And about the robin, by the way! He may not be a robin. He may be a red-eyed vireo; he has only to be more monotonous, sing high in the tree

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and keep exasperatingly out of sight. The oriole can speak like a robin too, only more vociferously. But he is known by a marvellous flash of burnished brass and his incorrigible habit of feeding gluttonously upon worms in their cosey nest.

A disagreeable squawk heralds the fact that a flicker is to infest some tree with his malodorous abode. But a large bird showing a white rump in flying is not necessarily he. It may be a meadow-lark. You will not see the latter so often, but the contrast is made strong by his sweet, long-drawn two syllables. A hawk! Of course! No other bird shakes out his wings lightly and then just gets on and rides. Night-hawks (not hawks) you know by their snore. A barrel of noise in a pint of bird is a wren—well enough once in a way, but warranted to get on the nerves of the weary-hearted to whom life is not one grand hullabaloo. The bluebird is blue; the indigo bunting bluer. That which shrieks like a jay is one. The chickadee really says so. There again is a chance to be delightfully cheated. One bitter February morning I opened a sunny window and admitted the startling greeting, "Phœbe!" It was that of the chickadee, with intonation far more melodious than the copy.

The gurgling, rollicking chortle of bobolinks becomes as familiar as the robin's word of cheer. If telephone-wires are in sight you can teach your youngest to count to a hundred in barn swallows or in goldfinches. There are handy guides to woodpeckers and their kin. If they creep up trees, they are they, unless they are creepers. But if they do it upside down, they are nuthatches. These do not include that woodchuck I once saw waddling down a trunk. A woodchuck is not a bird, but a titmouse is. A sprague pipit I never saw. Should I know it from a fall pippin? I think I should. Hammering, when there is no one else about, means a woodpecker. The downy or the hairy? No matter! Nobody ever seems to be able to say which is which without warning. You will not see much red in plumage. If you do, it is the coat of the scarlet tanager. Thrushes you will distinguish by song rather than suit. If a strain sends you down on your knees as instinctively as if you had entered a cathedral, the hermit is singing. The wood-thrush's song is the same, only you listen standing. "Fairy sleigh-bells" are rung by the Wilson thrush, or veery, and, different though he is, he never forgets that he is a thrush. When you are waiting upon these wood songsters, probably you will be rudely interrupted by the rasping call, "Teacher! Teacher!" The ovenbird demands attention. Don't hunt for his fascinating roofed house on the ground—that is, if you would really like to see it. If you don't look, you may come across it. Nests can be as perverse as other things. The only way to find them is to cast a casual glance in among the vegetation, assuring yourself the while that the idea of search is remote from your mind. By that method the chances are that you will find a rare one—say, on a pine bough, a brown thrasher's, with five bluish eggs thickly dotted with brownish red; or, on the ground, a bobolink's, or a meadow-lark's carefully arched over. These are elusive, but not uncommon when one is not looking. The most satisfactory is the night-hawk's, because he doesn't build any. The eggs lie on a rock and look so much like it—as does the young bird—that they seldom are noticed. Probably it is not given to every one, as it was to me, to watch a baby night-hawk emerge from its shell into the light and warmth of a summer's day on this earth.

The medley of bird-songs readily resolves itself to those who listen just because they like to. It is not necessary to study if you are constitutionally out of sympathy with book learning; too lazy to carry guides and opera-glasses; too near-sighted or weak-eyed to enjoy gazing at birds in their inevitable position, between you and the sun. More than a speaking acquaintance comes, like many another good thing in this life, in the course of ordinary living. Even the bird sharks never learn the names or songs of all of them. It is to be hoped that such an achievement is impossible. No more surprises from the little creatures whisking by! No more doubt whether you are viewing a pine siskin or a pipsissewa! Yes, one of these is a flower. But which? The eternal question!

IF they escape death by drowning, fishermen are a long-lived race. As is true of the quarry they seek, their years are greater than the years of most dwellers of the earth. The life of a horse is seldom longer than a quarter of a century. Dogs

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and cats are in their dotage at eighteen. Eagles, ravens, and parrots live perhaps for one hundred years. Elephants, too, live to a mighty age, as do tortoises, so it is said. It is affirmed that Indian elephants have been known to attain the age of one hundred and fifty years.

ıing and gevity

Ponce de Leon cannot be considered over-foolish when he made his search for the fountain of eternal youth. Water seems to have the property of prolonging the lives of its dwellers. For how many years whales live nobody can say with certainty, but the opinion of naturalists, based on the layers of bone in the jaws of certain large species, is that the longevity of whales may be upward of four hundred years. And we know that some fresh-water fishes, carp and pike, attain a marvellous length of life. The petted carp in the monastery ponds of Europe have been known to rival the elephant in longevity and to have lived for one hundred and fifty years.

Anglers, particularly salmon and trout fishermen, are mostly a wet race. A Spanish proverb asserts that "he who catches trout has wet feet." It may be somewhat fanciful to affirm that soggy extremities lead to longevity, but if you search the records for long lives you will find that in Great Britain, and here also, on this side of the Atlantic, length of days has been granted to many of those who were ardent fishermen. Walton himself died in his ninetieth year, and there is an extensive list of English trout and salmon fishermen who lived beyond the age granted to most men. Doctor Nowell, whom Walton refers to as a lover of angling, lived to ninety-five, "having neither his eyesight, his hearing, or his memory impaired." Thomas Parr is frequently referred to as one of the longest of English lives. Somewhat legendary is the one hundred and fifty-two years accredited to that ancient gentleman. But "ye olde, ye very olde man" is said to have been a salmon fisherman, and it may be that he did live for more than fifteen decades.

The longest of English lives is that ascribed to Henry Jenkins. He was the most skilful trout and salmon fisherman of his time, and when far past the century milestone boasted of his skill with the fly. In his American edition of "The Complete Angler," Doctor Bethune calls attention to the amazing life of Henry Jenkins. At a court of justice Jenkins gave his testimony and made oath to the age of one hundred and twenty years. Evidence was at hand that Jenkins was in excellent health and that during the preceding fishing season he had daily wielded a heavy salmon rod, and salmon rods in those days were ponderous wands. Doctor Bethune states that Jenkins "lived to the age of one hundred and ninety-six years."

In America we have the "Father of American pisciculture," Doctor Theodatus Garlick, who died in his eighty-first year. The list of long lives among American anglers could be extended indefinitely, including the actor Joseph Jefferson, the writer William C. Prime, angling editor William C. Harris, Henry Ward Beecher, Grover Cleveland, etc., etc. The writer of this article had recently the pleasure of accompanying a clergyman on a fishing trip who, in descending into a rugged ravine, remarked: "A man upward of eighty-eight has to be more careful than you youngsters." And a skilful fly fisherman in Ulster County, New York, was met near the streamside, and, in answer to an inquiry as to his age said, "I have fished this stream for sixty years and I am now in my ninetieth year."

Aside from the rather fanciful suggestion that wet feet bring longevity, there are sounder reasons why anglers are granted long lives. The man who spends his vacations at fashionable resorts, lounging indolently on the porches of hotels and at cards or billiards at night, or dancing into the small hours, is not laying up a store of future health. The fisherman rises early; he is at his sport before the dew has evaporated from the streamside grasses. Throughout the long day he is in the open air, and so absorbed in his pleasant labors that every trouble and vexation has passed from his mind. While not overstrenuous, his exercise is constant, and the purest air is found at the margin of river, lake, or sea. He returns to his hostelry or camp with a digestion which is equal to baked beans and fried salt pork, and before ten o'clock he has dropped into dreamless slumber. Could any physician suggest a more recuperative recreation?

There are other paths to health connected with angling and which are not generally considered. The sport is one that becomes so much a part and parcel of the angler that

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even during the "off season" it gives him an absorbing hobby, lifting his mind from business worries and occupying his attention to the exclusion of his troubles. If he be skilful with his hands he makes his own rods or repairs his tackle or, perhaps, constructs his own flies. At all events, he is constantly planning his next campaign, looking over catalogues, and exchanging views with other anglers. All this is healthful and conduces to that quietness of mind which leads to length of days.

Nor has what has been said a tithe of all that can be said concerning the healthfulness of the sport of angling. When other men affirm that it is impossible for them to leave the daily grind of their tasks, the angler laughs in his sleeve and somehow conjures a "day off" now and then or boldly slips away for a full week or month at a time. Fishing compels her devotees to drop everything and follow the gentle mistress. She will not be denied. Her flowing watery garb holds enchantments that compel. Perforce the angler packs his grip and buys his railroad ticket, and his daily place among men is vacant until he returns, his face browned, his eyes sparkling, and his heart, mind, and spirit refreshed.

This I know is an age of petrol, dusty roads, and "carriages without horses"—an age when the favored multitude take their exercise by proxy of swiftly turning wheels, and their air more or less mixed with the dirt of roads or, in cities, polluted with the gases of the motor. There are a minority, however, who, if they use wheels, use them to deliver their persons and rods beside some sweet running water, some sky-reflecting lake, or near where the surf pounds white upon the seaside rocks. These are they who, perhaps unknowingly, are laying up for themselves a store of years, and, when old age proves a burden, will have, in the words of dear old Walton,

"A quiet passage to a welcome grave."

The True Xanthippe?

WE have had occasion of late to consider the passion of anger; and from the atrocious but forcible "Hymn of Hate," down through many minor exhibits, including our own easy utterance when temper is let loose, we realize afresh that anger—articulate anger—is, of all the passions, the one which most awakens the intellect. And so it occurs to one to judge anew that famous practitioner of wrath, Xanthippe.

She did not know, poor dear, when she gave herself up to the joy of anger, that she was going down through the ages as the typical scold, but even if she had known she might have thought the game worth the candle. Not hers the silent, torturing rage which leads to mad deeds; nor yet the blind fury which reckons neither words nor deeds. No; Xanthippe, as I picture her, was an artist in words, an artist dumb and imprisoned until Socrates set off the dynamite which burst her bonds..

"Anger warms the invention," says Poor Richard, in his sententious way, "but overheats the oven." Doubtless our Xanthippe often had to regard ruefully the results of that overheated oven; and it was not with intention that she stimulated her intellect with so destructive a fire. But the anger which quickens the intellect, loosens the tongue, and enlarges the vocabulary is too great a relief to be easily foregone by the person who, in the ordinary humdrum of life, is more or less tongue-tied. To feel not only the satisfaction of visiting wrath upon the individual who deserves it, but to experience the far greater joy of rapid, lucid thought, accompanied by an ability to clothe that thought in the most effective, the most trenchant words—who could resist the temptation? And so Xanthippe piled phrase upon phrase, not so much, we may guess, with a desire to give pain as because of a sort of intoxication in her power over words. To be mistress of words, able to articulate, to fit the phrase aptly, may surely have been worth braving the criticism of the neighbors, worth even a posthumous ill-repute. True, it was hard on Socrates. It is always hard on the one who sets the dynamite off and cannot retreat to a safe distance. But then, Socrates had his own intellectual diversions which Xanthippe did not share. Also, he has had the sympathy of posterity.

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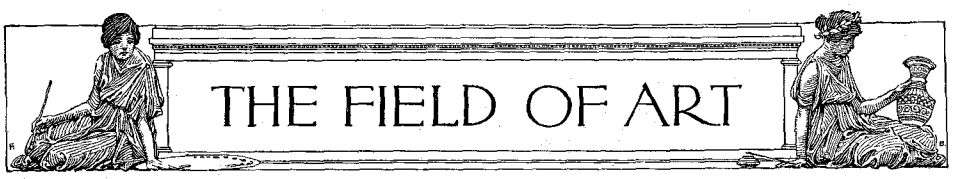

CAROLUS-DURAN: AN APPRECIATION

FRANCE, in the stress of defensive war, has found a moment to salute the passing of one of her great painters, incited thereto by an abiding sense that supremacy in art is a national asset for a civilized people, and with gratitude and respect has placed a laurel wreath upon the funeral-bier of Carolus-Duran. Nor can we do less, for the number of American artists who have profited by his counsels is greater than those of any other master, and the activities of our compatriots, living or dead, who began their artistic careers under his guidance has been and remains no unimportant factor in our adolescent art.

As one of these loyal pupils it falls to the lot of the writer to sum up, briefly, the elements of principle and practice which have given high significance to the work of Duran in the painting of the last half-century. Looking backward to about 1870, the art of painting was everywhere dominated in its technical process by a distinct separation between form and color. The almost universal practice in the production of a picture was to make a drawing by some medium and then proceed to color it. This practice went back to the primitive efforts in Italy or Flanders—which, beautiful as they are, it is not unfair to classify broadly as stained drawings—and of necessity was perpetuated in the vast canvases of the later Venetians, as it is to this day for purely mechanical reasons; since it is obvious that large compositions, depicting a great number of figures or other objects, must be almost mathematically planned to avoid constant changes and consequent repainting. But in works of smaller scope the practice prevailed. The painter either made his careful drawing which he then proceeded to color, or, failing to observe this actual procedure, his eye and mind unconsciously adopted it so that his production lacked the quality of an object in nature rendered as a unit without division of its technical process.

Velasquez, almost alone of the great painters of the past, was endowed with this unity of vision, and, though we know little of his technical processes, the resulting evidence of his work points clearly to a practice where form and color were fused in one and the same process without intermediate or subsequent stages. It was about the time of the Franco-Prussian War that the influence of the great Spaniard was first felt in France by men as dissimilar as Henri Regnault, Edouard Manet, and Carolus-Duran; and it was the last who, by virtue of long life, constant production, and sustained craftsmanship, may be considered the essential *painter;* rendering his vision by the union of form and color at one and the same operation, in comparision with and in contradistinction to compatriot predecessors as great as Ingres as a draftsman or Delacroix as a colorist. It is obvious of course that the technical method of arriving at a resulting unity of vision is of little moment, except for the practising painter, save that the resulting effect upon painting in general has been to endow the productions of the past fifty years with a fuller sense of all objects depicted, animate or inanimate, as seen in relation one with the other.

Though this logical pictorial interpretation of the visible world is primarily due to Velasquez, no one has been more active in preaching and practising its precepts than Carolus-Duran, and to their general acceptance to-day his example and counsel have most materially contributed. Gratitude to a master might be alleged to controvert so sweeping a statement by those who remember Duran chiefly as a popular portrait-painter and the author of a great number of brilliant works by no means impeccable in form, audacious rather than harmonious in color, and, *tant soit peu*, lacking in taste. So far, in playing the "devil's advocate," I am willing to agree, without abating aught of admiration for the masters' best work or forgetting benefits received from the counsels of the artist or the kind-

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ness of the man. For there remain, in the almost countless productions of his facile but ever skilful brush, scores of works which justify characterization as masterpieces, and by these it is but fair to-day to anticipate the judgment of the morrow to consider his relative position among the painters of our time. I have observed the nice distinction between painter and artist by excess of scruple, and may concede at once that it is by virtue of his portraits, of his rendition of "things seen," that Duran is alone important; his relatively few excursions into the realm of imaginative, or what for want of a better word one may call compositional, art being more interesting as evidences of his respect for the traditions of the masters than works inspired by his personal genius. The same limitation applies to Velasquez, the loss of whose "Expulsion of the Moors from Spain" counts little, since we possess what he really saw and rendered with the sense of life, light, and air in "Las Meninas."

From a photograph by Braun & Company.

Mademoiselle Croizette.
From the painting by Carolus-Duran.

The steps by which the modern master arrived at his full authority in art were uneventful. Born at Lille, July 4, 1837, he was the pupil of Souchon, one of the long line of painters, of whom France has possessed many, well grounded in their art, of more than respectable attainment in all that pertains to the traditions of good workmanship, though content with the modest portion of renown obtainable in a provincial city at the head of a local museum and art school. Here, in 1861, Carolus-Duran won the prize founded by M. Wicar, whose collections have enriched the museum at Lille, which permitted him to visit Rome, where he remained about six years, though his first pilgrimage to Spain, so influential to his future career, occupied some part of this time. During a portion of this period he was a guest at the monastery of Saint Francis at Subacio, and it was there his first important picture, "Evening Prayer," was painted in 1863. He was above all indefatigable as a student, making many studies, destroying as many, capable, as he was in after life, of a restrained and tempered ardor in his work; and it was not until 1866 that he won his first recognition in Paris with a large canvas depicting an "Assassination," which he had happened to actually witness in some Italian town. It is a picture strangely unlike what we associate with Duran's work, austere, somewhat sombre in tone, with little or no evidence of the more obvious indications of crime—a hushed group of figures around and bending over a prostrate man, a grave composition seen simply and as simply rendered. It brought to the young painter welcome appreciation from those who in the gay Paris of the empire, in 1863, the year of the first *Salon des Refusés*, controlled the official salon, who then frowned

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upon Manet, Monet, and Whistler, but, three years later, still recognized new talent, a new point of view, when accompanied

From a photograph by Braun & Company.

The Lady with the Glove.
From the painting by Carolus-Duran.

with a knowledge of the craft, a capacity to draw with skill, to paint with directness and breadth, to hold a composition within its limits by masses and lines which concerted to the common end of producing an interesting pattern over the plane of the canvas rendering its meaning pictorially legible.

In 1869 Duran painted "The Lady with the Glove" (a portrait of Madame Duran), which still represents him in the Luxembourg. Here we have his first important portrait, and those disposed to cavil at some of the more gorgeous presentations of passing fashions, of artificial types set against scarlet plush backgrounds, which mundane success (or personal weakness) have avowedly made frequent in Duran's production, may pause before this truly noble work. If there is a virtual challenge in its title to Titian's "Man with the Glove" in the Louvre, the portrait in some measure sustains it, for it is at least of the family of masterpieces. The theme is of the simplest: a lady standing, the figure in profile, the face serene yet vivacious in full front view, robed in a rich black silk with the ample skirts of the period, drawing off her glove, is seen against a simple gray background.

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Thus described, the work might seem like one of the many which Whistler has painted, but the more objective Duran has endowed his figure with a stronger sense of life, more nicely rendered its fuller relief, more exactly defined the delicate modelling of the face, with greater mastery has disposed the masses of the drapery, and rendered the whole with the (apparently) easy skill of the trained painter. The picture has stood the test of the many years it has graced the Luxembourg walls, and through changing fashion in dress and in art it remains, in every sense, the portrait of a lady painted by a master. Tedious as may be reference to pictures unknown to my readers, one so fortunate as to have seen the comprehensive exhibition of Duran's work shown at the Cercle Artistique (Les Mirlitons) in Paris, in 1875, cannot refrain from passing a few in review. There was then to be seen the portrait of Emile de Girardin, pen in hand, seated at his desk, epitome of French intelligence, keen, thoughtful, with a reserve of resourceful strength; which served, through his brief editorials in *La France* two years after, to help hold Paris in check during the trying days between May and the October elections, until the ballot did what the barricades could not have done to bring about the resignation of MacMahon and the preservation of the Republic. There was the Comtesse de Pourtales, *grande dame* if there ever was one, in close-fitting black satin, with a wonderfully painted diamond star ornamenting her corsage, yet dominated by the life of the visage, relieved against a background as sombre as the dress. There was Haro, the picture-dealer and expert, standing in the rostrum of the official auction mart, the Hôtel Druout, one persuasive hand advanced—a canvas replete with life and the strange admixture of suavity and guile we are wont to associate with commerce in art. There was the good Pasdeloup, who gave us the Sunday concerts of classical music—literally almost gave them, since admission to the upper regions frequented by students was almost nominal—with a face broad and pink as a fresh-blown peony, blinking at one through his monocle, almost as alive as when he faced his orchestra with uplifted baton. And there were many more as various in type and rendered with as consummate mastery and unfailing interest in characterization as they were numerous. All Paris crowded to see the exhibition, and the students of the atelier Duran returned from each of their frequent visits more and more confirmed in their loyalty to their master.

Nor have years diminished this loyalty. Among the notable works of our master few or none are superior to the large equestrian portrait of Mlle. Croizette, of the Comédie Française, painted in 1874. By this picture Duran chose to be represented at the Centennial Exhibition of 1876, and many who there saw it may recall the superbly painted horse bearing the graceful amazon, the group in silhouette against the background of sea and sky. The death of the actress, who was the sister-in-law of the painter and long retired from the stage, caused the picture to return to the possession of its author, and some months ago, at the generous initiative of Mr. Carroll Beckwith, the project was formed to endeavor to acquire this master work of our master for presentation to our Metropolitan Museum as a tribute to the painter and a lasting expression of our gratitude for his teachings. The details of the method to be employed to accomplish this purpose need not be described, since the death of our master and the hazardous state of the seas, prohibiting the risk of transporting the picture from France, have caused the adjournment of our project to happier times. It is pleasant to know that our octogenarian master knew of the projected tribute and was deeply touched by the constancy of our affection and gratitude.

It is difficult to believe that so much tempered fire has flickered and gone out, that the steadfast craftsman is no longer there to counsel, "Travaillez tranquillement mes enfants," for such was the secret of the dash and brio which characterized his work, the perfect subjection of a will to accomplish to a reasoned, controlled method; indeed, a tempered fire burning both brightly and steadily. "Ses enfants"—for as such he termed us—are now far from the days of their youth—where they have not preceded the master to the grave—but each and all have done or are doing their share, small or large, as the case may be, to justify the interest shown and the precepts inculcated by him to whom, as one of these, it is my privilege to pay this brief tribute.

WILL H. LOW.

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OUR PART IN THE WAR

BY ALEXANDER DANA NOYES

WHATEVER may be its longer outcome, the entry of America into the European war has had immediate consequences of profound historical significance. Two doubtful questions of the day had been the real position of the United States toward England, and the actual relations between this country and the Latin-American republics. The first sequel to our action was the extraordinary London celebration, with the American flag floating over Parliament House beside the British ensign; the next, the reception by our people, as fraternal allies, of a visiting delegation of English and French public men; and, simultaneously, the following of the example of the United States, in its break with Germany, by most of the states of Central and South America.

Profound Impression Created by Our Entry into War

What will be our full part in the war, only the future can determine. The expeditionary army to northern France was an idea which developed slowly. We knew at once what our mercantile marine and home production had to do, and the imagination drew the picture of our navy's possible achievements. But by the very nature of the case, our financial co-operation was the immediate consideration.

In his war message to Congress on April 2, the President summed up the financial requirements which our entry into war would impose upon the United States. Proper equipment of the army and navy, together with "organization and mobilization of all the material resources of the country to supply the materials of war," would involve, the President declared, "the granting of adequate credits to the government; sustained, I hope, so far as they can equitably be sustained by the present generation, by well-conceived taxation." But it would also involve "the utmost practicable co-operation in counsel and action with the governments now at war with Germany, and, as incident to that, the extension to those governments of the most liberal financial credits." As regards the question of taxation, Mr. Wilson added that "it would be most unwise to base credits which will now be necessary entirely on money borrowed. It is our duty, I most respectfully urge, to protect our people, so far as we may, against the very serious hardships and evils which would be likely to arise out of inflation which would be caused by vast loans."

THE Secretary of the Treasury, three days later, laid before Congress a preliminary estimate of the sum which would be required, in the twelve months after the making of the appropriations, to place the United States on a war footing and to finance the war. His estimate was $3,502,558,629, of which $472,394,551 was to be used for extending and supplying the naval armament and $2,932,537,933 for enlarging and equipping the army. These calculations, it will be observed, did not include any estimate as to what would be involved by extension of "the most liberal financial credits" to our allies.

A Stupendous Financial Programme

During the week after the President's speech, the Secretary of the Treasury and the Ways and Means Committee of the House of Representatives conferred on the general financial programme. As announced on April 11, it contemplated three distinct measures. There should be raised "from time to time," on long-term bonds of the United States, no less than $5,000,000,000, of which an amount up to $3,000,000,000 might be used "to purchase from such foreign governments, at par, their obligations bearing the same

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rate of interest and containing in their essentials the same terms and conditions as those of the United States" issued to purchase them. In the next place, the borrowing of $2,000,000,000 was authorized, through issue of Treasury bills running only one year or less. Finally, in the general programme as set forth by the chairman of the House committee, it was estimated that an additional $1,800,000,000 should be raised through increased taxation.

Thinking in Thousands of Millions

THESE amounts were staggering to the imagination. The largest government bond issue in our history was the $800,000,000 6-per-cent loan of our Civil War, and that was only placed at intervals and by instalments, during the course of more than two years. Enormous as was the rise of our government's public debt during that war, the interest-bearing United States bonds outstanding after four years of immensely costly fighting had increased less than $2,000,000,000, whereas $7,000,000,000 addition was apparently contemplated in this single pending bond bill of 1917. On the face of things, the Bond Issue bill, as drawn up by the congressional committee, would raise the United States public debt to $8,023,000,000 as against $1,023,000,000 at the end of March. The changes foreshadowed in the taxes would increase our government's ordinary annual revenue from the $779,000,000 of the fiscal year 1916 to something like $2,500,000,000 in the first fiscal year of war; whereas the maximum annual revenue of Civil War times was barely $500,000,000 above that of the year before that war began.

Had such proposals been laid before Congress, say in the autumn of 1914, they would have paralyzed the investment markets. Wall Street itself would at once have declared the raising of such sums to be a flat impossibility. A good deal of water has flowed under the financial mill, however, since the war began. It used to be said, in the days of huge American company amalgamations during 1899 and 1901, that our financial community was learning to "think in hundreds of millions." Tens of millions had been its previous high flight. Of the period since July, 1914, it may quite as truthfully be said that we have accustomed ourselves to thinking in thousands of millions.

A Comparison with England's Expenditures

THE Brobdingnagian character of present-day war expenditure no longer astonishes. With England's public indebtedness increasing upward of $11,000,000,000 in two and a half years, with Germany issuing nearly $15,000,000,000 of war bonds during the same period, with the British tax schedule increasing $1,500,000,000 in the second year of war and something like $500,000,000 more thereafter, the public mind had grown accustomed to such figures. It had also learned—and this had some bearing on the public attitude toward our own new war-finance proposals—to take as a matter of course the increase of $3,000,000,000 in the American export trade of 1916 as compared with any year before the war, or the lending by our markets of more than $2,000,000,000 in two years to foreign nations, from most of which the United States had previously been itself a borrower.

Even so, however, it remained to say that no single war loan had been put out by any European belligerent, even in this war, for a larger sum than $5,000,000,000, and that the proposed increase in this country's annual tax bill, for its first year of actual war conditions, would be substantially equal to the sum added to England's annual taxation after two years of active and immensely expensive fighting. In the twelve months ending last March—during which period England had been maintaining, at strategic points throughout the globe, an active fleet two-and-a-half times as large as ours, and had simultaneously been maintaining, on five different battle fronts of three different continents, an army of perhaps four million men, all of which armament had to be supplied through ocean transportation with food, munitions, and materials—the British Exchequer met the year's expenses by borrowing $8,100,000,000 and raising $2,867,000,000 from taxes.

On the basis of the original plan drawn up at Washington, our increase of taxes

(Continued on page 66, *following*)

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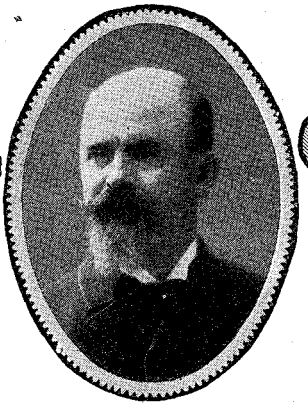
BEEMAN'S

ORIGINAL PEPSIN CHEWING GUM



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Doctor E. E. Beeman

CHICLE

AMERICAN CHICLE COMPANY

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(Continued from page 776)

in a year would equal England's increase during the whole war to date, and our authorized borrowings, assuming all of them to be made in a single year, would very nearly match those of the British Exchequer in the twelvemonth past. If $7,000,000,000 loans were to be raised, $1,800,000,000 in new taxes collected, and the total proceeds spent in a single twelvemonth, then the cost of war to the United States would be slightly more than $24,000,000 per day. But England's daily average in the first eight months of war, according to Lloyd George's report to Parliament in May, 1915, was only $7,500,000, and that sum not only included advances by England to her Allies, but some very considerable purchases of foreign foodstuffs which were resold later to home consumers. It was not until 1916 that the daily average expenditure reached, even in England, as large a sum as $25,000,000.

THIS was the form in which comparisons were popularly made. They were, however, somewhat misleading. The figures of England's borrowings during 1916 do not include the Exchequer's temporary

(Continued on page 68)

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(Continued from page 66)

loans running a year or less, which had been paid off later from the proceeds of the taxes or of funded war loans. Similarly, in our own finance plans, the $2,000,000,000 one-year notes were designed merely to anticipate tax collections.

The Short-Term Notes and Their Uses

The Ways and Means Committee explained the expedient as merely due to the fact that a very large portion of the new taxes "will be payable yearly, and therefore will not be capable of yielding a continual flow of revenue into the Treasury." Public expenditure during the intervening period would be met from the proceeds of these short-term notes; but the notes themselves would be automatically extinguished by the money raised through taxes, or through redemption through a funded loan.

Therefore, the popular version of the bill's provisions, as a "$7,000,000,000 addition to the public debt," was misleading. Nevertheless, even without including such temporary borrowing, the bond bill as drawn up by the committee contemplated $5,000,000,000 loans. If these and the $1,800,000,000 taxes were to fall on a single year, the daily average cost of war would still be $17,000,000, and for a nation not yet engaged in actual land warfare, this would be a disproportionately large expenditure.

But in the first place, it could not be assumed at the start that all of the authorized bonds would be issued for a single year's expenditures. The increased taxes necessarily would be thus applied; but the Bond Issue bill was merely a general vote of credit, which might cover such periods as the Treasury should decide. In the second place, the $3,000,000,000 portion of the bond credit, authorized for loans to the Allies, stood on a different footing from the rest of the expenditure. As I have already pointed out, it was stipulated in the bill that this portion of the United States Government loan should be offset by bonds issued by the Allies themselves for a similar amount, paying a similar rate of interest and placed in our government's hands.

The original presumption as regards these loans was that, since such credits would be designed primarily to assist our European Allies in their purchase of material in this country, the amount of the loans would in some way be proportionate to the amount of the purchases. Those purchases, as lately stated by the Chancellor of the British Exchequer, have risen to approximately $10,000,000 per day. Until our entry into the war, they had been financed by the European governments themselves—first, through the placing of their own government loans on the American investment market, to the extent of about $1,000,000,-

(Continued on page 70)

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35 years without loss to any investor.

(Continued from page 68)

ooo in the twelve preceding months; second, through shipment to the United States by those countries of nearly $950,000,000 gold in the same period; third, through sale to us of some $1,000,000,000 a year of their own investments in American securities; and, finally, through shipment to us, from the markets of the Allied powers and from their Asiatic, Australian, and African dependencies, of about $300,000,000 ordinary merchandise. Hereafter, they were to be financed by our own government.

THE two questions involved in these advances to our Allies would be the total amount of United States bond issues which would be required for the purpose in a single year, and then the effect of such bond sales on our own investment market—coming, as they would, along with other and equally large sales of government bonds, to raise the money for our own war purposes. If our loans to the Allied governments of Europe should be made to cover the whole amount of those governments' purchases in America—no more and no less—and if those purchases should continue in the average daily amount estimated by the British Exchequer, then our advances in a single year would be $3,650,000,000. That would exceed the limit of $3,000,000,000 named in the Bond Issue law for its grant of credit for the purpose.

How the Allies Will Use the Loan

OPINION in financial London appeared to be, however, that payment for part of the purchases in gold will continue. It is also true that buying of finished munitions here, by the English and French Governments, has virtually terminated. They are making the finished goods in their own factories, and buying now merely the raw material—such as copper, lead, brass, and steel bars or plates. Furthermore, the curtailment of ocean transportation facilities, as a result of Germany's submarine campaign, seems likely to make impossible the delivery of material from America at the recent maximum rate.

Paymaster for an International Coalition

ON the other hand, it is impossible to doubt that applications for financial advances will be very large. They may not come from our European Allies alone; for the unexpected phenomenon of the period since our own declaration of war has been the alignment, on our side and against Germany, of the Latin-American republics. If governments such as Cuba and Brazil should actually participate in the war, their expenses would manifestly have to be financed by some one else's credit than their own. There is curious his-

(Continued on page 72)

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(Continued from page 70)

torical analogy in the fact that the country which two years ago took up England's temporarily abandoned functions as financial centre of the world should now be confronted with the same task of paymaster for an international coalition which England voluntarily assumed in the conflict with Napoleon.

But even so, the actual burden on the American financial markets would not be the same. The home indebtedness created through our loans to the Allies would add that much to our government's total obligations. But it would not require provision by way of annual taxes in order to pay interest on the United States bonds issued to raise the money. The underlying bonds of the Allied governments would take care of that. Nor would that portion of our war debt necessarily be of long duration; for the Bond Issue law stipulates that the Treasury shall be allowed "to sell, at not less than the purchase price," any of the underlying Allied bonds, "and to apply the proceeds thereof . . . to the redemption or purchase" of our own bonds issued against them.

Our Government Insures a Better Rate to Our Allies

NOR, on the other hand, would our bond issues in support of the Allies necessarily increase the present and prospective burden on our markets. To the extent that our government's advances provide merely for such part of our Allies' purchases in the United States as has hitherto been financed on the basis of deferred credit (through issue of their own bonds in our markets), the offering of European bonds directly to American investors would naturally cease. In other words, our government's borrowings, in so far as they represent advances to the Allies, will merely replace requisitions on our investment capital for the same amount, which would otherwise have been made in the name of the European powers. These advances by our government are not subsidies. The purpose, in the case especially of England and France, is solely to insure to the foreign borrowers a better market and a more favorable rate of interest than they otherwise could obtain. War loans floated last year in the United States, even by these two strong European financial powers, have had to pay 5½ per cent interest, have been sold below par, and have been secured by deposit of American and foreign securities collected by those governments from their own people. Our government will raise the necessary money on 3½-per-cent bonds not sold below par, and will give the advantage of such terms to the borrowing Allies.

This point should be carefully kept in mind; because, while some of our people

(Continued on page 74)

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(Continued from page 72)

have erroneously regarded the advances as in the nature of a free gift to the Allies, others have insisted that the advances ought to take that form. There is no valid basis for either assertion. Outright subsidies by one nation to its allies in time of war have not been unknown to history. Between 1793 and 1805, Pitt gave to the German princes, to Prussia, and to eighteen or twenty European governments, chiefly of the second rate, some $45,000,000. This was a subsidy unprecedented in those days, and he bestowed it wholly without expectation of repayment.

But he did so very evidently because the beneficiaries were unable, without such subsidies, to help England in the war against Napoleon and because their credit was inadequate either to raise money on their own loans or to repay Great Britain for its advances. Castlereagh similarly engaged the British Government in 1814 for a direct subsidy of $25,000,000 a year to Austria, Prussia, and Russia, each to use its share of that fund for bringing into the field an active army of stipulated strength. Even the case of 1814, however, was that of three financially exhausted allies, whose continuance in the conflict, threatened by French intrigue and home discontent, could be guaranteed only by this unusual expedient.

Not a Subsidy or Gift

NO such condition of things exists today with our present European Allies. England, since the beginning of the present war, has advanced to her continental Allies about $4,100,000,000 from the proceeds of her own home war loans; but these too are secured by bonds of the borrowing powers. Even the Belgian and Servian Governments have a public credit which will be available when their territory is restored on return of peace. England's advances to them for war purposes, though believed to have been made free of interest, are nevertheless secured by obligations of those governments. For the United States to offer outright subsidies to England or France would therefore be a distinctly uncalled-for action—not the less so because it has been urged, in the case of France, as a just repayment of what the French Government advanced to our struggling Revolutionary government. Contrary to much loose affirmation, the loans procured by Franklin in 1778 and afterward, amounting in all to something over $5,000,000, were duly paid off at the stipulated time, when the United States Government had been established under the Constitution.

ALL such considerations leave two questions open—how, as the war goes on, the burden of paying for it should be di-

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vided between loans and taxes, and what will be the effect on our money markets, our investment markets, and on the American financial situation generally, of the contemplated $5,000,000,000 borrowing and $1,800,000,000 increase in the taxes. The share which increased taxation ought to assume in meeting war expenditure has long been a disputed question. A very substantial part of the necessary funds have almost invariably been thus raised; the two historic exceptions being England's policy in our War of Independence and Germany's policy in the first two years of the present conflict. In both those instances, virtually the whole current cost of war was paid through loans; even the interest on the new public debt being chiefly or entirely provided through proceeds of new loans.

To Pay by Loans or Taxes?

But England reversed its policy during the long Napoleonic wars which followed the conflict with America. In those wars, by the usual estimate, 40 per cent of the $4,150,000,000 total expenditure was met through increased taxes. Germany also has been forced to abandon the attitude assumed when her finance minister, in 1915, declared that no attempt would be made to pay for war through taxes, because "we do not desire to increase . . . the heavy burden on our people." Reluctantly surrendering its illusion as to Germany's paying the cost of war by indemnities imposed on her antagonists, the German Government arranged last March a very considerable increase in taxation. How much would be actually yielded in the aggregate by these new taxes on transportation, coal production, war profits, postage, telegraph, and excise—but not on incomes—nobody could discover from the official estimates. At most, it could scarcely meet the interest on the war debt, which now carries a yearly charge of $750,000,000.

At the climax of our own Civil War, about 18 per cent of the cost was met by taxes. Fifty per cent of the national expenditure, during the fiscal year in which our Spanish war of 1898 occurred, was met by taxes; but, since that was only a three-months' conflict, involving relatively light army and navy outlay, the case is hardly parallel. With all her immensely increased taxes, England to-day is paying only approximately 26 per cent of her war costs through taxation.

PRECEDENT, then, is mixed, and no one took seriously the demand of a self-appointed committee of individuals, after our declaration of war last April, that the Bond Issue bill should be defeated and that the cost of war be wholly met from a tax on private incomes. The Treasury's

(Continued on page 76)

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"How Forman Farm Mortgages Are Made."

George M. Forman & Company
Founded 1885
Farm Mortgage Bankers
11 South La Salle Street, Chicago

(Continued from page 75)

preliminary budget of April, naming $3,502,558,000 as the first full year's war expenditure and suggesting $1,800,000,000 increase in the taxes, seemed to propose that more than 50 per cent of the outlay should be thus provided. The percentage was extremely high, measured by any valid precedent. It left the questions open at the start, whether so great a sum could be raised without an unprecedented tax on incomes, and, if it could not, then whether such exaction from the accruing resources of individuals might not seriously hamper, on the one hand, popular subscriptions to the war loan, on the other, the providing of funds for our own commercial activities and our financing of neutral markets.

The problem, how the whole operation will affect the American financial situation, is in many ways obscure. I have already shown that the $3,000,000,000 loans authorized to raise credits for the Allies will merely replace equivalent issues of their own bonds which otherwise would be made on the American market, but which will not be made under the new arrangement. This consideration is, however, considerably counterbalanced by another, very commonly overlooked.

How Will Our Market Be Affected?

The usual answer to the question, how the markets would be affected by the placing of $2,000,000,000 bonds or more for war expenses, and by the unprecedented increase in the taxes, is that markets of the European belligerents have had to face just such requisitions during nearly three years past; that they have not been visibly exhausted by the process; and that, in fact, both the English and German Governments have within four months raised larger sums on single war loans than either had obtained in any previous operation. But the answer is not conclusive; because, when England and France and Germany began their war financing, one of the first steps taken was to forbid the use of private capital for investment in other securities than war loans, unless with the government's consent. The New York Stock Exchange, on the other hand, listed in 1916 nearly $500,000,000 new stocks of home enterprises, and more than $1,500,000,000 new bonds of home and foreign governments, cities, and corporations. All this measured the task which had devolved on New York through London's relinquishment of its old position—a task whereby the United States, as the war-time central money market of the world, undertook to finance the needs of outside nations. Our own entry into the war could hardly be allowed to end that process; for there is nowhere else for these outside borrowers to go, to provide for their paramount requirements.

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FOR these and other reasons, an atmosphere of much perplexity and doubt surrounded both business enterprise and investment markets, when the Treasury's estimates set all minds working on the problem. Prices of high-grade bonds of railway and other corporations fell 3 or 4 per cent in many instances during the month which followed our declaration of war—a not unnatural result of sales by holders who wished to realize ready cash to subscribe to the new United States war loans. The bonds of New York City, though exempt from Federal taxation, declined 2 to 3 points during the month after Mr. Wilson's war speech. Even some of the outstanding United States bonds, with comparatively near maturity, were quoted on the Stock Exchange, at the close of April, three points below their price of a month before.

Perplexity but No Disorder

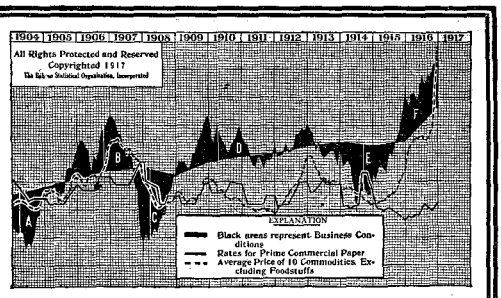
Yet all this happened without the slightest sign of disorder or demoralization on the markets. Compared with the 12 per cent fall in United States bonds on the eve of our Spanish war, and their 25-point decline in the months before Fort Sumter fell in 1861, the changes in the present instance were surprisingly slight. In fact, a new $25,000,000 loan of New York State, offered for public subscription during the week when war was decided on last April, brought the highest price of any similar issue in seven years.

In the first month of our war-finance plans, money rates on the principal American markets hardly rose at all. The initial $250,000,000 government loan on three-months' 3½-per-cent notes, placed with the banks in the closing week of April, hardly caused a ripple in the market. There was no evidence that the subscribing banks had even applied to the Federal Reserve Banks to assist them through rediscounting ordinary commercial loans in the hands of subscribing institutions, in order to release an equivalent sum in credits for the government obligations. The immense resources of the Federal banks for expanding credit facilities remained as they had been before—to all intents and purposes untouched.

AS against their deposit liabilities at the end of April, the twelve Reserve Banks held some $550,000,000 cash reserve; whereas only $285,000,000 was required by law. That is to say, their loans and the $820,000,000 deposit credits created by the loans might be nearly doubled, and still the ratio of reserve be left as the law prescribes. The Reserve Board itself, in a formal statement of a few months ago, pointed out that

The United States Financially Ready for the Test

(Continued on page 78)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(Continued from page 77)

gold reserves then held would permit of an issue of $687,500,000 fresh note circulation. These notes themselves might under the law be converted by member banks into reserve credits at the Federal bank, thereby permitting expansion of their own loans, on the basis of such reserve.

Behind this question of the machinery of credit—which is in the best possible condition for its task—lay the larger problem of the country's capacity for absorbing this unprecedented amount of government loans, while still conducting its ordinary financial and commercial business. As to this, it can at least be confidently said, first, that American finance is entering the war's responsibilities on a "war footing," to the extent that the whole present situation had been prepared for; second, that the country's visible accumulation of wealth on an enormous scale, during the two and a half past years, had made the United States, in available capital and resources, the richest country in the world.

During that period of accumulation, there was no speculative exploiting of credit such as broke down a somewhat analogous position in 1901. Even our market's immense loans to foreign countries, since the beginning of 1915, are the soundest of income-producing investments; and they were based, moreover, on the most profitable home production and the most lucrative export trade in the country's history.

How great the unsuspected reserves of capital always are, in the hands of private citizens of a prosperous country, has been strikingly illustrated by the subscriptions to the war loans of England and Germany in this war. But they were even more impressively illustrated, because of the relative financial immaturity of the country at the time, by Jay Cooke's raising of $400,000,000 on the new United States 6 per cents of 1862, by sending 2,500 canvassers into the towns and villages at a time when Wall Street had declared that the loan could not be placed on the Treasury's terms. That operation did not check the course of American business activity. Under the vastly more favorable conditions underlying the present financial position in this country, the United States is now to be subjected to a similar test. Its results will be of the highest economic interest.

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(Continued on page 80)

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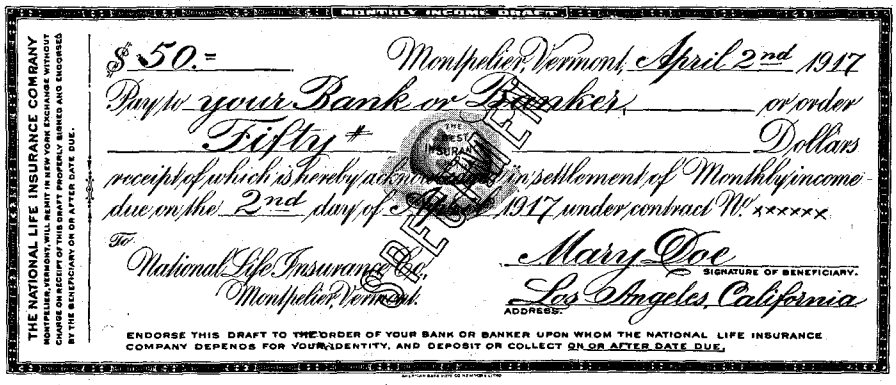
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